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# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: OCTOBER, 1853.

## A PLEA FOR SOFT WORDS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Strange and subtle are the influences which affect the spirit and touch the heart. Are there bodiless creatures around us, moulding our thoughts into darkness or brightness, as they will? Whence, otherwise, come the shadow and the sunshine, for which we can discern no mortal agency?

Often, as we grow older, come the shadows; less frequently the sunshine. Ere I took up my pen, I was sitting with a pleasant company of friends, listening to music, and speaking, with the rest, light words.

Suddenly, I knew not why, my heart was wrapt away in an atmosphere of sorrow. A sense of weakness and unworthiness weighed me down, and I felt the moisture gather to my eyes and my lips tremble, though they kept the smile.

All my past life rose up before me, and all my short-comings—all my mistakes, and all my wilful wickedness, seemed pleading trumpet-tongued against me.

I saw her before me whose feet trod with mine the green holts and meadows, when the childish thought strayed not beyond the near or the possible. I saw her through the long blue distances, clothed in the white beauty of an angel; but, alas! she drew her golden hair across her face to veil from her vision the sin-darkened creature whose eyes dropt heavily to the hem of her robe.

O pure and beautiful one, taken to peace ere the weak temptation had lifted itself up beyond thy stature, and compelled thee to listen, to oppose thy weakness to its strength, and to fall—sometimes, at least, let thy face shine on me from between the clouds. Fresh from the springs of Paradise, shake from thy wings the dew against my forehead. We two were coming up together through the sweet land of poesy and dreams, where the senses believe what the heart hopes; our hands were full of green boughs, and our laps of cowslips and violets, white and purple. We were talking of that more beautiful world into which childhood was opening out, when that spectre met us, feared and dreaded alike by the strong man and the little child, and one was taken, and the other left.

One was caught away sinless to the bosom of the Good Shepherd, and one was left to weep pitiless tears, to eat the bread of toil, and to think the bitter thoughts of misery,—left “to clasp a phantom and to find it air.” For often has the adversary pressed me sore, and out of my arms

has slid ever that which my soul pronounced good: slid out of my arms and coiled about my feet like a serpent, dragging me back and holding me down from all that is high and great.

Pity me, dear one, if thy sweet sympathies can come out of the glory, if the lovelight of thy beautiful life can press through the cloud and the evil, and fold me again as a garment; pity and plead for me with the maiden mother whose arms in human sorrow and human love cradled our blessed Redeemer.

She hath known our mortal pain and passion—our more than mortal triumph—she hath heard the “blessed art thou among women.” My un-availing prayers, goldenly syllabled by her whose name sounds from the manger through all the world, may find acceptance with Him who, though our sins be as scarlet, can wash them white as wool.

Our hearts grew together as one, and along the headlands and the valleys one shadow went before us, and one shadow followed us, till the grave gaped hungry and terrible, and I was alone. Faltering in fear, but lingering in love, I knelt by the death-bed—it was the middle night, and the first moans of the autumn came down from the hills, for the frost specks glinted on her golden robes, and the wind blew chill in her bosom. Heaven was full of stars, and the half moon scattered abroad her beauty like a silver rain. Many have been the middle nights since then, for years lie between me and that fearfulest of all watches; but a shadow, a sound, or a thought, turns the key of the dim chamber, and the scene is reproduced.

I see the long locks on the pillow, the smile on the ashen lips, the thin, cold fingers faintly pressing my own, and hear the broken voice saying, “I am going now. I am not afraid. Why weep ye? Though I were to live the full time allotted to man, I should not be more ready, nor more willing than now.” But over this there comes a shudder and a groan that all the mirthfulness of the careless were impotent to drown.

Three days previous to the death-night, three days previous to the transit of the soul from the clayey tabernacle to the house not made with hands—from dishonor to glory—let me turn them over as so many leaves.

The first of the November mornings, but the summer had tarried late, and the wood to the south of our homestead lifted itself like a painted

wall against the sky—the squirrel was leaping nimbly and chattering gaily among the fiery tops of the oaks or the dun foliage of the hickory, that shot up its shelving trunk and spread its forked branches far over the smooth, moss-spotted boles of the beeches, and the limber boughs of the elms. Tithe and blithe he was, for his harvest was come.

From the cracked beech-burs was dropping the sweet, angular fruit, and down from the hickory boughs with every gust fell a shower of nuts—shelling clean and silvery from their thick, black hulls.

Now and then, across the stubble-field, with long ears erect, leaped the gray hare, but for the most part he kept close in his burrow, for rude huntsmen were on the hills with their dogs, and only when the sharp report of a rifle rung through the forest, or the hungry yelping of some trailing hound startled his harmless slumber, might you see at the mouth of his burrow the quivering lip and great timid eyes.

Along the margin of the creek, shrunken now away from the blue and gray and yellowish stones that made its cool pavement, and projected in thick layers from the shelving banks, the white columns of gigantic sycamores leaned earthward, their bases driven, as it seemed, deep into the ground—all their convolutions of roots buried out of view. Dropping into the stagnant waters below, came one by one the broad, rose-tinted leaves, breaking the shadows of the silver limbs.

Ruffling and widening to the edges of the pools went the circles, as the pale, yellow walnuts plashed into their midst, for here, too, grew the parent trees, their black bark cut and jagged and broken into rough diamond-work.

That beautiful season was come when

"Bustle girls in hoods  
Go gleaming through the woods."

Two days after this, we said, my dear mate and I, we shall have a holiday, and from sunrise till sunset, with our laps full of ripe nuts and orchard fruits, we shall make pleasant pastime.

Rosalie, for so I may call her, was older than I, with a face of beauty and a spirit that never flagged. But to-day there was heaviness in her eyes, and a flushing in her cheek that was deeper than had been there before.

Still she spoke gaily, and smiled the old smile, for the gaunt form of sickness had never been among us children, and we knew not how his touch made the head sick and the heart faint.

The day looked forward to so anxiously dawned at last; but in the dim chamber of Rosalie the light fell sad. I must go alone.

We had always been together before, at work and in play, asleep and awake, and I lingered long ere I would be persuaded to leave her; but when she smiled and said the fresh-gathered nuts and shining apples would make her glad, I wiped her forehead, and turning quickly away that she might not see my tears, was speedily wading through windrows of dead leaves.

The sensations of that day I shall never forget; a vague and trembling fear of some coming evil, I knew not what, made me often start as the shadows drifted past me, or a bough crackled beneath my feet.

From the low, shrubby hawthorns, I gathered the small, red apples, and from beneath the maples, picked by their slim, golden stems, the notched and gorgeous leaves. The wind fingered playfully my hair, and clouds of birds went whirring through the tree-tops, but no sight nor sound could divide my thoughts from her whose voice had so often filled with music these solitary places.

I remember when first the fear distinctly defined itself. I was seated on a mossy log, counting the treasures which I had been gathering, when the clatter of hoof-strokes on the clayey and hard-beaten road arrested my attention, and looking up—for the wood thinned off in the direction of the highway, and left it distinctly in view—I saw Doctor H—, the physician in attendance upon my sick companion. The visit was an unseasonable one. She whom I loved so might never come with me to the woods any more.

Where the hill sloped to the roadside, and the trees, as I said, were but few, was the village graveyard. No friend of mine, no one whom I had ever known or loved, was buried there—yet with a child's instinctive dread of death, I had ever passed its shaggy solitude (for shrubs and trees grew there wild and unattended) with a hurried step and averted face.

Now, for the first time in my life, I walked voluntarily thitherward, and climbing on a log by the fence-side, gazed long and earnestly within. I stood beneath a tall locust tree, and the small, round leaves, yellow now as the long cloud-bar across the sunset, kept dropping and dropping at my feet till all the faded grass was covered up. There the mattock had never been struck; but in fancy I saw the small leaves falling and drifting about a new and smooth-shaped mound—and choking with the turbulent outcry in my heart, I glided stealthily homeward—alas, to find the boding shape I had seen through mists and shadows, awfully palpable. I did not ask about Rosalie. I was afraid; but with my rural gleanings in my lap, opened the door of her chamber. The physician had preceded me but a moment, and, standing by the bedside, was turning toward the lessening light the little wasted hand, the one on which I had noticed in the morning a small purple spot. "Mortification!" he said, abruptly, and moved away as though his work were done.

There was a groan expressive of the sudden and terrible consciousness, which had in it the agony of agonies—the giving up of all. The gift I had brought fell from my relaxed grasp, and hiding my face in the pillow, I gave way to the passionate sorrow of an undisciplined nature.

When at last I looked up, there was a smile on her lips that no faintest moan ever displaced again.

A good man and a skilful physician was Dr. H—, but his infirmity was a love of strong drink; and, therefore, was it that he softened not the terrible blow which must soon have fallen. I link with his memory no reproaches now; for all this is away down in the past; and that foe, that sooner or later biteth like a serpent, soon did his work, but then my breaking heart judged him hardly. Often yet, for in all that is saddest me-



mony is faithfulest, I wake suddenly out of sleep, and live over that first and bitterest sorrow of my life; and there is no house of gladness in the world that with a whisper will not echo the moan of lips pale with the kisses of death.

Sometimes, when life is gayest about me, an unseen hand leads me apart, and opening the door of that still chamber, I go in—the yellow leaves are at my feet again, and that white hand between me and the light.

I see the blue flames quivering and curling close about the smouldering embers on the hearth. I hear soft footsteps and sobbing voices, and see the clasped hands and placid smile of her who, alone among us all, was untroubled; and over the darkness and the pain, I hear a voice saying, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." Would, dear reader, that you might remember, and I, too, always, the importance of soft and careful words. One harsh or even thoughtlessly chosen epithet may bear with it a weight which shall weigh down some heart through all life. There are for us all nights of sorrow in which we feel their value. Help us, Our Father, to remember it.

## THE OLD QUEEN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

### CHAPTER I.

In a small but magnificent cabinet of Hampton Court, sat Elizabeth, the stern old monarch of England. Upon her forehead—darkening the furrows of age—a frown lowered ominously. Her eyes were vivid in their expression, and her thin lips clung together with the tenacity of stern and long endured passion—the iron passion of age, in which there is so much pain.

Around her was everything beautiful and costly enough to gratify even her queenly pride and fastidious taste: hangings of rare old tapestry—cushions glowing with crimson and gold—ebony tables carved to a network and woven over with gold, supporting vases and caskets of the same precious metal, in which the royal jewels were occasionally flung—birds of Paradise, preserved in all the brilliancy of their flowing plumage—and many a rare curiosity from the East filled the royal cabinet. A Persian carpet, gorgeous with arabesque and flowers, covered a small portion of the floor, and upon this stood the great ebony chair, cushioned with purple velvet, in which the old Queen was seated. The light from a large crystal window fell upon her wrinkled brow, shaded, not by the cold and wintry gray of age, but with false ringlets of sunny gold, surmounted by a small crown. Over her bowed but still majestic figure a robe of glowing crimson fell, wave after wave, till it lay a mass of mingled velvet, ermine and jewels, over the cushion on which her foot was pressed. Her withered neck, and the small pale hand, that rested on the arm of her chair, were one blaze of jewels that only kindled up the ravages of time they were intended to conceal. Before her stood a small cabinet of silver, encrusted with a Mosaic of precious stones, whereon lay a jewelled pen and a roll of vellum that seemed to have been freshly written upon.

Everything in the palace seemed moving on with

the slow and regular magnificence that always surrounded the Queen. Through an open door which led to the ante-chamber of her withdrawing-room, several pages and yeomen of the guard, in their crimson vestments and golden roses, were moving about with the listless and indifferent air of persons on easy duties. Beyond, might be seen the maids of honor and ladies in attendance, gliding through the gorgeous apartments with that hushed and reverential manner which always bespoke their close neighborhood to royalty. But now even more than usual silence prevailed among the high-born beauties. Many a wistful glance was cast through the open door, and the color paled on each fair cheek, as the old Queen sat with that stern frown upon her features, gazing upon the roll of parchment that her minister, Cecil, had just brought for her signature. She reached forth her hand, took up the parchment, and slowly unrolling it, began to read. The light lay broad upon her face—and those who gazed upon it, saw that a slight change fell upon her features. Some memory seemed busy with her heart—and, heaving a deep sigh, she laid the parchment down upon the cabinet; and while her hand rested on the edge, allowed it to roll together again, while she fell into a deep thought.

All at once, Elizabeth seemed to remember that she was not entirely alone. The form that had been gradually bowed as with oppressing thought, was straightway uplifted. She turned her eagle eyes upon the door, and rising, swept across the room, and closed it with her own hand. And now her aged features were sorely troubled; alternate flashes of fierce passion, and tenderness that seemed almost as wild, shot from her eyes. Great emotion swept aside the infirmities of age for a moment, and she paced the floor of her cabinet with a quick and imperious tread that had been so conspicuous in her first queenly days.

"Why is he thus stubborn?" she muttered, clasping her hands, and then dashing them apart, as if ashamed of the feminine act. "He has the ring!—he has the ring, and yet sends it not! To save his own life, will he not bend that stubborn will—and to his Queen, his loving, too loving mistress?" These words seemed to overwhelm the haughty woman with recollections of the past; a tear started to her eye, and with something of lofty pride, she added—"But if the loss of our love and favor bowed him not, what can be hoped from a fear of death? Is that stronger than—than—" Elizabeth did not finish the sentence, but sinking into her chair, pressed one hand over her eyes, and tears gushed through the jewels that burned upon it.

And Elizabeth gave free course to the tears, that she might indulge in secret without detriment to her queenly pride; for that moment she was, all the woman—a weak, trembling, disappointed old woman—in whose wrung heart tenderness had conquered pride. Essex, the petted favorite—the lover of her old age—it was his *death-warrant* that her counsellors had laid before her. The pen was ready; the deathly black ink welled to the top of her golden standish; the vellum was before her, and lacked nothing but the royal signature. She arose, and while her hands and face were wet with tears, snatched up the scroll with a burst of

passionate feeling, and trampled it under her foot.

"May thy Queen perish with thee, Essex—my best, last beloved—if her hand touches this death-paper!" she cried, in a voice that reached the ante-room. "What if thy proud stomach does refuse to send the token—Elizabeth can forgive the pride her favor has fostered. The lowest man may take life, but mercy is a royal prerogative. Let them gibe, if they dare, and say that the Queen could not shed the blood of him she loved. Ha! what intrusion is this?" she added, crushing the vellum beneath her foot, and dashing aside the tears that hung on her cheek. "Who dares thus force themselves on our privacy?"

As she spoke, Elizabeth drew herself up with more than regal majesty, and awaited the approach of two females dressed in deep mourning, who came tremblingly toward her: one, a tall and beautiful woman, in the full bloom and summer of life, but pale from emotion, and trembling like an aspen leaf, in every delicate limb, seemed to grow desperate as she met the eagle eyes of the Queen; clasping her hands with a sort of wild and timid grace, she sprang forward and fell at Elizabeth's feet.

"My Lady of Essex, here—here in our very presence!—and you also, Lady Blunt—or Leicester—or Essex—for of your many husbands, dame, we are puzzled to know whose name be seems you. Have you not both received our command not to approach the court?"

"We did receive it, most gracious Lady—most august Queen," cried the elder female, kneeling by her young and beautiful daughter-in-law, and speaking with that subdued and touching pathos that seems born of the troubled waters in a heart that has been long in breaking. "We did receive it; but despair has made us bold. God, in His mercy, touch your heart in our behalf—for we have no hope save in this disobedience!"

The thin lips of Elizabeth Tudor curled with a cruel and haughty smile. Her rivals—the two rivals of her youth and of her age—were at her feet. The widow of Leicester, her first favorite—the wife of Essex, her last. Ah, how cruelly her heart exulted in the triumphs of that moment! how hard and stern it grew with thought of revenge! An oath broke from her, and she replied, with bitter violence:

"Then in this disobedience let all hope perish!"

"Oh, say not so, great Queen—say not so!" cried the Countess of Essex, lifting her beautiful face from the floor, where it had fallen, in the bitter anguish of her first repulse. "He has been rash—headstrong: but there is not in all England a heart more loyal, nor one that loves your august person so truly."

"Ay," replied Elizabeth, with a bitter sneer, "he proved it, by wedding with thy baby face!"

"Oh, that he had never seen it!" cried the beautiful woman, in a passion of bitter anguish, and burying the reviled features in her hands—for she saw that their very loveliness pleaded against her. "God help me!—I know not how to plead his cause! Will nothing save him? Great Queen, will nothing save him?"

Again that face was lifted from the clasped hands, and the mass of golden ringlets in which it

had been for a moment buried. Oh, how piteous, how full of sorrow, were those deep blue eyes, those tender and tremulous lips!

The old Queen shook off the passionate grasp which the wretched woman had fixed upon her garments, and drawing back, bent her keen and disdainful eyes on the poor suppliant, but she made no answer; and Lady Essex read her fate too truly in those stern features. Her hands dropped, and her head sunk forward on her bosom, from which the last gleam of hope had gone forth.

And now the widow of Leicester—the mother of Essex—grew desperate in her anguish. As Elizabeth turned from the lovely form of her last rival to the faded beauty of Essex's mother, a shade of more gentle feeling stole over her face. In those sad and withered features there was nothing to excite envy, or outrage her own self-love. If Elizabeth was old, the suppliant at her feet had also outlived all the bloom and brightness of youth, and a bitter sorrow added its pallor to the marks that time had left.

"And you," said Elizabeth, "methought years ago the Countess of Leicester was informed that her presence would at all times be unwelcome to Elizabeth Tudor."

"I have come," said the Countess, in a voice of meek humility, pathetic with sorrow, but how unlike the passionate grief of Lady Essex! "I have come, knowing that my presence must always be hateful to your Highness."

"And why hateful, pray?" cried the Queen, with a haughty sneer.

"Alas, I know not; for I have ever been an humble and loving subject,—a—a—"

The poor lady paused, for there was something in the Queen's eye that warned her not to tread upon the ground of difference that existed between them. She bent her forehead till it almost touched Elizabeth's feet, and her demeanor was full of humility.

"I know, your Highness, I know that with this bent form and aching heart I am no longer deemed worthy even of that displeasure which sent the most faithful and loyal subject that ever Queen had, to his grave, and now threatens all that is left to me—my last husband and noble son—with a darker death. Oh, that I could but die to save them! How willingly would I be stricken down here at your Majesty's feet!"

There was something in this speech that seemed to move the old Queen. The angry expression of her mouth relaxed a little, and turning her eyes away, she seemed to meditate.

"Oh, Lady, look on me! Am I not sufficiently bereaved?" cried the mother of Essex, sweeping back the raven hair from her temples, where many a silver thread was woven. "My youth was clouded by your displeasure. Must its blight press me to the grave? If so, let me perish, but save my son!"

Still the Queen seemed to ponder; she evidently heard nothing that her rival was saying.

"I was his mother," continued the unhappy woman, "and loved him as only a mother can love. Yet, when he found favor with your Highness—when I saw that his heart was lured by your generous condescension, till even his own mother was as nought, compared to the worship

which he lavished upon his Queen, I rejoiced in the sacrifice, and surrendered him willingly—but to death, oh, not to death! Great Queen, say that he is not rendered up to that! It were a cruel return for so much love.”

Elizabeth was now greatly disturbed; she withdrew her garments gently from the suppliant's grasp, and sat down. Once more the woman grew strong against the Queen.

“Your son was a traitor,” she said, “taken with arms in his hands—he has had a fair trial, and death is but justice!”

“He loved you, lady, and your continued displeasure drove him mad!” pleaded the mother, searching eagerly for some shadow of hope in the dim eyes of Elizabeth. “When you condemn him, I can but answer—he was guilty, but he loved you beyond all earthly things.”

“Beyond all earthly things!” cried the Queen, turning her eyes upon the Countess of Essex, who still knelt upon the carpet, pale and hopeless.

The wretched young Countess lifted her eyes at these words, and a mournful smile crossed her lips.

“Spare but his life,” she said, “and I will never see him more—I can give him up—but not to the block—oh God—not to the block!” and, shuddering from head to foot, she sank to her old position again.

The Queen glanced at her with a sort of impatient motion of the head, and then turning to her cabinet, took up a slip of parchment, and wrote upon it. “Take this,” she said, reaching it toward the elder Countess; “it is an order for your admission to the Tower. Go and see your son.”

The Countess of Essex almost sprang to her feet, but sunk down again as she met the stern eyes of Elizabeth, who, remarking the eager joy that sparkled over her face, coldly added: “Go and see your son—but go alone, and when you leave the Tower, come back hither, and then our answer to your prayer shall be given!”

The Dowager Countess took the order, and cast a supplicating glance from the face of the tortured young wife—which was pale and wild with sudden emotions—to that of the Queen.

“The Lady Essex will remain here,” she said, with cruel deliberation, and a grim smile crept over her mouth as she marked the air of keen disappointment with which the poor creature watched her mother-in-law as she rose to depart.

“Oh, for sweet mercy's sake, let me go with her,” cried the agonized wife, as her companion in misery moved toward the door. Mother—mother—plead for me.”

“Go!” said the Queen, sternly, waving her hand. “The Countess of Essex will await you here.”

Still upon her knees, the unhappy wife of Essex watched her mother-in-law as she opened the door and disappeared. Her lips were parted, and her eyes grew wild and eager like those of a newly-prisoned bird, when he seeks to dart through the wires of his cage. The Queen watched her narrowly, and that cold smile deepened around her lips. She found inhuman satisfaction in the torture which she was inflicting on the young and suffering wife whom Essex had

dared to marry against her own imperious will. The humble position which the suppliant dared not change, unbidden, even if weakness had not chained her to the floor—the look of keen disappointment that settled on her eloquent face, were all sources of cruel pleasure to the iron-hearted Elizabeth. Her revenge on the youth and beauty that had won the love of Essex from herself, seemed almost perfect. Notwithstanding his contumacy and his pride, she could have pardoned him then, but for the thought that her clemency must re-unite him to that beautiful young wife.

For some considerable time, Elizabeth sat fostering her revengeful jealousy in silence. Lady Essex had almost fallen upon the floor, and cowered, rather than knelt, at her enemy's feet. She seemed withered to the heart by the cruel scorn with which her petition for mercy had been received.

At last the Queen arose, and entered her bed-chamber, into which the cabinet opened. With her, all struggle was ended; she had resolved how to act, and left the room with a slow but imperious tread, leaving the poor wife faint and heart-sick with suspense.

Half an hour after, the Queen was in her audience chamber, receiving some foreign ambassadors with more than her usual elaborate courtesy; but the reception soon became wearisome, and her heart grew heavy beneath its weight of jewels. She had offered Essex a last chance for life. Would his pride yield? Would he take advantage of his mother's visit to forward the ring that she had given him years before, as a pledge, that, in any extremity, she would be merciful to him? She began to fear that he might still hold out—that his haughty pride would bend only beneath the keen edge of the axe. Then another doubt entered her heart and fired it with fierce passions again. What if Essex no longer possessed the ring? What if he had parted with her gift as a love-token to some other woman? This doubt became insupportable; and, as she stood there in all the pomp of her regal state, it fastened on her like a bird of prey; she could not shake it off; and when Elizabeth returned to her closet hours after, she was almost as much an object of compassion as the wretched woman whom she had forgotten there.

The Countess of Essex had been alone in that gorgeous little room all the time that Elizabeth was occupied with her court. The torturing suspense of each miserable hour as it crept by, no pen can describe. She had neither strength nor courage to go away, and seating herself upon one of the crimson chairs, remained motionless and heart-sick, waiting for her destiny.

It came at last, for the old Queen entered her cabinet, having dismissed her ladies in waiting, at the door. She too was suffering the stern torture of suspense, and had come there for rest and solitude. The unhappy Countess arose as she saw the Queen. Her clasped hands dropped meekly downwards, and her lips grew pallid, as she was preparing herself for some cruel taunt, some bitter sneer, from the royal lips.

But if Elizabeth could have found it in her heart to increase the affliction that oppressed the poor suppliant, she had no time for such cruelty.



Scarcely had she reached her chair, when an aged gentlewoman of the bed-chamber opened the door, and announced—"The Lady Blunt, Countess Dowager of Leicester." This lady seemed completely exhausted with the terrible sorrows of that weary day. She approached the Queen, tottering in her walk, and knelt at her feet.

"Well," said Elizabeth, sharply, for she was anxious almost as the suppliant at her feet, "our order admitted you, doubtless—and your son: felt he a proper sense of our clemency in granting the visit?"

"He was grateful, and upon his bended knees besought many a blessing upon the mistress who could thus send comfort to an offending servant. He—"

"But the ring—the ring! Why talk of lesser things, woman? If Essex is in truth penitent, he has sent the ring given with our own hand, under a solemn pledge of mercy, even though his crime were deserving death. If he has sent the ring, render it up at once. It should plead his cause against our whole council—nay, against all England!"

"Alas, alas!" said the Countess, "he gave me no ring!"

"Nor mentioned one?" said the Queen, still in a sharp, anxious voice.

"Nor mentioned one," was the faint and heart-broken reply.

"Then God have mercy upon him, for I will have none!"

Elizabeth stooped as she spoke, and took up the roll of parchment, which still lay where she had trampled it on the carpet. She laid it upon the silver cabinet, slowly smoothing it out with both hands: very pale those hands were, and so also was her face, but every feature seemed locked with fierce resolution: she was calm and stern as death.

When the parchment was smoothed, Elizabeth took a pen from the standish before her, and, without a tremor or the pause of a moment, wrote her signature. A cry of terrible anguish broke from the two women as they saw her take up the pen, and they cast themselves at her feet, clinging wildly to her robe.

Elizabeth took no heed, but appended the usual bold flourishes to her signature, and touched a little bell that stood upon the cabinet.

"Take this to the Lord Chancellor, and see that the great seal is affixed," she said to the person who entered—"then conduct these ladies from the palace, and see that they enter it no more."

"That parchment!" cried the Countess of Essex, following the man, as he went forth, with her wild eyes—"Great Queen, in mercy say it is not—it is not!"

The wretched wife could not finish the question that she had begun; her lips seemed turned to ice, and her breath choked her.

"It is the Earl of Essex' death-warrant," said Elizabeth, rising sternly up. "Go!"

She lifted her withered finger, and pointed toward the door.

The young wife knelt motionless, frozen as it were with the horrid truth that had been told her; but the mother of Essex stood up; her lips were ashen, her eyes had a terrible light in them.

"Elizabeth of England! the Great God of Heaven will call you to judgment for this act!"

Before the Queen had rallied from the awe with which these words had filled even her undaunted spirit, Lady Blunt had raised her daughter-in-law from the floor.

"My daughter, let us go. Henceforth, we must only trust to the God who will avenge us."

A moment after, and the old Queen was alone.

#### CHAPTER II.

It was done; the axe had fallen. The Queen's dignity was saved, and her heart broken. She was at her harpsichord when they brought her tidings of Essex' execution. Her face was turned from the light, and no one saw the spasm of pain that convulsed its stern lineaments. She did not pause even for an instant, but her hand was dashed violently on the instrument, sending forth a harsh, sharp note, that was almost a wail, and then the soft music gushed forth again, sweetly, as if nothing had happened. Alas, how slight are sometimes the indications which a proud heart allows the world to see of those struggles that pass through the soul like an earthquake! That moment had left the haughtiest woman, and the most imperious queen that trod the soil of England, utterly desolate.

"What ho! what ho! Who claims admittance to the palace at this late hour?" cried the yeoman of the guard, as he arose an hour after midnight, to answer an abrupt summons at the great portal which opened to the Thames. A few words from without, of explanation and entreaty, soon prevailed upon the guard to admit the untimely visitor, who paused by the entrance, and, taking the yeoman on one side, spoke to him earnestly for some moments.

"What! the old Countess of Nottingham dying, and would have speech of her grace?" exclaimed the royal door-keeper. "Why, think you the Queen would arise from her couch, at this hour of the night, and risk her sacred person on the water at the behest of fifty dying countesses?"

"I tell you," rejoined the man, whose face was pale with excitement, "I tell you, this message of my dying mistress must be brought to her majesty; there is that in it which the boldest man in England dare not keep from Elizabeth an instant. As you value liberty and life, friend, do nothing to hinder me in deliverance of my mission. The soul of my poor mistress will wrestle sorely with the body till I bring back tidings to her death-bed. I must see the Queen!"

"Be it so, then, as your business is so momentous," cried the yeoman; "I will lead you to the ante-room, and arouse some of the ladies—but remember, if evil comes of this I will not hold myself responsible. The man should be bold, and the business weighty, that disturbs Elizabeth from her slumber at this hour."

"The business is weighty, and the scene that I have witnessed this night is enough to make a man brave any earthly peril without shrinking. What is it to ask an audience here, when my poor mistress is summoned before the King of Kings!"

"Have you a letter, or bring you only a message by word of mouth?" said the yeoman, still

hesitating, though the agitation of his untimely visitor had made a strong impression upon him.

"Here is the letter!" cried the man, taking a large, square missive from his bosom, sealed with the Nottingham arms in black. "Hasten, good friend—hasten, I beseech you, and give it to the Queen. Heaven only knows what torment my wretched mistress will know till the errand is done!"

The guard seemed greatly relieved by this tangible and imposing excuse for disturbing the slumbers of his mistress. He took the letter, and passing through many a state-chamber and richly decorated gallery, paused in an ante-room, where half a dozen pages lay upon their couches asleep, some disrobed, and others muffled in mantles of azure velvet, and pillowed upon their own perfumed ringlets.

"What ho!" cried the guard, shaking one of these pages by the arm, and half lifting him from the couch. "Arouse yourself, good master George, and rub open those blue eyes, without loss of time. Here is a letter, which you must give to one of the Queen's bed-chamber women this very instant. Say that it is a case of life and death. Do you hear, jackanapes?"

"Do I hear?" cried the lad, rubbing his eyes with a little hand, white as a lady's and sparkling with rings—"I should be deaf if it were otherwise. Why, man, your voice is like a trumpet. Do you guess what hour of the night it is? coming after this fashion to the very door of her majesty's chamber. This will make you a head shorter, some fine day, master yeoman!"

"Take the letter, and leave me to the care of my own head," replied the yeoman, sharply. "Give it to the first Lady of the Bed-chamber—and say that a messenger from the Countess of Nottingham awaits her majesty's pleasure here."

The lad took the letter, held it to the light of a large silver lamp that swung overhead, examined the seal minutely, and then turned his eyes with equal assurance upon the messenger, whose anxiety became each moment more apparent.

"It must be a pressing business, and if one may judge by the white face of our friend there, full of peril! No matter, it shall not be said that the beloved of—the fairest and sweetest lady about the court—mind, master yeoman, I mention no name—ever allowed the peril of an enterprise to count anything with him. Rest content, good friend," he added, turning to the messenger, "I will find a lady, who, for my sake, would take upon herself greater danger than that of arousing the Queen at midnight; fortunately, you have chanced upon the only courtier who could have managed the matter for you."

"Well, jackanapes, get about the errand after your own fashion!" cried the yeoman, with an impatient laugh.

"Nay, you would not have me present myself before her without some preparation," said the youth, shaking the scented and glossy ringlets, with which his head was adorned, over his shoulders, and arranging the folds of his cloak with an air of the most perfect self-conceit. "Tell me, master yeoman—for, lacking a mirror, I must even take counsel of your ignorance—think you not this garment falls a trifle too much over the right

shoulder? Let me step beneath the lamp that you may judge."

"Tush, boy! this is no time for such foppery. Begone upon thy errand, or I will find it in my heart to knock a portion of the conceit from that little body. Go—go! See you not our friend here is fast losing patience?"

This allusion to the messenger from Nottingham house was well authorized by the appearance of the man. Once or twice, as if bereft of all patience by the boy's foppish airs, he advanced a pace to take the letter from his hand, half determined to enter the Queen's chamber, and at all peril present it himself. His cheek grew more and more pale, and his eyes burned with anxiety that nothing could restrain, as the page turned his head superciliously over one shoulder to look at him after the yeoman's remark, still holding the letter carelessly between his thumb and finger. His impatience broke all bounds. He strode forward, and grasping the youth by the arm, gave him a slight shake—"You trifle with a message from the dying," he said, sternly. "No more of this folly! Begone!"

The boy shook himself free, and with a petulant lift of the shoulder, muttered something about his cloak being forced awry; but there was something in the deep passion with which he had been addressed, that completely quelled his frivolous spirit, and without attempting any further excuse for delay, he left the chamber.

The Queen had been ill in health, and becoming daily more infirm, it was necessary that some one of her ladies should remain in attendance at night, ready at a moment's warning to answer her summons. Thus it was that the page, on entering the small ante-room, or rather boudoir, which led to the royal bed-chamber, found a lovely woman in full dress, but with a rich brocade dressing-gown thrown over her shoulders, sound asleep in a large easy-chair heaped with crimson cushions, upon which her fair head had fallen, crushing a mass of beautiful hair, that had cost an artist much labor that morning, beneath the warm roses of her cheek.

"Lady Arabella," whispered the page, stealing toward the fair slumberer, and sinking upon his knees while he touched the little hand that fell over an arm of the chair, timidly with his—"Lady Arabella."

His voice was very low—for the boy could hardly breathe, his agitation was so great. With all his audacious vanity he was timid as a child in the presence of purity and high-born loveliness like that. "Lady Arabella, I have a letter—I would speak with you!"

The lady started up in her chair, passed a hand over her eyes, as if to be quite sure that they were not deceiving her, and then bent them, full of sleepy wonder, upon the youth.

"Why, George, how is this? Here, and after midnight!" she said, gently, but with evident surprise, and some displeasure.

"Lady, I have brought this for her majesty," said the boy, holding up the letter with its broad black seal: "a messenger has just arrived from Nottingham house. He says the Countess is dying."

"Dying!" exclaimed the Lady Arabella.

"Aye, dying; and the messenger says the lady, in her extremity, *will* have speech with the Queen—that this letter *must* be given to her majesty even now!"

"It cannot be," said the Lady Arabella, putting back the letter with her hand—"our royal mistress is ill at ease, since—since his death, she gets but little sleep. I dare not disturb her!"

"Shall I take the letter back?" said the page, rising. "The man is waiting without."

"Yet if the poor Countess is in such a strait—if she is in truth dying!" said the gentle lady, reluctant to refuse that which she, nevertheless, had not the courage to undertake—

"Who speaks of dying?—what is it? Who speaks of dying?" cried a sharp voice from the royal bed-chamber. "Arabella—Arabella!"

"Hush! it is the Queen. Give me the letter!" whispered the lady, and she entered an adjoining chamber.

Elizabeth had half risen, and leaned upon her elbow in the midst of her huge bed—her face looked haggard in the crimson shadows cast downward from the cumbrous hangings, and her head shook with an almost imperceptible tremor, that partook both of the infirmities of age, and of the terror that sometimes follows unpleasant dreams. Locks of gray hair streamed down from her night-coif, and she clutched the damask counterpane with a hand that shook like an aspen as it crushed the glowing folds together.

"Did I dream?—I did dream of the dead!" she exclaimed, bending her keen eyes upon the lady as she entered, and sinking slowly back to her pillow. "Of the dead—the dying! The Countess of Nottingham—who told me the Countess of Nottingham was dying?"

"Your highness must have been disturbed by the messenger that just came up from Nottingham house with this letter," said the Lady Arabella, kneeling by the royal couch. "The hour was so untimely, that I was about to send him back again."

"Give me the letter," cried Elizabeth, starting up, and seizing the folded parchment fiercely, as a bird of prey clutches its spoil—"I tell you, Arabella, I have dreamed things to-night that make the sundering of this seal terrible!" and with shaking hands, the Queen burst the black seal and tore it apart.

She cast her keen eyes over its contents, and dashing the letter aside, sprang to the floor. "Yon' garments, Arabella; bring yon' garments, and robe me," she cried in a voice that was low, but fearfully concentrated. "Quick, quick! No ruff—no farthingale, but a cloak and hood—one for yourself, too. Who waits in the ante-chamber?"

"The page, young George Pagot, one of your highness' yeomen, and the messenger from Nottingham house."

"It is enough! Let the boy go with us—the boy and yourself—that will be sufficient escort for Elizabeth on an errand like this."

"Shall I tell George to give orders that the royal barge be prepared?" said the Lady Arabella.

"No—send hither the messenger."

"Hither?" questioned Arabella, mindful of the disarray which the royal person still exhibited.

"Yes—here, and thus!" replied Elizabeth, and

a bitter smile swept over her face as she interpreted the look of her attendant.

Filled with wonder that almost amounted to consternation, Arabella went forth to summon the messenger. Elizabeth received him at the door of her chamber. She had folded a cloak around her person, but the hood was thrown back, and with nothing but her gray hair veiling the aged brow that had never been presented to the gaze of mortal man before, without the disguise of art and a blaze of jewels, she put a few brief questions to him:

"Come you to the palace by water?"

"By water, may it please your highness," replied the man.

"And your barge is here?"

"It is now in waiting, and the tide serves."

"Lead on!" said the Queen. "Arabella, follow us with the boy: and you," she added, turning to the guard, "go attend us to the water, and then stir not from the gate till our return;" and the Queen walked on with a degree of strength and energy which startled those who had witnessed the feebleness that had marked the few last months of her life.

As they went forth into the open air, Arabella moved close to her royal mistress. "Let me draw the hood somewhat over your majesty's head," she pleaded, for the wind was trifling with those snowy tresses, and it pained the young girl to see how careless the proud old Queen seemed of an exposure to which she had always been so sensitive.

"Nay—the cool wind does me good," replied Elizabeth, and with a firm step she descended to the barge, and took a seat upon one of the cushions.

Midnight darkness lay upon the river; clouds, heavy and black, were heaped over the sky; and the shores, save here and there a solitary light from some residence, lay in profound night. Amid this wilderness of gloom, the barge swept rapidly downward with the tide. The flow of the waters, heavy and monotonous, was all the sound to be heard; no word was spoken, save when the old Queen bade the rowers make more speed.

At last the barge drew up by a flight of steps that led to a spacious garden half surrounded by the wings of a fine old mansion-house. Through one of the tall windows a light streamed forth upon the blackness, faint and dim, as if some lamp placed there were just expiring.

"Go on to the sick room," said the Queen, as her conductor would have taken her to another apartment, that her presence might be announced. "Stay you below, Arabella; we will see this dying countess alone;" and, with a firm step, Elizabeth mounted the stairs, and found herself in the chamber of death.

A huge bed, canopied with masses of purple velvet, so deep tinted that it seemed black in the gloom, stood at an extremity of the chamber; and upon it lay the pale form of a woman struggling in her death-agony. A group of persons stood around the bed, silent and awe-stricken. Toward this group Elizabeth moved slow, upright, and majestic.

"It is the Queen!" cried the dying countess,



lifting her thin hand. "God has had mercy! It is the Queen—and I can now die!"

"Leave us," said Elizabeth, waving her hand. The next moment she stood alone with the dying.

"Countess of Nottingham, you have sent for the Queen—and she is here. What have you to say of Essex? In what can your death-bed confessions concern one whose fate is now sealed?"

The Countess of Nottingham clasped her pale hands, and held them imploringly toward the Queen. Those hands were almost transparent, and, as the light fell upon them, upon one of the fingers it revealed a ruby, glowing like a spark of fire upon it. Elizabeth's eyes fell upon the gem, and instantly she became pale as the woman who lay prostrate before her, pleading, with mute eloquence, for mercy.

"Woman," she said, grasping the pale hand of the dying countess, and bending her eyes close to the ruby, whose light made the heart tremble in her bosom: "Woman! how came you possessed of this ring!"

The Countess of Nottingham closed her eyes, to shut out the terrible anger that convulsed the aged face bending over her death-pillow; her lips moved again and again, before they could utter a word. At length she spoke, but feebly and very low. The Queen bent her head close to those pale lips, that her thirsty ear might drink in every syllable of the confession they were whispering. She held her breath—and a wild, fierce expression, like that of a wounded eagle, came to her eyes. When all was told—when the dying woman opened her eyes, and, with a look of most touching entreaty, besought mercy for the fraud which had brought the noble head of Essex to the block—then the volcano which her words had lighted in the old Queen's heart, blazed forth. Elizabeth stood upright: the infirmities of age were swallowed up in her mighty wrath: her lips grew livid—her eyes burned as with fire—and every nerve in her body seemed hardening into iron.

"Mercy!" she cried, in a voice shrill with anguish and wrath; "Woman! God may forgive you, but I never will!"

The wretched countess, terrified even in her death-throes, cowered down and groveled in her bed. "Oh, God! wilt thou too withhold mercy?" broke from her shivering lips.

"Mercy!" whispered the old Queen—for wrath made her voice very low, and she spoke between her locked teeth—"Mercy!" and, mad with anguish, she seized the dying woman, and shook her, till the huge couch, with its gloomy masses of velvet and its dusky plumes, trembled in every joint.

When the old Monarch withdrew her hands from this unquenchably act, they dropped helplessly by her side, for she saw that her violence had done sacrifice to the dead.

Ten minutes went by, during which Elizabeth stood over that death-couch: then she turned away, and passing from the chamber, descended the stairs, waving a hand for her young attendants to follow. When Elizabeth entered the dwelling, she wore no jewel of any kind; but, as the light fell upon her hand in going forth, Arabella saw that a ruby blazed upon one of the fingers.

It was night when the Queen of England entered her own palace again—night upon the earth, night in her own heart. She could scarcely walk while passing through the palace-grounds, and leaned heavily upon the arm of Lady Arabella all the way to her own chamber. Within the solitude of her room she sat till morning—her face pale and rigid, her limbs bowed as with a heavy weight—gazing intently upon the ring, which burned like a blood-spot on her finger—a blood-spot—and so it was. That ring she had given to Essex, when highest in her favor, with a promise that, let his fault be what it might, forgiveness should follow its presentation to her. He had sent the ring, a few days before his execution, by the wretched Countess of Nottingham, who withheld it in fraud—and, by this treachery, Elizabeth became the executioner of one whom she loved better than life.

And now that he was dead, the ring had reached her from the hand of death. Was it strange that the old Queen never smiled again—that henceforth she called for a staff to support her as she walked about the palace—or that, in a few weeks, she lay upon the cushions heaped in her chamber, weary, heart-sick—afraid to die, and yet dying?

## OUR INDIAN FRIENDS.

FROM "ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH," BY MRS. MOODIE.

Their sense of hearing is so acute that they can distinguish sounds at an incredible distance, which cannot be detected by a European at all. I myself witnessed a singular exemplification of this fact. It was mid-winter; the Indians had pitched their tent, or wigwam, as usual, in our swamp. All the males were absent on a hunting expedition up the country, and had left two women behind to take care of the camp and its contents, Mrs. Tom Nogan and her children, and Susan Moore, a young girl of fifteen and the only truly beautiful squaw I ever saw. There was something interesting about this girl's history, as well as her appearance. Her father had been drowned during a sudden hurricane, which swamped his canoe on Stony Lake; and the mother, who witnessed the accident from the shore, and was near her confinement with this child, boldly swam out to his assistance. She reached the spot where he sank, and even succeeded in recovering the body; but it was too late; the man was dead.

The soul of an Indian that has been drowned is reckoned accursed, and he is never permitted to join his tribe on the happy hunting-grounds, but his spirit haunts the lake or river in which he lost his life. His body is buried on some lonely island, which the Indians never pass without leaving a small portion of food, tobacco, or ammunition, to supply his wants; but he is never interred with the rest of his people. His children are considered unlucky, and few willingly unite themselves to the females of the family, lest a portion of the father's curse should be visited on them.

The orphan Indian girl generally kept aloof from the rest, and seemed so lonely and compan-

ionless, that she soon attracted my attention and sympathy, and a hearty feeling of good-will sprang up between us. Her features were small and regular, her face oval, and her large, dark, loving eyes were full of tenderness and sensibility, but as bright and shy as those of the deer. A rich vermilion glow burnt upon her olive cheek and lips, and set off the dazzling whiteness of her even and pearly teeth. She was small of stature, with delicate little hands and feet, and her figure was elastic and graceful. She was a beautiful child of nature, and her Indian name signified "the voice of angry waters." Poor girl, she had been a child of grief and tears from her birth! Her mother was a Mohawk, from whom she, in all probability, derived her superior personal attractions: for they are very far before the Missaguas in this respect.

My friend and neighbor, Emilia S——, the wife of a naval officer, who lived about a mile distant from me, through the bush, had come to spend the day with me; and hearing that the Indians were in the swamp, and the men away, we determined to take a few trifles to the camp, in the way of presents, and spend an hour in chatting with the squaws.

What a beautiful moonlight night it was, as light as day!—the great forest sleeping tranquilly beneath the cloudless heavens—not a sound to disturb the deep repose of nature but the whispering of the breeze, which, during the most profound calm, creeps through the lofty pine tops. We bounded down the steep bank to the lake shore. Life is a blessing, a precious boon, indeed, in such an hour, and we felt happy in the mere consciousness of existence—the glorious privilege of pouring out the silent adoration of the heart to the Great Father in His universal temple.

On entering the wigwam, which stood within a few yards of the clearing, in the middle of a thick group of cedars, we found Mrs. Tom alone with her elvish children, seated before the great fire that burned in the centre of the camp: she was busy boiling some bark in an iron spider. The little boys, in red flannel shirts, which were their only covering, were tormenting a puppy, which seemed to take their pinching and pommelling in good part, for it neither attempted to bark nor to bite, but like the eels in the story, submitted to the infliction because it was used to it. Mrs. Tom greeted us with a grin of pleasure, and motioned us to sit down upon a buffalo skin, which, with a courtesy so natural to the Indians, she had placed near her for our accommodation.

"You are all alone," said I, glancing round the camp.

"Ye'es; Indian away hunting—Upper Lakes. Come home with much deer."

"And Susan, where is she?"

"By and by," (meaning that she was coming.)

"Gone to fetch water—ice thick—chop with axe—take long time."

As she ceased speaking, the old blanket that formed the door of the tent was withdrawn, and the girl, bearing two pails of water, stood in the open space, in the white moonlight. The glow of the fire streamed upon her dark, floating locks, danced in the black, glistening eye, and gave a deeper blush to the olive cheek! She would have

made a beautiful picture; Sir Joshua Reynolds would have rejoiced in such a model—so simply graceful and unaffected, the very *beau ideal* of savage life and unadorned nature. A smile of recognition passed between us. She put down her burden beside Mrs. Tom, and noiselessly glided to her seat.

We had scarcely exchanged a few words with our favorite, when the old squaw, placing her hand against her ear, exclaimed, "Whist! whist!"

"What is it?" cried Emilia and I, starting to our feet. "Is there any danger?"

"A deer—a deer—in bush!" whispered the squaw, seizing a rifle that stood in a corner. "I hear sticks crack—a great way off. Stay here!"

A great way off the animal must have been, for though Emilia and I listened at the open door, an advantage which the squaw did not enjoy, we could not hear the least sound; all seemed still as death. The squaw whistled to an old hound, and went out.

"Did you hear anything, Susan?"

She smiled, and nodded.

"Listen: the dog has found the track."

The next moment the discharge of a rifle, and the deep baying of the dog, woke up the sleeping echoes of the woods; and the girl started off to help the old squaw to bring in the game that she had shot.

The Indians are great imitators, and possess a nice tact in adopting the customs and manners of those with whom they associate. An Indian is Nature's gentleman—never familiar, coarse, or vulgar. If he take a meal with you, he waits to see how you make use of the implements on the table, and the manner in which you eat, which he imitates with a grave decorum, as if he had been accustomed to the same usages from childhood. He never attempts to help himself, or demand more food, but waits patiently until you perceive what he requires. I was perfectly astonished at this innate politeness, for it seems natural to all the Indians with whom I have had any dealings.

There was one old Indian, who belonged to a distant settlement, and only visited our lakes occasionally on hunting parties. He was a strange, eccentric, merry old fellow, with a skin like red mahogany, and a wiry, sinewy frame, that looked as if it could bid defiance to every change of temperature. Old Snow-storm, for such was his significant name, was rather too fond of the whiskey-bottle, and when he had taken a drop too much, he became an unmanageable wild beast. He had a great fancy for my husband, and never visited the other Indians without extending the same favor to us. Once upon a time, he broke the nipple of his gun; and Moodie repaired the injury for him by fixing a new one in its place, which little kindness quite won the heart of the old man, and he never came to see us without bringing an offering of fish, ducks, partridges, or venison, to show his gratitude.

One warm September day, he made his appearance bareheaded, as usual, and carrying in his hand a great checked bundle.

"Fond of grapes?" said he, putting the said bundle into my hands. "Fine grapes—brought

them from island, for my friend's squaw and papouses."

Glad of the donation, which I considered quite a prize, I hastened into the kitchen to untie the grapes and put them into a dish. But imagine my disappointment when I found them wrapped up in a soiled shirt, only recently taken from the back of the owner. I called Moodie, and begged him to return Snow-storm his garment, and to thank him for the grapes.

The mischievous creature was highly diverted with the circumstance, and laughed immoderately.

"Snow-storm," said he, "Mrs. Moodie and the children are obliged to you for your kindness in bringing them the grapes; but how came you to tie them up in a dirty shirt?"

"Dirty!" cried the old man, astonished that we should object to the fruit on that score. "It ought to be clean; it has been washed often enough. Owgh! You see, Moodie," he continued, "I have no hat—never wear hat—want no shade to my eyes—love the sun—see all around me—up and down—much better without hat. Could not put the grapes in hat—blanket-coat too large, crush fruit, juice run out. I had noting but my shirt, so I takes off shirt, and brings grape safe over the water on my back. Papouse no care for dirty shirt; their lee-tel bellies have no eyes."

In spite of this eloquent harangue, I could not bring myself to use the grapes, ripe and tempting as they looked, or give them to the children. Mr. W—— and his wife happening to step in at that moment, fell into such an ecstasy at the sight of the grapes, that, as they were perfectly unacquainted with the circumstance of the shirt, I very generously gratified their wishes by presenting them with the contents of the large dish; and they never ate a bit less sweet for the novel mode in which they were conveyed to me!

The Indians, under their quiet exterior, possess a deal of humor. They have significant names for everything, and a nickname for every one, and some of the latter are laughably appropriate. A fat, pompous, ostentatious settler in our neighborhood they called *Muckakee*, "the bull-frog." Another, rather a fine young man, but with a very red face, they named *Segoskee*, "the rising sun." Mr. Wood, who had a farm above ours, was a remarkably slender young man, and to him they gave the appellation of *Metiz*, "thin stick." A woman, that occasionally worked for me, had a disagreeable squint; she was known in Indian by the name of *Sachabo*, "cross-eye." A gentleman with a very large nose was *Choojas*, "big or ugly nose." My little Addie, who was a fair, lovely creature, they viewed with great approbation, and called *Anook*, "a star;" while the rosy Katie was *Nogesisgook*, "the northern lights." As to me, I was *Nonocosiqui*, a "humming-bird;" a ridiculous name for a tall woman, but it had reference to the delight I took in painting birds. My friend Amilia, was "blue cloud;" my little Donald, "frozen face;" young C——, "the red-headed woodpecker," from the color of his hair; my brother, *Chippewa*, and "the bald eagle." He was an especial favorite among them.

I have said before that the Indian never forgets a kindness. We had a thousand proofs of this, when, overtaken by misfortune, and withering be-

neath the iron grasp of poverty, we could scarcely obtain bread for ourselves and our little ones; then it was that the truth of the Eastern proverb was brought home to our hearts, and the goodness of God fully manifested towards us, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." During better times we had treated these poor savages with kindness and liberality, and when dearer friends looked coldly upon us they never forsook us. For many a good meal I have been indebted to them, when I had nothing to give in return, when the pantry was empty, and "the hearth-stone growing cold," as they term the want of provisions to cook at it. And their delicacy in conferring these favors was not the least admirable part of their conduct. John Nogan, who was much attached to us, would bring a fine bunch of ducks, and drop them at my feet, "for the papouse," or leave a large muskinonge on the sill of the door, or place a quarter of venison just within it, and slip away without saying a word, thinking that receiving a present from a poor Indian might hurt our feelings, and he would spare us the mortification of returning thanks.

When an Indian loses one of his children, he must keep a strict fast for two or three days, abstaining from food of any kind. A hunter, of the name of Young, told me a curious story of their rigid observance of this strange rite.

"They had a chief," he said, "a few years ago, whom they called 'Handsome Jack'—whether in derision, I cannot tell, for he was one of the ugliest Indians I ever saw. The scarlet fever got into the camp—a terrible disease in this country, and doubly terrible to those poor creatures who don't know how to treat it. His eldest daughter died. The chief had fasted two days when I met him in the bush. I did not know what had happened, but I opened my wallet, for I was on a hunting expedition, and offered him some bread and dried venison. He looked at me reproachfully.

"Do white men eat bread the first night their papouse is laid in the earth?"

"I then knew the cause of his depression, and left him."

On the night of the second day of his fast another child died of the fever. He had now to accomplish three more days without tasting food. It was too much even for an Indian. On the evening of the fourth he was so pressed by ravenous hunger, that he stole into the woods, caught a bull-frog, and devoured it alive. He imagined himself alone, but one of his people, suspecting his intention, had followed him, unperceived, to the bush. The act he had just committed was a hideous crime in their eyes, and in a few minutes the camp was in an uproar. The chief fled for protection to Young's house. When the hunter demanded the cause of his alarm, he gave for answer, "There are plenty of flies at my house. To avoid their stings I came to you."

It required all the eloquence of Mr. Young, who enjoyed much popularity among them, to reconcile the rebellious tribe to their chief.

They are very skillful in their treatment of wounds, and many diseases. Their knowledge of the medicinal qualities of plants and herbs is very great. They make excellent poultices from the bark of the bass and slippery-elm. They use se-

veral native plants in their dyeing of baskets and porcupine quills. The inner bark of the swamp-alder, simply boiled in water, makes a beautiful red. From the root of the black briony they obtain a fine salve for sores, and extract a rich yellow dye. The inner bark of the root of the sumach, roasted, and reduced to powder, is a good remedy for the ague; a tea-spoonful given between the hot and cold fit. They scrape the fine white powder from the large fungus that grows upon the bark of the pine into whiskey, and take it for violent pains in the stomach. The taste of the powder strongly reminded me of quinine.

I have read much of the excellence of Indian cookery, but I never could bring myself to taste anything prepared in their dirty wigwams. I remember being highly amused in watching the preparation of a mess, which might have been called the Indian hotch-potch. It consisted of a strange mixture of fish, flesh, and fowl, all boiled together in the same vessel. Ducks, partridges, musk-nonge, venison, and muskrats, formed a part of this delectable compound. These were literally smothered in onions, potatoes, and turnips, which they had procured from me. They very hospitably offered me a dishful of the odious mixture, which the odor of the muskrats rendered everything but savory; but I declined, simply stating, that I was not hungry. My little boy tasted it, but quickly left the camp to conceal the effect it produced upon him.

Their method of broiling fish, however, is excellent. They take a fish, just fresh out of the water, cut out the entrails, and without removing the scales, wash it clean, dry it in a cloth, or in grease, and cover it all over with clear hot ashes. When the flesh will part from the bone, they draw it out of the ashes, strip off the skin, and it is fit for the table of the most fastidious epicure.

## ANNIE.

BY MARCUS H. TROWBRIDGE.

The grave is Heaven's gate, they say,  
And when dear ANNIE passed away,  
One calm June morning,  
I saw upon the heavenly stairs,  
A band of angels, unawares,  
Her path adorning.

The grave is Heaven's gate, they say,  
And when dear ANNIE passed away,  
A music flowing  
Filled my sad soul with love and light,  
That made me seem, by day and night,  
To Heaven going.

The grave is Heaven's gate they say,  
And when dear ANNIE passed away,  
A saintly whiteness  
O'erspread the beauty of her face,  
And filled it with the tender grace  
Of angel brightness.

The grave is Heaven's gate, they say,  
And when dear ANNIE passed away,  
An angel splendid  
Cast his large glories to the ground,  
While waves of throbbing music-sound  
In sweetness bleaded.

The grave is Heaven's gate, they say,  
And when dear ANNIE passed away,  
In holy sweetness—  
When life's sad dream with her was o'er,  
Her white soul stood at Heaven's door,  
In its completeness.

## MINISTERING ANGELS.

BY MAY LINWOOD.

Time and Patience' these are Angels  
By our Heavenly Father sent;  
Whispering to our restless spirits,  
"Cease to murmur—be content;  
God, who is thy truest friend,  
Doth our aid in trial send.

When thy weary spirit failest,  
'Neath the weary cross it bears,  
God is not unmindful of thee—  
He is listening to thy prayers;  
From His children's tearful pleading,  
He will *never* turn unheeding!"

Heart of mine! Trust thou these Angels;  
Lean on Patience and be calm;  
Trust in Time, who is preparing  
For thy grief a spirit-balm;  
God is merciful, and He  
Gave them charge concerning thee.

## PICTURES.

### I.

Light, warmth, and sprouting greenness, and o'erall  
Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether, raining down  
Tranquility upon the deep-hushed town,  
The freshening meadows, and the hill-sides  
brown;

Voice of the west-wind from the hills of pine,  
And the brimmed river from its distant fall,  
Low hum of bees, and joyous interlude  
Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirting wood—  
Heralds and prophecies of sound and sight,  
Blessed forerunners of the warmth and light,  
Attendant angels to the house of prayer,  
With reverent footsteps keeping pace with  
mine—

Once more, through God's great love, with you I  
share

A morn of resurrection sweet and fair  
As that which saw, of old, in Palestine,  
Immortal Love uprising in fresh bloom,  
From the dark night and winter of the tomb!

### II.

White with its sun-bleached dust, the pathway  
winds

Before me; dust is on the shrunken grass,  
And on the trees beneath whose boughs I pass;  
Frail screen against the Hunter of the sky,  
Who, glaring on me with his lidless eye,  
While mounting with his dog-star high and  
higher,

Ambushed in light intolerable, unbinds

The burnished quiver of his shafts of fire.  
Between me and the hot fields of his South  
A tremulous glow, as from a furnace mouth,  
Glimmers and swims before my dazzled sight,  
As if the burning arrows of his ire  
Broke as they fell, and shattered into light!



Yet on my cheek I feel the Western wind,  
And hear it telling to the orchard trees  
And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,  
Tales of fair meadows, green with constant  
streams,

And mountains rising blue and cool behind,  
Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,  
And starred with white the virgin's bower is  
twined.

So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he fares  
Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,  
Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs  
Of a serener and a holier land,  
Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall bland.  
Preath of the blessed Heaven for which we pray,  
Blow from the eternal hills!—make glad our earthly  
way!  
*National Era.*

## THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

### CHAPTER I.

It was on a dark, cold, rainy morning, late in November, that Helen Lee came down from her room, with a thin shawl drawn around her shoulders. She had nearly reached the street door when her steps were arrested by her mother's voice.

"You're not going out on such a morning as this, Helen, surely!" said Mrs. Lee.

"Oh yes," replied the young girl, in cheerful tones. "I must give my lessons, you know."

"But you will not be expected, Helen. And even if you were, a regard for health should keep you at home on a day like this."

"I have on my thick shoes, mother," returned Helen, in the same cheerful tones with which she had at first spoken. "And you know I am warmly clothed. I shall not feel the cold."

Warmly clothed! Her garments were more fitting the month of June! Thick shoes? A wafer might be called thick as well!

"Don't go, Helen," said Mrs. Lee, in an almost pleading voice. She was not deceived by her daughter's words.

"I must go, mother," returned Helen, now speaking more seriously. "I cannot afford to miss giving a single lesson. But don't feel worried about me. Good by—I will be home by twelve o'clock."

And, saying this, the brave-hearted girl turned quickly away, and went forth on her errand.

As she closed the door, and stepped upon the pavement, the rushing wind swept against her, and penetrated, almost in an instant, her thin garments, causing a chill to run through her slender frame; and almost as quickly did she feel the dampness reach her feet from the wet pavement.

But she shrunk not in the cold blast, for the earnest and high purpose that was in her heart, lifted her above the consciousness of physical suffering like this.

Helen Lee, an only child, was now in her twenty-second year. Her parents were in reduced circumstances. But they had once been moderately well off. There had been no withholding of means, on their part, so far as the education of their child was concerned; and in the dark days of their adversity she was repaying

them for all their care and affection. Ills of life too rarely come alone. This was the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Lee. Very soon after the former failed in business, his health became so bad that even the smallest mental or bodily exertion was attended with dangerous consequences; and the physician enjoined the most perfect quiet, as absolutely necessary.

In this unhappy extremity, Mrs. Lee found herself almost helpless. What could she do to support the family? In vain did she ask this question. She had no resources in herself.

But now it was that the seed sown in their daughter's mind began to germinate. The true affection which Helen had for her parents, led her thoughts to the projection of means whereby to serve them. She had been well educated in most of the branches taught in schools, and her first effort was to endeavor to get a situation as an assistant in some established female academy. But, this she found no easy matter. She next endeavored to get music scholars, and was successful in procuring a few, the instruction of which was immediately commenced. From these, the income was not large; yet it was something, and helped to eke out their slender resources, that were fast melting away.

Months went by, and then one sacrifice after another having been made, the family found itself reduced to an entire dependence on Helen's income, which was now swelled by the addition of scholars, to about four hundred dollars a year.

Such was the state of affairs at the time we introduce Helen Lee to the reader. Four hundred dollars were not sufficient to meet the expenss of the family. The small house, into which they had removed, was obtained at a rent of one hundred and twenty dollars a year, leaving two hundred and eighty dollars with which to buy food and raiment for three persons. Accustomed to a different style of living, Mrs. Lee found it impossible to shrink into the dimensions required by outward circumstances, and was, therefore, unable, by any modes of economy understood by herself, to supply the wants of the family with so small a sum. A gradual accumulation of debt to the baker, butcher, and milkman, was the natural consequence; which debt soon became a source of annoyance and trouble.

If Helen had felt no other motive impelling her to attend to the lessons that were to be given on that stormy morning, the fact of two persons having made imperative demands for the settlement of bills, since breakfast-time, would have been all-sufficient.

The brave-hearted girl had gone but two or three blocks when she was met by a young man, who turned and walked along by her side.

"A very bad morning, this, for you to be out, Helen," said he, seriously. "Aint you afraid of taking cold?"

"Oh no," she replied, but not with a great deal of warmth in her manner, and partly averting her face as she spoke.

The young man seemed surprised at the character of his reception by Helen, and bending towards her, looked earnestly upon her countenance. As he did so, she turned still farther from him; while from the quick rising and falling of her

bosom, it was evident that her mind was much disturbed.

"Have I offended you in anything?" said the young man, after a brief silence.

"No, Henry, I am not offended with you. Why should I be?"

Helen spoke in a softer tone, in which tenderness and sadness were both blended. But still she kept her face partly averted.

"Why this change, then, Helen?"

"What change?"

"You are cold to me; and reserved beyond anything that I have known since we were acquainted."

Helen was silent.

"You are unhappy about something, Helen," said the young man. "Tell me what it is."

"How can I help feeling unhappy?" was returned with some bitterness of tone. "You know the circumstances of our family."

"I do, and Heaven knows how gladly I would relieve them. Oh, Helen! how often I have desired riches for your sake."

"I know the goodness of your heart, Henry," replied the young girl, with visible emotion.—"But your hands are tied. You have claims as sacred and imperative as those that are binding upon me."

A deep sigh was the young man's only answer. Yes, there were claims equally binding upon him. He was a widowed mother's sole dependence.

"Henry," said Helen, breaking the silence, and speaking in a low, firm voice—"we had better be to each other as strangers."

"Helen!" the young man started, as if he had been stung.

"I am in earnest," was continued in the same low, steady voice. "Each of us has indulged an idle dream. We must bend to the iron stroke of circumstance."

"Helen! Helen! Why do you speak thus!" exclaimed her auditor, in a distressed voice. "You cannot mean what you say?"

"I mean it, Henry."

"Then you do not love me," was replied in a voice that evidently hurt the young girl, for she answered in still sadder tones.

"You have never looked into my heart. But, no matter. Think so, if you will, Henry. It is better, perhaps, that you should have something to make the trial easier. I shall not have even this to sustain me."

By this time they were in front of a large house, and Helen, with a hurried "good by," sprang up the steps, and after ringing the bell, stepped into the vestibule. Not once did she glance back towards her companion, who stood for a few moments gazing after, and then walked slowly on.

"We hardly expected you this morning, Miss Lee," said a lady, who met Helen as she entered one of the parlors, where a young lady was practising at the piano. "It is wet and cold without."

"I don't mind the weather," replied Helen, forcing a smile.

"But in weather like this you should put on warmer clothing," said the lady seriously. "You are no more thickly clad to-day, than you were

at your last visit, and then the air was as soft as in May. It will not do, my young friend. Health is a thing too valuable to be risked after this fashion. Are your feet wet?"

"Only a little damp," replied Helen.

"A little may be too much. There's a fire in the dining room grate. Go up and get dry and warm before you begin Mary's lesson. She can go on with her practising in the meantime."

Helen, who really felt chilled, did as she was directed, and sat before the glowing fire until a genial warmth pervaded her body. Then she gave her music lesson of an hour, and again went forth in the wet and chilling atmosphere.

After a walk of nearly half an hour, by which time her shoes and stockings were saturated with water, Helen came to the residence of a man far past the middle period of life, the only female inmate of whose family, besides domestics, was a young niece whom he was educating. His name was Bullfinch. Helen had been engaged to give this niece instruction in French and Spanish, both of which languages she spoke with fluency. As Helen was raising her hand to pull the bell, some sudden thought passing through her mind, caused her to stop, and then slowly to turn away and walk on. For nearly half a block, she moved along slowly, with her eyes cast to the ground. Pausing, at length, she retraced her steps, and again stopping at the house of Mr. Bullfinch, rung the bell. On being admitted, she passed into the parlor.

"Why, Miss Lee! My dear young lady! What has induced you to come out on a day like this?"

Such was the unexpected salutation received by Helen, as she entered the parlors, in one of which a bright fire was burning. Before this fire sat Mr. Bullfinch and his niece. The former, quite an old man, rose up quickly, and extending his hand took that of his visiter, and pressed it warmly.

"Your hand is like ice," said he, with much kindness of manner, that was blended with interest and sympathy. "It is wrong for you to risk your health in this way. Dear bless me! Look at the girl's feet. Completely soaked in water! Fanny, dear, take Miss Lee right up into your room, and get her a pair of dry stockings and shoes. She may take her death a cold."

"It isn't at all necessary, Mr. Bullfinch," returned Helen, blushing with confusion. "I shall not take cold."

"But I say it is necessary," persisted the old gentleman. "What strange, inconsistent creatures you young girls are! Go right up stairs with Fanny and get dry stockings."

And he put his hand upon her and almost forced her from the room.

Helen was trembling all over when she entered the chamber of Fanny; so much so, that it attracted the young lady's attention.

"What ails you?" said the latter. "I do believe you are chilled through, and are shaking in an ague fit. What could have possessed you to come out this morning? I never thought of expecting you. As for lessons in French, I'm in no humor for that. I gave you up immediately after breakfast, and set myself down to a new novel. Being at a deeply interesting part of the book, a French



lesson is out of the question. So, you may run back home again, and take your comfort for the rest of the day."

Helen smiled faintly at the animation of the young girl, as she replied—

"I've two more engagements yet to meet, before I can go home and take my comfort."

"You'll kill yourself," said Fanny, seriously.

"Oh no. I can bear a good deal," Helen spoke partly to herself, yet in a voice that was sad in spite of her effort to seem cheerful.

"I've sent for a carriage," said Mr. Bullfinch, when Helen returned again to the parlor; "and as soon as it arrives, you must go directly home. It was very bad for you to come out on such a day."

"I have two more engagements yet this morning," replied Helen.

"No matter if you have a dozen," said the old gentleman, as he gazed earnestly and admiringly upon the fair and innocent face of the young teacher. "You've got to go home. Health and life are first to be considered."

"But, Mr. Bullfinch—"

"I'll hear no arguments," he interrupted her, smiling, with an air of self satisfaction as he spoke. "I've sent for a carriage, and shall take it upon myself to send you back to your father's house; or, rather take you back—for I will not trust you to go alone, lest you jump out, and run off to give some of your confounded music lessons."

"Oh! you needn't fear that," quickly replied Helen; her face flushing, and then becoming extremely pale.

"I do fear it," persisted the old gentleman; "and shall not trust you. You are now my prisoner, and I will not lose sight of you until I have returned you safely to the place from which you escaped this morning."

"Uncle is exceedingly gallant," said Fanny, laughing. "He's a gentleman of the old school."

Just then the carriage, which a servant had been sent to order, drove up to the door.

"Don't think of going home with me, Mr. Bullfinch!" said Helen, in a very earnest way. "It's very stormy out."

"Tut, child! I'm not afraid of the weather; if it isn't too stormy for a delicate young girl, it certainly is not for a hale, hearty man like myself."

And as Mr. Bullfinch said this, he glanced involuntarily at his face and figure in a large mirror, opposite to which he was standing.

In spite of all the remonstrances of Helen, the old gentleman persisted in his purpose of accompanying her home, and, to this end, entered the carriage with her. The moment the vehicle moved away, his whole manner changed, and he attempted to take the young girl's hand. This she at first resisted, but at length permitted him to hold it passively within his grasp.

"My dear Miss Lee," said Mr. Bullfinch, with all the ardor of a young lover, leaning close to his auditor as he spoke—"I need not repeat to you what I have already said. You fully comprehend my feelings. From the first moment I saw you, I have been deeply interested in all that concerns you. Sympathy has quickly given place to a

warmer and purer sentiment. I am older than you are, it is true; but my heart is still young—as young I trust as yours. Have you well considered the proposition I made? Are you ready to become my wife?"

A quick shudder ran through the frame of Helen as the last sentence reached her ear; a shudder perceived by Mr. Bullfinch in the hand he was holding.

"At once you will be elevated above your present condition,—above the necessity for this wearing toil, that is sapping the very foundations of your life!"

But there was no reply from the old man's statue-like companion, whose face was still in part averted; nor did a word pass her lips, until the carriage drew up before the humble abode of her parents. Then, as she was about stepping out—he remaining behind, and shrinking back, as if to avoid observation—she said, in a husky whisper—"To-morrow you shall hear from me."

A moment or two more, and Helen Lee had passed from his sight.

## CHAPTER II.

"You're home early," said Mrs. Lee, as her daughter came in. "I did not expect you back for an hour or so yet. Are you not well?"

"O yes, I am very well," returned Helen, with forced animation. "But, Fanny Milnor's uncle said I ought not to have ventured out on a day like this, and actually made me come home. He wouldn't let me give Fanny a lesson."

"It was very thoughtful in him, certainly," said Mrs. Lee—"very thoughtful. Didn't I hear a carriage stop at the door just now?"

The color deepened in Helen's face as her mother asked this question. Mrs. Lee perceived the change, and her interest and curiosity were immediately excited. As her daughter did not answer her last enquiry; she repeated—

"Didn't I hear a carriage stop at the door?"

"I presume so," was replied.

"Did you come home in it?"

Mrs. Lee's eyes were now intently fixed on her daughter's countenance.

"I did," said Helen.

"Indeed! why, how came that? Whose carriage was it?"

"Mr. Bullfinch sent for a carriage, and insisted on my coming home in it," returned Helen, with as much self possession as she could assume.

"That was kind in him—very kind, indeed! But why should he do this? Were you sick at his house?"

"Oh, no, mother, I was not sick, but my feet were very wet, and he seemed to think I was in danger of taking cold. It was kind in him, certainly."

"It is not often that such kindness is received from total strangers."

"Certainly it is not. But Mr. Bullfinch is a very kind hearted man, I believe."

Saying this, Helen passed by her mother, and went up to her own room, there to ponder the new relations which things had assumed, and to endeavor to see, in a clear light, what it was her duty to do. If she had been standing alone in the world, there would have been no doubt in her

mind. Her heart would have pointed the way in which to go. But others were deeply interested in the decisions she might make touching the future. Others were dependent, even for food and raiment, upon her personal efforts. Was it not her duty to regard them, even to the sacrifice of herself? This was the momentous question she was called upon to decide.

Towards Henry Wellford, the best and tenderest affections of her heart had gone forth; and she knew that he loved her with a true devotion. She had not only read it in his eyes, but listened to the ardent confession as it fell from his lips. Formally they were not betrothed. It had been enough that they loved, and were happiest in each other's society. But, Henry Wellford was poor. He was simply a clerk, on a small salary, and had a widowed mother to support. Helen was also poor,—an humble teacher, whose income was insufficient to meet the wants of those dependent upon her.

Thus it stood, when a rich old man saw the gentle, brave-hearted girl, and, won, by her graces of mind and body, conceived the idea of making her his wife. In his love, if the sentiment may be called by such a name—there was nothing with which her heart could possibly reciprocate. He was a bachelor of nearly sixty; a confirmed sensualist, whose very sphere tended to suffocate the heart of a young, pure-minded girl like Helen. For a true conjugal union to take place between them, was impossible; and that Helen felt the instant he approached her with the idea of marriage.

But, as her thoughts dwelt upon the hopeless indigence of her parents, and her own inability to meet their common wants—while the deep affection she felt made her heart yearn towards them—she looked away from herself; or, rather, calculated the extent of the sacrifice it was her duty to make, in order to secure them from want and privation. Mr. Bullfinch had wealth—she had only to consent to become his wife, and a portion of that wealth came under her control. At once she could lift her parents above their humble, suffering condition, and place every comfort within their reach.

Against all this her heart rebelled. But she laid her hand upon her heart, and called its shrinking from the ordeal proposed, mere selfishness. She kept close to her mental vision the feeble form and pale face of her father, and said, almost aloud, in the effort to give weight to the forced conclusions of her mind—

"It is my duty to make his last days peaceful at any sacrifice."

And, as the words trembled in husky and unnatural tones on the air, a low chilling shudder ran along her nerves.

Then stood distinctly before her the form of Adam Bullfinch, and the shudder ran deeper. She shut her eyes; but he was before her still. She bent her head forward upon the table by which she was seated, and drew her hands over her face. It availed not.

"God help me!" she at last exclaimed, in a despairing voice, and starting up, flung herself, with a low moan of anguish, upon her bed, where she lay for a long time as still as death.

There was something in the manner of her

daughter, when she came in, that Mrs. Lee did not understand; and she was still wondering to herself what it could mean, when it occurred to her that Helen remained an unusual time in her room.

"I'm afraid she's sick. It was wrong for her to go out on a day like this," said she, and, acting from a newly awakened concern, she went up to her daughter's chamber.

Mrs. Lee came in so softly, that Helen did not observe her entrance. She was still lying upon the bed, her face deeply buried in a pillow.

"Daughter," said Mrs. Lee; and she laid her hand on Helen as she spoke.

Now first conscious of her mother's presence, the suffering girl did not move, nor reply, but commenced a strong effort to regain the control of her feelings. If she looked up, she knew that her face would betray her intense suffering; and that she wished above all things to conceal.

"Helen! Daughter! Are you sick?"

And Mrs. Lee shook her gently. The girl murmured something that did not reach, with any meaning, the ears of her mother; turned herself partly, yet still concealing her face; thus seeking to gain time, while she strove, with an almost desperate energy, to regain her self-possession.

"Are you sick, Helen?" repeated Mrs. Lee, anxiously.

"Not sick, mother," said Helen, now venturing to speak, yet still keeping her face averted. Her voice was low, yet steady. What an effort it cost to give it steadiness!

"What ails you then, dear? Something is the matter."

Helen now ventured to look towards her mother. Hard as she had striven, she had not been able to call back the blood to her cheeks, and their deathly paleness frightened Mrs. Lee.

"Oh, my child!" she exclaimed. "You are ill—very ill! What is it? Speak, dear."

A feeble smile—how it mocked the shadows that lay, like a pall, on her heart—flitted over the countenance of Helen.

"I am not very well," she answered; "but I shall be better soon." And, rising from the bed, she bathed her face, and re-arranged her hair and dress; seeking, thus, to produce a mental as well as physical reaction, that would conceal, in a measure, the fearful trial through which she was passing. She did not, however, satisfy Mrs. Lee, whose anxieties were fairly aroused. But, how little dreamed the mother of what was passing in the bosom of her child! To efforts in support of the family beyond her strength, and to cold taken from exposure that morning, she attributed the utterly exhausted condition in which she had found her. Had she known the truth, it may be doubted whether she were woman enough at heart to sympathize fully with the deeply tried and unhappy girl.

"I feel a great deal better now," said Helen, turning upon her mother a countenance less pale than before, and lit up with a warmer smile. "I will come down soon. Don't say anything to father about my not being well. It will only make him feel more anxious, and he is troubled enough as it is."

"I wouldn't come down at all, this morning,"

replied Mrs. Lee. "Take as much rest, and be quiet as possible to-day. You will feel all the better to-morrow."

It did not take much urging on the part of Mrs. Lee to induce Helen to remain, at least for some hours, in the seclusion of her own room. A dress to alter would employ her hands, without bodily fatigue, she said. After repeating her injunction that Helen would remain quiet, at least for the morning, the mother retired, and the unhappy girl was once more alone with her distracting thoughts.

During the time that Mrs. Lee lingered in her chamber, Helen had taken from a closet the dress she proposed to alter, and was sitting with it in her lap, scissors in hand, when her mother retired. How quick a change passed over her the moment she was again alone! Her hands sunk down nerveless, the feeble flush an effort had called to her pale cheeks, faded; her body swayed weakly forward, while her dark lashes drooped until the inward-looking orbs beneath were scarcely visible. How very still she sat for a long, long time! Oh, the fearful trial through which she was passing! With what panting eagerness did she search for a way of escape from the terrible fate impending over her!

Had the peace of her own heart alone been at stake, the trial would have been a lighter one for Helen Lee—the decision more easily made. But, she loved Henry Wellford truly, deeply, and unselfishly. All the purest and tenderest affections of her maiden heart had gone out towards him; and to make him happy, would have been the joy of her life. His looks, his tones, and his whole manner, during the last brief interview, were dagger-recreated in her mind; and the question of her duty to him, came up and arrayed itself against the questions of duty to her parents. On the side of her lover, her heart sustained the argument; yet filial self-devotion stood firmly up, and with the spirit of a martyr, held its painful position.

"Have I a right thus to dispose of myself? Is it not sinful? Will God smile on such a sacrifice?"

These words were spoken aloud, as, in the anguish of strong trial, she was searching for a way of escape. Their very utterance brought light into the mind, and imparted a measure of strength.

"No—no," she added, as the light shone more clearly, "I dare not do this. God will not smile on the deed. He asks not so fearful a sacrifice of any heart. Death! Death!" she added, in a quicker voice—"Oh! it would be a sweet alternative—a welcome visitant."

Her pulses beat with a freer motion. A ray of hope had dawned. Alas! how quickly did it fade away into darkness! There came, at this moment to her ears, the sound of a strange voice from below. It was the voice of a man, and its sudden loudness startled her. Going quickly to the door of her room, she partly opened it, and stood listening. The words that came to her ears left her in no doubt. The voice was strange, but it demanded the payment of money.

"It is impossible to-day," she heard her mother answer in a distressed voice.

"Impossible, sir! we have not the money," said her father, in tones feeble and tremulous.

"And when will you have it, pray?" the man asked, with rude impertinence.

To hear her father spoken to thus—her father, so feeble in health, that his physician had warned him against the danger of any excitement—her father, so tenderly loved, so highly honored and regarded, was more than Helen could bear. At once the balance trembling, so nicely equipoised in her mind, yielded. Filial self-devotion gained the preponderance. Springing, with a sudden impulse down the stairs, she confronted the rude collector, and said, with a decision of manner that surprised her parents—

"You shall be paid to-morrow, sir. Call at this hour, and the money shall be ready."

The man, almost as much surprised as Mr. and Mrs. Lee, looked upon the flushed and indignant face of Helen for a moment or two, and then recovering himself, said—

"A promise is all very well, my young lady, but I have had, in the last two or three months, more than enough of these. What surety have I that your promise will be kept?"

"I have just said," replied Helen, drawing her form up proudly, "that you would be paid to-morrow; let that suffice."

"The bill is sixty-four dollars," said the man, still lingering.

"If it were a thousand, I have told you that it would be paid to-morrow," returned Helen, sharply, while her eyes, that were fixed upon the man, flashed with a fiery indignation, that caused him to retreat a pace or two involuntarily.

Never before had the parents of Helen seen her so moved; and they looked upon her with a feeling of wonder. She had made her decision, and now, a feeling akin to desperation was in her heart.

"To-morrow at this hour?" said the collector, now speaking in a respectful voice, and slightly bowing, with a deferential air.

"I have said it," was briefly answered.

A moment or two the man fixed his eyes curiously upon the maiden's excited face, and then left the apartment. As he did so, Helen turned and fled to her chamber. Thither Mrs. Lee soon followed, but she found the door locked. Half an hour later she came again, but the lock was still turned; and it was so at the end of an hour.

"Helen!" she now called; for anxiety had overcome the instinctive reluctance at first felt to intrude herself forcibly upon her child. There was no answer, nor any movement heard within.

"Helen, dear! Helen!" repeated Mrs. Lee.

Still, all remained silent.

She called again, louder than before, and rattled the lock. There came, now, a feeble, half-smothered reply, as of one awaking from sleep.

"Helen, dear!"

"Yes, mother, I will be down in a little while," answered Helen.

Mrs. Lee retired, but with a troubled, restless feeling in her heart. What did Helen mean by the promise to pay so large a sum on the following day? Over and over a hundred times had she asked herself that question; but no satisfactory reply came. Where was she to get sixty-four dollars? All her resources she knew perfectly well. There would not be a single quarter bill due for a

month. It was in vain that she continued to puzzle her thoughts. No satisfactory answer came.

At dinner time Helen joined her parents. She was very pale, and the expression of her countenance strangely altered. But she was more cheerful in manner than she had been for many days. She made no reference to the exciting scene of the morning, until her father said, with much concern of manner—

"I'm afraid, Helen, that you were wrong to promise that payment to-morrow. Where are you to get so much money? The collector will certainly be here at the time, and, if disappointed, will be more uncivil than he was to-day, and more inclined to give us trouble."

Helen smiled, as she answered in a composed voice—

"I did not promise lightly, father. I knew where I could get the money by simply asking for it."

"Where, my child?" enquired Mr. Lee, looking at his daughter very earnestly.

"More than one of those by whom I am engaged to give lessons, would, I know, advance, if applied to, what I need."

"I am not so sure of that, Helen," said Mr. Lee. "Most persons object to advances of money. Indeed, with some, such an application might end in the loss of scholars. People don't like to be annoyed in this way."

"I know at least one person who will neither object nor be annoyed," said Helen, in a low, yet firm voice. But she did not look into her father's face as she said this.

"Of whom do you speak?" enquired Mr. Lee.

"Of Mr. Bullfinch," replied Helen. Her voice was still lower, yet it did not in the least falter. Its firmness was preserved by its depression.

"Of Mr. Bullfinch!" Mr. Lee spoke with some surprise, yet with no manifestation of pleasure. "Why will you apply to him?"

"He has always treated me with great kindness," said Helen.

"He was certainly very kind to you to-day," remarked Mrs. Lee, "and we are greatly indebted to him for sending you home, instead of letting you go from house to house, in wet garments, for the purpose of giving your lessons. I have often heard him spoken of as a good-hearted man."

"Good-hearted only where some selfish end is to be gained," said Mr. Lee. "That is my estimation of his character."

Helen bent her head to conceal her face, the expression of which she feared was passing from her control.

"Have you not looked at him through the glass of prejudice?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"I believe not," was firmly answered. "I believe not," repeated Mr. Lee. After a pause, he added: "I met Mr. Bullfinch occasionally, while in business, but never was much drawn towards him. The sphere of every man's quality of mind is around him, as certainly as the quality of a rose is diffused in the atmosphere, and perceived by its odor, and this quality may be, and is perceived by all who came in contact with him. In Mr. Bullfinch I always had a repulsive perception of something extremely sensual and selfish."

"It is hardly safe," replied Mrs. Lee, "to decide upon a man's character on such slight and altogether intangible evidence."

"Yet," said Mr. Lee, "it is always safe to let such evidence place you upon your guard; and, believe me, that opportunities for personal observation will, in most cases, confirm the instinctive repugnance."

Helen listened to this brief conversation with an eagerness that would have betrayed itself had not the observation of her parents been, for the time, withdrawn from her. How fully did her own perceptions of Mr. Bullfinch's quality accord with those of her father! The thought of becoming his wife, when it was distinctly presented, caused her heart to cease, for the moment, its beating, and produced a feeling of suffocation.

The conversation between her father and mother was continued for some time, but she took no part in it whatever. To conceal, as far as possible, the painful state of mind from which she was suffering, Helen tried to partake of food. A few mouthfuls were received and swallowed—though producing on the palate no sensation of taste—and then the forced effort was abandoned. As soon as she could, with propriety, leave the table, she did so, and retiring once more to her chamber, abandoned her feelings to any current in which they might be inclined to flow. She did not again join her parents until tea-time, when she met them with a cheerfulness which they did not look for, and which she had scarcely hoped to assume. The father, however, saw much below the false exterior. He saw that Helen was acting a part; but what the part, and why assumed, he could not clearly understand.

#### CHAPTER III.

The day closed as it had begun, cold and stormy, adding its gloom to the already too sad hearts of Mr. Lee and his family. Soon after tea, Helen bade her parents good night, and retired to her own room. Here she strove, once more, to collect her thoughts, to ponder the way before her, and to search again for the means of escape. Her promises to Mr. Bullfinch, and to the collector, had narrowed the chances against her. The one was to have an answer to his suit in the morning, and the other to receive the large sum of sixty-four dollars. Unless the answer to Mr. Bullfinch were favorable, she saw no way by which the demand of the latter could be satisfied.

Hour after hour, during the wretched night that followed, the unhappy girl remained awake, now pondering, with shrinking heart, the fearful abyss down which she was about to plunge, and now eagerly renewing the search for a path leading to a place of safety. It was long after midnight, when she, at length, found temporary relief in sleep. When she awoke, the sun was shining brightly into her window. The storm had passed away, and the face of nature smiled again. Alas! her heart gave back no answering smile. Dark and portentous clouds were yet above and around it.

The time for a decision had come. Ere mid-day, the unfeeling collector would be there, and his demand must be satisfied. Was there no other resource for the poor girl but Mr. Bullfinch? In



ten families she gave music lessons, and six out of the ten families were wealthy. Among these, was there no true woman to whom she could go and find wise counsel and aid in her great extremity? Was there not a single heart of sympathy among all these? No one able and willing to stand forth and forbid the fearful sacrifice about to be offered up? We know not. But, doubtless, there was. Yet, even where there exists a humane regard for others, how rarely does it suffer itself to become fully interested! How quick are we to turn away with indifference when the needy and the seeker present themselves!

As the time of decision drew nearer and nearer, a feeling of desperation came over the maiden's heart.

"This must not be!" she said, with a sudden energy of feeling, as she stood thoughtful in her chamber, prepared, at a much earlier hour than usual, to go out. "This must not be. I will make one effort, at least, to gain time, even if all is lost in the end. Mrs. Barker has been very kind; has always shown great interest in me. To her I am indebted for many scholars. She cannot, she will not refuse to help me in this great extremity. I will go to her, and tell her everything."

With this resolution, Helen left her home that morning.

Mrs. Barker was a widow, with two daughters. She had a large income, and was regarded in society as a humane and liberal woman. In many of the public charities she took an active part, and contributed of her money freely to their support. Her style of living was expensive, but not beyond what her ample means would justify. In her intercourse with others, no matter what their condition, she was generally kind and lady-like. In part, this flowed from natural goodness, and in part from a desire to be thought well of by every one.

Mrs. Barker sat reading. The book was one of imaginary pictures; yet the groupings were from characters in real life. Against the wrong now visible, the heart of the reader was indignant; and now she sympathized deeply with suffering innocence. Those who knew of this suffering, and yet relieved it not, and those who remained in ignorance thereof, from lack of thought, she blamed alike. "I would not have done so," she said to herself, with a feeling of self-complacent virtue. As she thus thought within herself, a servant came to say that Miss Lee was in the parlor, and would like to speak with her.

"This is not the day for your Spanish lesson, Clara?" said Mrs. Barker, speaking in a slight tone of surprise to her eldest daughter, a young lady in her eighteenth year.

"I don't take my Spanish lesson until to-morrow," replied Clara.

"I wonder what she can want? Perhaps she has mistaken the day. You had better go down and see her, Clara."

Clara went down to the parlor, while Mrs. Barker re-opened her book. She was in the midst of a scene that drew strongly on her sympathies, and the interruption had not been altogether agreeable. She had just caught up the broken thread of the narrative, when Clara returned, and said that it was her mother Helen wished to see.

"What does she want?" asked Mrs. Barker, in a disappointed tone.

"I don't know, mother. She didn't say."

"Well, I suppose I must see her." And Mrs. Barker, with a reluctance that she did not seek to conceal, laid aside her book, and arose to leave the room.

"I don't think she is very well," remarked Clara. "I never saw her look so badly. There isn't a bit of color in her cheeks."

Scarcely heeding this, Mrs. Barker withdrew, and descended to the parlors, in one of which she found the young teacher.

"Well, Helen," she said, rather coldly, as Miss Lee arose on her entrance.

This coldness was perceived by the poor girl, and it dashed the hope of succor she had permitted herself to cherish. She stood, her eyes upon the floor, and without the courage to make known the purpose of her visit.

"Sit down, Helen," said Mrs. Barker, noticing her embarrassment. Helen sunk back into the chair from which she had just arisen. She had not yet uttered a single word.

"You wished to see me, Clara said." If there had been, in the voice of Mrs. Barker, anything of sympathy, Helen would, in the abandonment of a heart appalled by the approach of utter ruin, have thrown herself upon her, and cried—"Oh! save me! save me!" As it was, she hurriedly sought to compose herself, and, as soon as she was composed enough to speak, said—

"I am not very well, Mrs. Barker, and if you do not object, would like to omit Clara's lesson to-morrow."

"Object, Helen!" replied Mrs. Barker, with manifest surprise, at so singular an application. "Why should I object? Sickness is a sufficient excuse under all circumstances."

Helen cast her eyes to the floor, and remained silent for a few moments, in hurried conference with herself, as to whether she should make known the real object of her visit. But the repulsive sphere of the lady was so strong, that she felt her case to be hopeless.

"Good morning, ma'am," she said, as she arose up, and slightly inclined her body.

There was something in the tones of Helen's voice, and in her manner, as she said this, and then turned away, and almost ran from the house, that Mrs. Barker did not, for a long time, forget. Scarcely had the jar of the closing door ceased to vibrate in the ears of the lady, ere she repented of her coldness, and wished that she had received the visitor in a different spirit. But it was now too late to remedy the evil.

## CHAPTER IV.

"I shall not have even this to sustain me." These last words of Helen Lee, as she hurriedly turned from Henry Wellford, at their last interview, kept ringing in the young man's ears; and as he pondered them, he saw but too clearly the painful struggle through which her heart was passing.

"Her love for me is still the same." This was the just conclusion to which he arrived, so soon as the agitated waters of his spirit had time to run clear. "Why, then, does she propose that

we be to each other hereafter as strangers? Oh, poverty! Thou art a curse!"

In this bitter exclamation, Wellford answered his own question. Still, the answer was far from being entirely satisfactory. There was a future for them both. He had ability, industry and energy; and he was willing to suffer, to work and to wait. Could Helen not do the same? Why this sudden, unwomanly impatience? The more he thought, the more difficult to be found seemed the clue to Helen's strange conduct. But for the words—"I shall not have even this to sustain me," he would have fallen back on the usual explanation in such cases—estranged affections. He could not do so now. He *knew* that she loved him. What, then, could it mean? Why did she wish to break the cord entwining both their hearts, and feeling a mutual pulsation? As he continued to think, suggestion after suggestion was presented; and among them one near the truth; yet that was quickest repelled, as both monstrous and impossible.

"No—no—no!" he said, with an inward shudder, "she would never make that sacrifice. There is about her too much of the true woman for that."

And he cast the thought from his mind.

"What can it mean?" Again and again the distressed young man asked himself this question. But his thoughts gave back no reliable answer. If Helen were alone in the world, how clear would have been the way before him! He would have gone to her, and asked her at once to become the sunshine of his humble dwelling; or, if Providence had blessed him with abundance, would have opened wide the doors of home and heart, to take in the beloved ones for whom she was toiling with such an earnest self-devotion. Alas for him! neither of these conditions existed. She was not alone, and he was poor. His slender income barely sufficed, under a system of the closest economy, to procure for himself and mother the meagre necessities and a few of the comforts of life. To have proposed any thing to Helen, under such circumstances, would have been a mockery—and so the young man felt it.

The gloomy day had waned towards evening, and Wellford was about bringing his uncheered labors to a close, when the merchant in whose service he was drew him aside and said—

"Henry, I have for some time wished to see you getting a higher salary. Your ability is worth more than you receive. And yet, in my business, only a certain sum can be paid for assistance. That sum is now paid, and cannot be increased. If there was a vacancy above you, I would at once promote you to that vacancy. But, as you know, none exists, or is likely for some time to exist. I cannot fill your place to my satisfaction as well as it is now filled; that I know too well. Still, I am not so selfish as to wish to keep you when an opportunity for rising is offered. There is such an opportunity now, Henry. Do you wish to embrace it?"

The young man's face flushed, and he became instantly excited. Is it any wonder? With as much composure as he could force himself to assume, he replied—

"I need very much an increase of salary, Mr. Vincent; but have no wish to leave your service."

"Your duty to yourself is first, Henry," said the merchant. "I can fill your place without trouble; though not so well as it is now filled, I am assured; but an opportunity like the present may not offer to you again for years."

"What is the situation to which you refer?" asked Wellford, by no means concealing the eager interest he felt.

"You are aware, I suppose, that Mr. Burton, one of Lane & Latta's book-keepers, has been in very poor health for a long time. Well, I heard this morning, that his physician had positively ordered him to leave the desk, and travel for at least two or three months. His place will, in consequence, be vacant."

"Not permanently?"

"Yes. His physician says that he must, when his strength is sufficiently restored, seek other and more active employment. He has, accordingly, given notice to Lane & Latta that he will be obliged to give up his situation finally."

"He receives a thousand dollars a year."

"Yes; that is the salary."

"Do you think it possible for me to obtain the place?" said Wellford, holding his breath as he waited for a reply.

"I do," was the assured answer.

"There will be many applicants, so soon as it is known that Burton intends to leave."

"We must be in advance of these applications," said Mr. Vincent, in a manner that showed his entire confidence in the result.

"I have no acquaintance with Messrs. Lane & Latta," said Wellford.

"But I have," replied his kind employer, "and my word with them will go a great way. In fact, Henry, to set your mind at rest, I have already spoken to them, and the place is yours if you are willing to accept of it."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Wellford, suddenly grasping the hand of Mr. Vincent, and exhibiting strong emotion. "I will never, never forget this! You don't know the good you have done."

Mr. Vincent smiled, and said something kind about the just reward of faithful service, adding—

"Ever be as true to the interests of your future employers as you have been to mine, Henry, and you will never want for friends to promote your interests. Ability and honesty are ever in demand; and the higher the ability the more ample will be the reward."

Though clouds and darkness were in the sky when Henry Wellford turned his steps homeward on that evening, the face of nature was not gloomy to him. Light seemed shining all around him, and he walked with a step so elastic that he scarcely seemed to leave his weight upon the earth. After telling his mother of his good fortune, and taking, hurriedly, his evening meal, for which he found little appetite, he dressed himself to go out, determined at once to call upon Helen Lee, tell her of his good fortune, and offer his hand in marriage.

A few times only had Wellford visited Helen at her father's house. He did not belong to a family which, from any cause—whether from wealth, or



from literary or professional standing—had gained a prominent place in the community. His father, a poor but honest man, had lived and died in obscurity, though honoring the position he held, and transmitting his virtues to a son better educated than he had been, and, therefore, better fitted for that higher place in society he was destined to gain. His visits to Helen were not smiled upon by Mrs. Lee, whose mind had become fixed in the hope of social elevation through the marriage of her accomplished child. How this was to be brought about, she did not exactly know. Extreme poverty had excluded Helen from that social contact formerly enjoyed; and now, she only entered the mansions of wealth as a humble and unregarded teacher. We are forced to say, that the marked interest shown by Mr. Bullfinch, in sending Helen home in a carriage through the storm, had affected her with a pleasure beyond what the simple act of kindness might legitimately have awakened. Almost truant to themselves, her thoughts played with pictures drawn against the future, in which Helen, as the wife of Mr. Bullfinch, formed a prominent figure. Half ashamed of herself, the mother would sweep an obliterating hand across these pictures; but, ere she was aware of it, fancy would sketch them again, while she looked on dreamily, yet with a pleased emotion. And thus it was, at times, through all that day of agony to her nearly distracted child.

Thus it was, at an early hour in the evening, when there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Lee opened it, and there stood Henry Wellford.

"Is Helen at home?" he enquired.

Mrs. Lee held the door partly open; and, without asking the young man to walk in, replied—

"She is in; but not well. She has retired to her room."

Wellford expressed regret, and asked if she were seriously indisposed. Mrs. Lee answered, indifferently, that she had taken some cold.

"If not too much indisposed to come down, I should like particularly to see her this evening. Will you say this to her, Mrs. Lee?"

"I cannot permit her to be disturbed," was coldly replied.

Still the young man lingered, while the damp air swept against Mrs. Lee's thinly clad person, causing her to close the door farther; almost, in fact, shutting it in Wellford's face.

"Good evening, sir," she said, finally; and, in the next moment, the generous lover of her daughter, who had come to lay his hand and opening fortune at her disposal, stood alone, repulsed rudely, on the outer threshold.

Indignant pride held, for a time, the mastery over Wellford. At first, he permitted himself to believe that Mrs. Lee had repulsed him in accordance with her daughter's wishes. But his cooler judgment made a more correct decision. This decision was strengthened by the fact that Mrs. Lee had treated him with exceeding formality on each of his previous visits. At the house of a mutual friend, he had most frequently met her, and an intimacy, almost as unreserved as that between a brother and sister, had grown up between them. Freely had they spoken to each other of what was personal to themselves, their

hopes, fears, trials and privations; and, without a formal avowal of love on the one side, or a looking for it on the other, they had come to regard the uncertain future as a way they were to tread side by side; and that thought was the pleasantest of all the thoughts that flowed through their minds.

No wonder that the sudden interruption of this thought produced turbulence in the minds of both.

From the residence of Helen, Wellford returned immediately home. Half the night was spent in pondering the new aspect which things had so suddenly assumed. In the morning, with a calmer mind, he was able to look at the whole subject.

"I must and will see her." This he said as he left home. He had frequently met Helen, on her way, at an early hour in the morning, to give lessons, and thus secured the brief pleasure of seeing her face, and listening to a voice the tones of which grew daily more musical to his ears. Now, he would see her with a more defined and higher purpose.

## CHAPTER V.

"All lost! all lost!" sobbed the wretched girl, as she hastily retired from the dwelling of Mrs. Barker, and took her way, she knew not, in the bewildered state of her mind, whither. Utterly hopeless as she now was, fluttering like a charmed bird almost in the very jaws of the serpent, she yet held back from the final, dread alternative that loomed up the more awfully the nearer it approached.

With her eyes cast upon the ground, Helen moved along with hurried steps, the agitation of her mind giving fleetness to her motions, and continued to walk for nearly half an hour; when, in some measure, recovering her external consciousness, she looked around in surprise to find that she was in a strange part of the city, and remote from her home. Retracing, now, her steps, and, at the same time, forcing her thoughts to a consideration of what was next to be done in the limited space of time left to her, she took her way towards the dwelling of Mr. Bullfinch, attracted thitherward by an influence which she did not seek to resist, and yet she was not fully determined to go there, without another effort to escape the doom that now seemed almost inevitable. She had reached the neighborhood in which Mr. Bullfinch resided, and was only a short distance from his house, when, lifting her eyes, she saw, a few paces in advance of her, one, whom of all others, she least wished to encounter—her lover, Henry Wellford. And yet, how the sight of him caused her heart to bound, and the blood to rush in hot currents through all her veins! How earnestly did her woman's nature take up instantly the plea for him, and chide the cold, mercenary, calculating spirit to whose influence she was giving herself up body and soul.

Wellford was not approaching Helen, and did not, therefore, see her at the moment she recognized him. How little knew she of what was in his thought! How little dreamed she that he was then in search of her; and that he was both able and ready to save her from a fate more dreaded than death!

Checking her pace, Helen lingered along, in order that Wellford might get sufficiently in advance, to remove the danger of observation. A crowd of passengers hiding him, for the space of a minute from his sight, she found herself suddenly within a few feet of him. He had paused on a corner, and was gazing, first along one street and then another, his eyes alternately ranging both pavements. At the moment he was partly turned from her; starting quickly forward, she almost brushed him with her garments, passing and hurrying on. For the time, her heart ceased to beat, and her breath was suspended.

"Helen! Helen!"

In an instant after his voice reached her. Why, why did she not obey the quick impulse of her heart, and pause at that voice, to her ears so full of music, fell upon her ears? Why did she not turn for one more look at the face so beautiful to her eyes? Had she done so, she would have been saved. Alas! that it was otherwise. For an instant only were her steps arrested; then, like a frightened deer, she started forward, and quickly disappeared from the sight of Wellford, who did not attempt to follow, but, with a heavy heart, took his way to his place of business. Fortune had begun to smile upon him; but, how cold the smile now, that was so warm and bright when its beams first shone!

Panting from excitement and speed, Helen next found herself at the door of Mr. Bullfinch, and, with a kind of blind desperation, ascended the marble steps, and placed her hand upon the bell to ring for admission. But, ere the summons was given, the native delicacy of her pure heart aroused itself against the unmaidenly act, and, still irresolute, she was about turning away, when the door opened, and Adam Bullfinch met her face to face.

"My dear girl!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand, and drawing her with a force she had neither the strength of mind or body to resist, into the hall, closed the door, and led her, now all passive, to her destiny, into the elegant parlors where she was so soon to preside as mistress!

"My dear Miss Lee!" He still held tightly the hand of the poor young girl. "I have been looking for you this hour. My heart told me you would be here"—he laid a hand gracefully upon his bosom—"and more than this, told me that my love for you was no rejected passion."

The words were like heavy strokes on the heart of Helen. She caught her breath, panted, grew faint, and would have sunk to the floor, had not the arm of Mr. Bullfinch, who saw, from her extreme paleness, that she was suddenly ill, been drawn around her. Her head drooped upon his shoulder. Not voluntary, oh no! She had become half unconscious. Slightly alarmed, the old man bore her to a sofa, and commenced bathing her face with cold water. He called for no attendance. In fact, his niece was not at home. In expectation of the coming of Helen, he had induced her, on some pretence, to go out on a visit for the morning.

Suspended consciousness was but temporary. Helen soon recovered, and arose from the reclining position in which she had been placed. Mr. Bullfinch was holding her hand; but now she

forcibly withdrew it from his grasp, a movement that caused a shadow to flit over his animated face.

"You have come to a decision, Helen, or you would not be here," said Mr. Bullfinch, endeavoring to recover the hand of his victim, but not succeeding in the effort. "Do not keep me long in suspense; and, before you speak, remember how much is at stake."

That was unwisely said. Helen did remember how much was at stake, and it caused her to start in sudden terror, at thought of the horrible pit opening at her feet, to rise quickly from the sofa, and spring towards the door, saying, as she did so, in an agonized voice—"O, spare me! In mercy spare me! I am too weak for this. Kill me; but ask me not to encounter so fearful an ordeal."

Pausing, ere she had reached the door, the wretched creature pressed, convulsively, her open hands over her face. A gush of tears gave vent to the stifling oppression of her bosom, and sinking into a chair, she sobbed for a time violently.

There came not to the selfish heart of Adam Bullfinch, as he looked upon the quivering form of the poor girl, now within his toils, the smallest motion of relenting. In fear of losing the object of his sensual regard, his passion grew into an intenser flame; and, with the skill of the mere sensual man, he composed and controlled his exterior with most consummate art.

Until Helen had grown calm, Mr. Bullfinch did not speak again; but he was by her side, caressing a hand she had relinquished, not without resistance. With the utmost tenderness he now spoke to her; but he did not urge his suit as at first.

"It is a hard life that you are leading, Helen," he said, with such well assumed sympathy, that her heart was deceived, and it leaned, harkening, and with a softened response, to the tone.

"A life," he continued, "that is obscuring and destroying one fitted to adorn the highest station."

This was not adroitly said. It appealed to her pride, and that was nearly extinct. Perceiving the lack of response, Mr. Bullfinch, after a moment's silence, resumed—

"You have seemed in trouble for some time, Helen. Will you not confide in me as a true friend? There is, believe me, none living who would do more to secure your happiness than I. Come! Make me your confidant. Tell me freely of your anxieties, your cares and your fears, and if there is power in a human arm, they shall be relieved. Love ever seeks to bless its object."

"I am in trouble," said Helen, with the calmness that always follows the subsidence of strong emotion.

"Speak, then. Let it have full utterance. There is no human ear that will listen so earnestly as mine."

Helen, with partly averted face, remained silent.

"Your father is in poor health," said Mr. Bullfinch, slowly. "His physician has forbidden all exertion, bodily, as well as mental. On your feeble arm rests the heavy burden of sustaining the family. But your arm is too weak. Will

you not let me hold it up? I have manly strength. Let me put it forth in your behalf. Believe me, that the privilege of doing so will be the dearest pleasure of my life."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Helen, turning suddenly towards him, "you can aid me if you will."

A smile of encouragement lit up the old man's countenance.

"Speak!" said he. "Speak freely, my dear Miss Lee. To your wish I can only give a quick response."

"My father needs——"

"Go on," said Mr. Bullfinch, seeing that Helen paused with hesitation.

"Our circumstances are very limited, as you must know, Mr. Bullfinch." Helen was now entirely self-possessed, and, as she spoke, she looked calmly into the old man's face. "My earnings are our sole income. But these have, hitherto, proved insufficient for our wants, small as we have endeavored to make them. Several debts have accumulated, and the persons to whom they are owed, have become impatient. Yesterday, a man to whom sixty-four dollars is owed, demanded its payment. He was angry and insolent. Distressed beyond measure at my parents' distress, I desperately promised the payment of the money this morning. If you can lend me that sum, or advance it on Fanny's lessons, the act will be one for which my heart will bless you."

"Is it so bad with you, my poor child?" said Mr. Bullfinch with great tenderness. "Why did you not tell me of this before? Have I not ever sought your friendship and confidence? Have I not always manifested the warmest interest in your welfare?"

He was now holding her hand tightly, and looking fondly into her face.

"You have but to say the word," he continued, "and all I have is yours. One little word, spoken now, will lift you, and those you love with such deep self-devotion, above the shadow of earthly evil. I hold your promise to an answer to my suit this morning. Are you ready for the response? Think, dear Helen, how much you have to gain for you and yours; and think of the exquisite happiness you will confer upon one, who, until he looked upon your sweet young face, never saw the angel of his being. Say that you will be mine, Helen, and the words will unlock for you the iron doors of wealth. A day need not pass, before the joy of seeing your parents forever raised above the pressure of want and care, may be yours. Can you look at them, and hesitate?"

Helen was silent for a few moments. But, her election was made. That appeal in favor of her parents had decided the question. But, there was still a matter of justice that she wished to settle—justice to her infatuated suitor. If he took her, he must take her for what she was. She could yield him a hand, but she had no love to give. So far as she was concerned, the struggle was now over. The throbbings of her heart had ceased. Upon its surface had passed an icy calm; and if there was agitation beneath, it was far too deep for visible manifestation.

"Mr. Bullfinch," said she, her fine person

seeming to grow taller under his admiring gaze, while a change passed over her pale countenance that excited a moment's surprise. How beautiful it was, in its pale, cold, elevated dignity! "Mr. Bullfinch, you have asked of me this hand, in marriage. It is yours——"

She extended the hand, which he seized eagerly, and covered with kisses. Not a flush passed over her face. There was no softness in her cold, bright eyes. An observer would have noticed on her finely arched lips, a slight curving motion, and he would not have mistaken its meaning.

"But"—she added, as the ardent lover lifted his eyes again to her countenance—"that is all it is in my power to give you. The heart, Mr. Bullfinch, is not so easy of disposal."

"I will trust for that," said he fondly. "Love begets love. I have no fears. Give me the hand, and I will not despair of the heart. That will come in its own good time. Oh! you have made me the happiest man alive, to-day."

And with ardor he kissed her brow, cheek and lips. Helen did not shrink from the salutation; but her reception of it was statue-like. Her eyes now rested upon a mantle clock, and she saw that it was near the hour when the money she had promised must be paid.

"Let me repeat, Mr. Bullfinch," and Helen spoke with solemnity, "that my heart cannot go with my hand; and you must never hope to possess it. I will be to you dutiful and faithful. All in my power will be done for your happiness. But, love goes not at the mere bidding. I do not love you—I can never love you. The difference between us is too great. And now, sir, if, after this declaration, you wish to withdraw the offer you have made, still hold yourself at full liberty to do so."

"Not for a moment will I think of it," replied Mr. Bullfinch, with ardor—"no, not for a moment. Angel!" And again seizing her hand, he pressed it to his lips. "Be it the highest aim of my life to secure your happiness."

From Helen there was not the slightest response. Nothing could have been colder or more passive than her reception of this little piece of fond enthusiasm on the part of her lover.

"Ah, my Helen," he resumed, "you do not yet know me fully. You cannot realize how entirely my life will be devoted to your happiness, and to that of your parents."

"For the sake of my parents," said Helen, in a voice from which all feeling was removed, "I would do and sacrifice everything I dare sacrifice. And now, that you refer to them, let us understand each other in regard to the future. My home must be their home."

"I desire nothing else," was quickly answered.

"They must be at once raised above care and want; in fact, above all anxiety touching the future."

"It shall be as you wish, Helen. You cannot be happy without seeing them happy; and your happiness I desire above all things. Such filial devotion I honor. And, moreover, it is an earnest to me of a pleasant future. So devoted, self-sacrificing a daughter, cannot but make a good

and loving wife. Heaven bless you, sweet one!"

"And now, Mr. Bullfinch," said Helen, rising—he kept tightly hold of her hand—"I can remain no longer. The time has already come when my promise to the collector must be fulfilled. I wish to keep my word with him, as well as save my parents from the pain his insolence will occasion."

Mr. Bullfinch released her hand, and going to a secretary which stood in one of the parlors, unlocked it, and, taking a purse, filled it with pieces of gold.

"Here, sweet one," said he, placing the money in her hands, and kissing her white cheek as he did so, "go home quickly and set the hearts of your parents at rest. They may thank Heaven for so good a child, as I do for the destiny of so good a wife."

Helen received the purse, and, without looking at it, thrust it in her pocket.

"You will call as usual, to-morrow," said Mr. Bullfinch. "We will then talk about the future."

"Call here, Mr. Bullfinch!" returned Helen, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes—no—why—I did not think"—stammered the old man—"oh no; of course not. It would not be just delicate for you to visit here now. But when shall I see you again?"

"That will be according to your own good pleasure," replied Helen, coldly.

"I will visit you this evening."

Helen inclined her head in acquiescence, and then, with a "Good morning, sir," turned and passed hurriedly from the room. At the door, Mr. Bullfinch, who had followed with light footsteps, was by her side. He had lifted his hat from the rack, in passing, and was now ready to accompany her in her walk home. Against this she offered a feeble remonstrance; but gallantry and inclination were not to be overcome.

Of the many tender things said by Mr. Bullfinch, and unheard by Helen, we will make no record. They parted at her father's door, Helen not even looking into his face, nor, in fact, giving to his stealthy pressure of her hand, or low spoken—"I will see you to-night," the smallest response.

#### CHAPTER VI.

It was eleven o'clock, the time at which the collector was to receive his money, and yet, Helen, who had been out nearly three hours, had not yet returned. For more than an hour, Mr. and Mrs. Lee sat awaiting, momentarily, the return of their daughter. Thought was busy; but their feelings too much oppressed for conversation. And so both remained silent.

Eleven o'clock had come, and still Helen was absent, and now each listened for a knock at the door in a state of nervous anxiety. Both started, at length, at a loud, impatient rap. Mrs. Lee answered the summons, and there stood the hard-featured collector.

"Well, madam?" spoke the man, with a rude familiarity of tone, "I'm here."

"Will you walk in, sir?" said Mrs. Lee.

He entered, and was conducted to the small sitting-room.

"Good day." Mr. Lee arose, and handed him a chair.

"Well, sir," said the collector, as he sat down, "I'm here at the hour. Is the money you promised me, ready?"

"I didn't promise you any money," replied Mr. Lee, so much fretted at the man's insolent manner that he could not control his feelings.

"Didn't promise to pay me sixty-four dollars at eleven o'clock, to-day!"

"No, sir."

"Ah, pray what did you promise, then?" asked the collector, in a voice still more insolent and annoying.

"I promised nothing. I had no present means of paying your bill, and I told you so."

"Too bad! I ought to have known you were merely trifling with me to gain time. But, it will be worse for you; mark my word for it! Promised nothing, ha! I wonder why I'm here at precisely eleven o'clock?"

"My daughter promised, under excitement of feeling—wrongly promised—to pay your bill this morning," said Mr. Lee, speaking more firmly, and in that manly, re-active tone which always subdues vulgar impertinence. "That she is making an effort to keep her promise, her absence for some hours is to me sufficient evidence. We look for her return every moment. Whether she will bring the money or not, is more than I can tell. I almost hope she will not. You can await her return, or leave the house, as best suits your fancy. In either case, it is of little consequence to me. Your rudeness, I might better call it insolence, has made me quite indifferent. As to the consequences, which you have so freely threatened, I stand in no fear."

The collector did not anticipate a reaction like this. It came upon him so suddenly, that he cowered under the fixed gaze of Mr. Lee, who, at once conscious of the power he had gained, kept his eye upon him as he would have done upon a wild beast. He was still holding him thus at bay, when the street door was heard to open; then light feet came along the passage.

"Remember, sir!" said Mr. Lee, sternly, "not an improper word or tone to my child, under any circumstances. If she have not the money for you, it is no fault of hers."

Helen entered the room as he was speaking. So altered was the expression of her face, that her parents hardly recognized her.

"My child!" exclaimed Mr. Lee, "what has happened?"

She did not answer him, but turning to the collector, said, somewhat sternly:

"Here, as I expected."

As she spoke, she drew from her pocket the purse received from Mr. Bullfinch, adding, as she commenced counting out the pieces of gold:

"I have kept my promise. Your money is ready for you."

Not another word was spoken, until the collector, after receiving the amount of his bill, and passing a receipt, uttered a subdued good morning. He was rougher and ruder as a collector than as a man. To a great extent, his business had encrusted his feelings with a hard and jagged exterior. For the first time, in many



weeks, he was touched by what he saw; and, as a thought of his own daughter came into his mind, accompanied with a question as to the price Helen Lee might have paid for gold, a low chill ran along his nerves.

"I didn't think it was quite so hard with them," he said to himself, as he left the house. "Money is often gained at too great a cost, and has been in this instance, I greatly fear. Ah, me! This is a hard business. I sometimes wish I were well out of it. A man must have iron nerves, and a heart like steel."

Thus musing to himself, he passed on his way. The tenderness and regret were but momentary. Soon, the man was in occultation, while the collector gained the ascendant. The inner softness was hidden by the rough, jagged, acquired exterior.

"My dear child!" said Mr. Lee, catching hold of his daughter, the moment they were freed from the collector's presence, and speaking in a voice of deep concern—"what have you done? Where did you get all this money? Speak, my child! Oh, speak!"

Helen had dreaded this meeting with her parents. While hurrying homeward, her thought had gone forward, picturing the interview which had now come, and she had sought to prepare herself for it, and to fix a rule of action. Alas! of how little avail do we often find preparation for a great heart-trial! It proved of no avail now. For a brief time only did Helen struggle against o'ermastering emotion; then, with a low, bursting sob, she let her head fall upon his bosom. How still she lay there; all the strength of mind she could rally, striving for external composure. This was at length gained; when raising herself up, and laying her hands upon her father's temples, she pressed backwards his fast whitening locks, and said, with a loving smile, that seemed like sun-light suddenly breaking on her pale face—

"You shall know all, soon."

"All what, dear Helen? All what? I am frightened. What have you done? Why concealment now? Speak out, my child: speak now, if you love me."

"Have you seen Mr. Bullfinch?" asked Mrs. Lee. She had her own thoughts, and she wished to verify them as quickly as possible.

"I have," replied Helen; the smile she had assumed fading from her countenance.

"And you received this money from him?" continued Mrs. Lee.

"Yes, mother. To his kindness are we indebted for timely relief!"

"Helen!" Mr. Lee held his daughter from him, and gazed into her face with a look of intense anguish. "Helen!" and he spoke with solemnity—"At what price, my child? At what price?"

"You will know that soon, dear father!" replied Helen, now regaining her self-possession. "Mr. Bullfinch will be here to-night."

She moved away a pace or two, saying that she had lessons to give during the morning.

"I cannot remain in doubt, Helen," said Mr. Lee; "suspense like this is more than I am able to bear."

"You shall know all in good time. But do not urge me now," returned Helen; "for I can speak no further."

"Has Mr. Bullfinch asked you to marry him?" said Mr. Lee, advancing towards Helen, and grasping the hand a few moments before withdrawn from him. She tried to escape, but her father kept a firm hold.

"Speak, dear. Say yes or no. I ask but a word."

A breathless silence followed. Then, with averted eyes, she answered,

"Yes."

"I feared as much," returned Mr. Lee, sadly.—"I feared as much. Oh!" clasping his hands together and looking upwards—"has it come to this!—to this!"

"And you have given consent?"—he added, a few moments after. But Helen, instead of answering, went hastily from the room. A little while afterwards she came down from her chamber, and without saying anything to her parents, or even turning her face toward them as she passed through the room where they were sitting, left the house to give her lessons in music as usual.

"Dreadful! dreadful! dreadful! That it should come to this!" almost sobbed Mr. Lee.

"Come to what?" asked Mrs. Lee, who had, from the first, been far less moved than her husband.

Mr. Lee gazed at his wife, in undisguised wonder, for a short time.

"Come to what, did you say?" he at length asked, in a half rebuking voice.

"What dreadful consequence do you fear, Mr. Lee? Mr. Bullfinch's proposals are, of course, perfectly honorable."

"Honorable! Good Heavens, Helen! This from you!"

Mr. Lee was strongly excited. His wife looked rebuked; but it was more from his manner, than from any clear comprehension of the error she had committed in seeming to favor the marriage of her daughter with Mr. Bullfinch; for both understood clearly enough that this question was now to come up for consideration and decision. After a few moments, Mr. Lee said—

"If Mr. Bullfinch comes to us with honorable proposals for the hand of our daughter, and she is willing to accept his offer, what will you do?"

"Never, while I live, will I consent to so unnatural a sacrifice," replied Mr. Lee, warmly.

"But, if Helen have already accepted his offer. What then?"

"She has not done so."

"She has taken from him a gift of money," said Mrs. Lee.

"No—no—no," replied the father. "Not a gift, but a loan. Only an advance on the tuition of his niece. It can be nothing more."

"She had a purse full of gold. It could not have contained less than two or three hundred dollars."

Mr. Lee groaned aloud.

"My own impression is," said Mrs. Lee, and the tone in which she spoke did not indicate much distress of mind arising from the conviction—"that Helen has consented to become the wife of Mr.

Bullfinch. If this be so, opposition on our part will be unavailing. As something inevitable, let us look at it with at least a degree of calmness."

"Calmness! Oh, Helen!" said Mr. Lee, reproachfully.

"Mr. Bullfinch, besides having large wealth, is a man in good social standing," resumed his wife. "The only drawback is his age. But, if Helen can accept of this, she may be happier with him than as the wife of a younger man, less favorably circumstanced, and with an undisciplined character. Think, Mr. Lee, from what a condition of toil, anxiety, and suffering she will at once be lifted."

"Into gilded misery," said Mr. Lee, bitterly, "and there is none so hard to endure as that. Helen! Helen! Do not talk so to me. From your lips I did not expect to hear words like these. Would you sell your child's happiness for gold?"

"Happiness!" returned Mrs. Lee, in a voice of equal bitterness. "For her, poor child! there has been little, for a year or two past, that we might call by that name. Any change has in it a promise of good; and this one, it seems to me, of great good."

"Good in such a life-companionship! Oh, Helen! Poverty has strangely altered you, or you never would speak thus. Never—never! Poor child! How sadly her white face told the story of her heart-despair in prospect of so fearful a sacrifice. But it cannot—it must not take place."

"Do you know any harm of Mr. Bullfinch?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"Oh, Helen! Helen! You will drive me distracted. Are you not a woman and a mother? How, then, can you favor such a marriage? In it, there cannot be a single element of conjunction—nothing of a true marriage. The adjunction will be merely external, and attended by a sphere of repulsion, on one side at least, that will be the fruitful source of untold misery. An old man, sixty years of age, and a confirmed sensualist at that—and a pure young girl, in the bloom of innocent maidenhood! The angels would weep at such a union! I could smile, and thank God for the death of my child, as I stood by her newly-made grave, if death had snatched her from a fate like this."

"You look only at the shadows in this picture, Mr. Lee," said his wife, in answer. "It has strong lights as well as deep shadows. They must be allowed to blend under our vision, if we would truly appreciate the picture. Look for a moment at our present condition. Could anything be more hopeless? Could there be for our child, a rougher way in life, or a stormier sky?"

"Rougher and stormier a thousand fold!" replied Mr. Lee. "A very paradise are her present surroundings, to what they will be, if so sad a fate as to become the wife of old Adam Bullfinch awaits her."

"I cannot see and feel as you do," said Mrs. Lee. "Helen must act her own good pleasure in the matter. If she thinks she can be happy as the cherished wife of Mr. Bullfinch, why should we object? Above the thousand ills that are now sapping the very foundations of her life, she will

be at once removed. It is no use to talk about it. I cannot see anything so dreadful in such a marriage. Old men are proverbially tender and indulgent of their young wives. Better be an old man's darling, you know, than a young man's slave."

"Spare me, Helen! Spare me!" exclaimed Mr. Lee, putting up his hands, while an expression of blended pain and disgust darkened his countenance. "From another, I might have borne this with some patience; but, from you, it is terrible. Never, never, shall my voice sanction so fearful an outrage of all that is pure, and good and holy."

Under this strong reaction, Mrs. Lee remained silent. Yet did she not feel the force of her husband's objection. Already her fancy was picturing, in warm colors, the proud, social elevation that her daughter would attain. To be lifted at once from extreme poverty, to ease, wealth and abundance, was a change which she could not contemplate, without a feeling of lively satisfaction. For, looking at this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, she could not see the painful steps by which it must be attained. So dazzled were her eyes by the glitter of the golden exterior, that the ghastly skeleton, shrouded in gorgeous attire, was wholly invisible.

Thus were the parents of Helen Lee affected, when the prospect of so great a change in the future life of their daughter was suddenly presented. Mrs. Lee had been a woman of the world—we will not say a heartless woman of the world, for that would be giving rather too unfavorable an impression of her character. She had a higher appreciation of things external than of things internal; for she comprehended them much more clearly. A condition in life, and its power to give happiness, she could understand; but she was not able clearly to realize how a state of mind could make or mar everything. They were all very unhappy in consequence of their poverty, and the evils it entailed upon them; and it seemed to her that wealth would restore the sunshine. The prospect of this, presented so unexpectedly, dazzled her. Not so her husband. He had ever been unworldly. A man of pure, deep feeling, he understood how much of life's happiness depends upon states of mind. Helen's true character—its purity, delicacy, and womanly sensibility—he understood much better than his wife; and he at once comprehended, and with a distinctness that made him shudder, the consequences that would inevitably follow such a marriage as was proposed.

#### CHAPTER VII.

The more Mrs. Barker thought about her treatment of Helen, the more uncomfortable her feelings became. Her icy reception had, evidently, prevented the young teacher from making known some request, upon the granting of which much, it might be, depended.

"I will see her when she comes in the morning to give Clara a lesson, and learn in what way I can serve her."

With this resolution, she endeavored to dismiss the subject from her mind, but, for some reason, it would keep returning, and troubling her.

"I will try and get her a few more scholars,"



said Mrs. Barker, as she still thought of Helen. "Her parents are entirely dependent upon her, and I hardly think her income can, at present, be equal to their wants. Struggling industry needs encouragement and aid at times, as well as absolute indigence. I did think of letting Madame Arcot give Maggy lessons in French, in order to secure the true Paris pronunciation; but Helen's French is very pure, and I am not certain that I would really gain anything for my daughter, by giving her a foreign instructor. There are many things about Madame Arcot which I do not like, and, besides, she has not always borne the most unblemished character. I think, upon the whole, I will give Miss Lee another scholar. And there are Jane and Florence Ewing. Only yesterday I was talking with their mother about Madame Arcot, and she was hesitating on the question of employing her as their teacher. A word from me will, I know, determine the question in her mind. If I say that I prefer Miss Lee, and am about engaging her to give lessons to Maggy, she will decide to do the same. This will give Helen three more scholars, and make a very important addition to her income."

Her mind now thoroughly interested, Mrs. Barker called upon Mrs. Ewing, who was very ready to act from her suggestion. And not only so, becoming, through Mrs. Barker, interested in Helen, she promised to get up an interest for her among her friends, and did not, in the least, doubt her ability to secure for her some two or three more scholars.

Greatly relieved in mind, Mrs. Barker waited for the appearance of Helen, on the next morning. The hour had nearly arrived, at which she usually came, when she remembered that the lesson had been deferred on account of indisposition.

"That was but an excuse to cover some more important request, which my want of kindness prevented her from making. She will probably come as usual."

And in this she did not err; for, even as she thought so, Helen entered. There was so marked a change in her appearance, that Mrs. Barker could hardly help an exclamation when she came in. Marks of intense mental pain were strongly visible on her pale face, and there was a tightness about her lips, that no longer arched gracefully. Her eyes, usually drooping and modest, looked strangely large, and in them was something that Mrs. Barker could not comprehend, and from which she shrunk instinctively.

"You have been sick, Miss Lee," said she. "Why did you come out this morning?"

"I am quite well," Helen replied; but without referring to the fact that she had asked the privilege of omitting a lesson, on the plea of indisposition. There was a coldness in the tones of her voice, unmarked before, and a distance in her manner that repelled.

"When you called, yesterday," said Mrs. Barker, now forcing herself to approach a subject that was uppermost in her mind, "my attention was so much occupied with a book I was reading, that my manner must have seemed to you repulsive. It did not occur to me, until after you had gone away, that, in all probability, your visit

to me was of more importance than merely to ask permission to omit a lesson on account of indisposition. In fear that my absent manner may have repulsed you, I have been troubled ever since. Am I right in this conclusion?"

"You are," replied Helen, with cold dignity.

"I regret, exceedingly, that you did not make known your wishes," said Mrs. Barker, with earnest kindness. "Believe me, that if I can serve you in anything, I will do so with sincere pleasure. What did you wish to ask of me?"

"The advance of a sum of money on Clara's lessons, in order to pay a small debt, for which my poor father was sorely troubled. In a moment of desperation, on hearing him abused and threatened, I promised that the money should be paid by a certain hour. I had no present means to do this, and, in a moment after the promise was made, felt that I had done wrong. But my word was given and must be kept. I knew where I could get the needed assistance, but, above all things, wished to avoid that application; and so, ma'am, I came to you, believing that you had not only the heart to feel for me, but the willing hand to help me in my extremity."

"So I have, Miss Lee! So I have," replied Mrs. Barker, warmly. "How much money do you need? Oh! why did you not make free to tell me this, yesterday?"

And, while she said this, Mrs. Barker drew her purse from her pocket.

"I was choked when I saw you, and could not utter a word of what was in my mind," replied Helen, with a distance and reserve that Mrs. Barker partly attributed to an offended state of mind.

"It is not now too late to aid you," resumed Mrs. Barker. "Tell me how much you need, and be assured, Miss Lee, that I will supply the sum with heart-felt pleasure."

"It is too late," said Helen, in a tone that came like a freezing breath on the feelings of her auditor.

"Too late! Say not so, Miss Lee. Have you obtained the needed sum?"

"I have."

"From whom did you get it?"

There was a pause of some moments. Then Helen answered, in a voice that betrayed but little feeling—

"From Mr. Bullfinch."

"Adam Bullfinch!" exclaimed Mrs. Barker, in surprise. "Why, of all others, did you apply to him?"

"Because, I knew that I had but to make known my want, and it would be supplied."

"And it was?"

"It was."

"Did he advance the sum you needed on the lessons you were giving his niece?" asked Mrs. Barker, her eyes fixed earnestly on the face of Helen.

"I asked the money as an advance," was coldly replied.

"How much did you require?"

"The debt was sixty-four dollars."

"I will lend you the money, or double the sum, if required. Here it is," and she unclasped her

purse. "Take it, and at once cancel this obligation to Mr. Bullfinch. Was there none but him to whom you could go for such a favor?"

"None," sighed Helen, as she pushed back the hand of Mrs. Barker. "I thank you for your kindness; but it is too late, now."

"Too late! Miss Lee. Too late! How am I to understand this?" said Mrs. Barker, in visible concern.

"Time will explain all," murmured Helen, speaking in part to herself. Then, rising, she said, "It is late, and I have two more lessons to give this morning. Is Clara in her room?"

"A moment longer," said Mrs. Barker, laying her hand upon the arm of her auditor. "I have some good news for you. Mrs. Ewing told me, yesterday, that she was going to engage you to give French lessons to her two daughters. And I have another scholar for you, besides."

The expression that came into the face of Helen, when Mrs. Barker said this, was one of pain rather than pleasure. It was evident that she was disturbed by a quick emotion, to subdue which cost her a strong effort. In a little while, she replied, calmly—

"Two days ago, this would have been pleasant news to me; but it is of no particular interest, now. I have concluded to make no more engagements, and to give up all my present scholars, at the end of their respective quarters."

"Why, Helen! What does this mean!" exclaimed Mrs. Barker. "What are you going to do?"

Helen had no voice to reply. There was a genuine interest in the lady's manner, that touched her feelings; the more so, as the full conviction now dawned clearly on her mind, that, if she had but spoken out freely what was in her heart, on the day before, she might have been saved from the dread alternative she had so reluctantly taken. It was too late, now. A little while she sat silent, striving to regain her icy self-possession. Failing in this, she left the room abruptly.

At all this, Mrs. Barker was greatly troubled; and sorely did she repent of her fatal indifference, on the day before.

"When golden opportunities are lost," she sighed, "how rarely do they return to us again! We only have the present in which to do good; and if the present is neglected, it passes away from us for ever. Poor child! What has she done? What can be the meaning of her suddenly formed resolution, to give up her present occupation. Surely, she cannot have consented to become—"

She left the sentence unfinished in her own mind. She could not, even in thought, utter the word that was suggested.

"I must see her again before she leaves the house," said Mrs. Barker, after musing for some minutes. "It will not do to let a matter so serious as this take its course. Unhappy girl! What must she not have suffered! I never saw any one so changed in as brief a space of time."

The longer she continued to dwell upon the subject, the more earnest did she become. Impatiently she waited the hour to expire during which Helen was engaged with her daughter.

More and more clearly did her mind begin to see how she might extricate the poor girl from the unhappy position into which she had fallen.

"I will save her from a fate so dreadful," Mrs. Barker had just said to herself, when her ear caught the sound of light footsteps along the passage.

"Miss Lee!" she called, starting up and going quickly to the door of the room in which she was sitting. There was no answer, but she was in time to catch a momentary view of Helen as she was passing hurriedly from the house.

"Miss Lee! Helen!" she called again. But her voice was drowned in the heavy jar of the closing door. Clapping her hands together, she stood for a few moments, all her thoughts in a state of bewilderment. Then, as she turned slowly, and went back into the apartment from which she had come, she murmured, sadly—

"Unhappy girl! What a future is before her! Oh! that I had but known the greatness of her extremity! And I might have known it. God sent her to me; and when she came, shrinkingly and fearfully, my coldness and indifference repulsed her. Will He call me to answer for the marring of so fair and noble a spirit? But, is it yet too late? No, no, I will not believe it. She will be here again several times. I will secure her confidence, learn all the truth in relation to this matter between her and Mr. Bullfinch, and, if it is as I suppose, devise some means to save her from the false step she is about to take. To accomplish this, I will do and sacrifice much. And," she added, in a confident tone, "I must succeed in so good a work."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MODERN JERUSALEM.

Bayard Taylor gives us a not very flattering picture of the Holy City, as it now is. He says, in a recent letter to the New York Tribune:

Jerusalem, internally, gives no impression but that of filth, ruin, poverty and degradation. There are two or three streets in the western or higher portion of the city which are tolerably clean, but all the others, to the very gates of the Holy Sepulchre, are channels of pestilence. The Jewish Quarter, which is the largest, so sickened and disgusted me, that I should rather go the whole round of the city walls than pass through it a second time. The bazaars are poor, compared with those of other Oriental cities of the same size, and the principal trade seems to be in rosaries, both Turkish and Christian, crosses, seals, amulets, and pieces of the Holy Sepulchre. The population, which may possibly reach 20,000, is apparently Jewish, for the most part; at least, I have been principally struck with the Hebrew face, in my walks. The number of Jews has increased considerably within a few years, and there is also quite a number who, having been converted to Protestantism, were brought hither at the expense of English Missionary Societies for the purpose of forming a Protestant community. Two of the hotels are kept by families of this class. The English have lately built a very handsome church within the walls, and Rev. Dr. Gobat, well-known by his missionary labors in

Abyssinia, now has the title of Bishop of Jerusalem. A friend of his in Central Africa gave me a letter of introduction for him, and I am quite disappointed in finding him absent. Rev. Dr. Barclay of Virginia, a most worthy man in every respect, is at the head of the American Mission here. There is, besides, what is called the "American Colony," at the village of Artos, near Bethlehem—a little community of converts, whose experiments in cultivation have met with remarkable success, and are much spoken of at present.

Whatever good the various missions here may accomplish, Jerusalem is the last place in the world where an intelligent heathen would be converted to Christianity. Were I cast here, ignorant of any religion, and were I to compare the lives and practices of the different sects as the means of making my choice—in short, to judge of each faith by the conduct of its professors—I should at once choose Mahomedanism. When you consider that in the Holy Sepulchre there are nineteen chapels, each belonging to a different sect, calling itself Christian, and that a Turkish police is always stationed there to prevent the bloody quarrels which often ensue between them, you may judge how those who call themselves followers of the Prince of Peace practice the pure faith He sought to establish. Between the Greek and Latin churches, especially, there is a deadly feud, and their contentions are a scandal, not only to the few true Christians here, but to the Moslems themselves. I believe there is a sort of truce at present, owing to the settlement of some of the disputes—as, for instance, the restoration of the silver star, which the Greeks stole from the shrine of the Nativity, at Bethlehem. The Latins, however, not long since demolished *vi et armis* a chapel which the Greeks commenced building on Mount Zion. But if the employment of material weapons has been abandoned for the time, there is none the less a war of words and of sounds still going on. Go into the Holy Sepulchre, when mass is being celebrated, and you can scarcely endure the din. No sooner does the Greek choir begin its shrill chant, than the Latins fly to the assault. They have an organ, and terribly does that organ strain its bellows and labor its pipes to drown the rival singing. You think the Latins will carry the day, when suddenly the cymbals of the Abyssinians strike in with harsh brazen clang, and for the moment triumph. But there are Copts and Maronites, and Armenians, and I know not how many other sects, who must have their share, and the service that should have been a many-toned harmony, pervaded by one grand spirit of devotion, becomes a discordant orgy befitting the rites of Belial.

A long time ago—I do not know the precise number of years—the Sultan granted a firman, in answer to the application of both Jews and Christians, allowing the members of each sect to put to death any person belonging to the other sect, who should be found inside of their churches or synagogues. The firman has never been recalled, though in every place but Jerusalem it remains a dead letter. Here, although the Jews freely permit Christians to enter their synagogue, a Jew who should enter the Holy Sepulchre would be lucky if he escaped with his life. Not long

since, an English gentleman, who was taken by the monks for a Jew, was so severely beaten that he was confined to bed for two months. What worse than scandal, what abomination, that the spot looked upon by so many Christians as the most awfully sacred on earth, should be the scene of such brutish intolerance! I never pass the group of Turkish officers, quietly smoking their long pipes, and sipping their coffee within the vestibule of the Church, without a feeling of humiliation. Worse than the money-changers whom Christ scourged out of the Temple, the guardians of this edifice make use of His crucifixion and resurrection, as a means of gain. You may buy a piece of the stone covering the Holy Sepulchre, duly certified by the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, for about \$7. At Bethlehem, which I visited this morning, the Latin monk who showed us the manger, the pit where 12,000 innocents were buried, and other things, had much less to say of the sacredness or authenticity of the place, than of the injustice of allowing the Greeks a share in its possession.

I made the round of the Holy Sepulchre on Sunday, while the monks were celebrating the festival of the Invention of the Cross, in the chapel of the Empress Helena. As the finding of the cross by the Empress is almost the only authority for the places inclosed within the Holy Sepulchre, I went there inclined to doubt their authenticity, and came away with my doubt vastly increased. The building is a confused labyrinth of chapels, choirs, shrines, staircases and vaults—without any definite plan or any architectural beauty, though very rich in parts, and full of picturesque effects. Golden lamps continually burn before the sacred places, and you rarely visit it without seeing some procession of monks, with crosses, censers, and tapers, threading the shadowy passages from shrine to shrine. It is astonishing how many localities are assembled under one roof. At first you are shown the stone on which Christ rested from the burden of the cross; then, the place where the soldiers cast lots for His garments, both of them adjoining the Sepulchre. After seeing this, you are taken to the Pillar of Flagellation; the stocks; the place of crowning with thorns; the spot where He met His mother; the cave where the Empress Helena found the cross; and lastly, the summit of Mount Calvary. The Sepulchre is a small marble building in the centre of the church. We removed our shoes at the entrance, and were taken by a Greek monk first into a sort of ante-chamber lighted with golden lamps, and having in the centre, inclosed in a case of marble, the stone on which the angel sat. Stooping through a low door we entered the Sepulchre itself. Forty lamps of gold burn unceasingly above the white marble slab, which as the monks say, protects the stone whereon the body of Christ was laid. As we again emerged, our guide led us up a flight of steps to a second story, in which stood a shrine, literally blazing with gold. Kneeling on the marble floor, he removed a golden shield and showed us the hole in the rock of Calvary, where the cross was planted. Close beside it was the fissure produced by the earthquake which followed the crucifixion. But to my eyes, aided by the light of a dim wax taper, it was no violent

rupture, such as an earthquake would produce, and the rock did not appear to be the same as that of which Jerusalem is built. As we turned to leave, a monk appeared with a bowl of sacred rose water, which he sprinkled on our hands, bestowing a double portion on a rosary of sandalwood which I carried. But it was a Mahometan rosary, brought from Mecca, and containing the sacred number of ninety-nine beads.

I have not space here to state all the arguments for and against the localities of the Holy Sepulchre. I came to the conclusion that none of them were authentic, and am glad to have the concurrence of such distinguished authority as Dr. Robinson. So far as this being a matter of regret, I, for one, rejoice that those sacred spots are lost to the world. Christianity does not need them, and they are spared a daily profanation in the name of religion. We know that Christ has walked on the Mount of Olives, and gone down to the Pool of Siloam, and tarried in Bethany; we know that here, within the circuit of our vision, He has suffered agony and death, and that from this little point went out all the light that has made the world greater and happier and better in its later than its earlier days.

### THE ORPHAN BOY.

From the National Intelligencer we take the following sketch:

The bustle of the fight was over, the prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down: the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams which like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me; the late strife, the hardships of my early life, a thousand other things mingled together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up I beheld the surgeon's mate;

"Little Dick, sir, is dying," he said.

At once I sprang from my hammock. He was a pale child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nature; and from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned towards him, for I too had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me in confidence of his mother, whose memory he regarded with holy reverence, while to the other boys of the ship he had but little to say; for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed on him continually. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his task as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was levelled at me, and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since, I had forgotten to inquire if he was hurt, though at the time, I inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital for his service. It

was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet.

"You don't mean it?" I exclaimed. "He is not dying?"

"I fear, sir," said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, "that he cannot live till morning."

"And I have been lying idle here!" I exclaimed with remorse. "Lead me to him."

"He is delirious, but in the intervals of his lunacy he asks for you, sir," and as the man spoke we stood beside the bed of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was too stifling; but he had been carried under the opening hatchway, and laid there in a little space about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the schooner was in motion, while the clear calm blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a light current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool in that pent up hold—edded down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as, with his head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavy. The wound of which he was dying had been intensely painful, but within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his fingers tightly grasped the bed clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle stained and grey-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand, gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his fingers upon the boy's pulse. As I approached they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said—"He is going fast—poor little fellow—do you see this?" as he spoke he lifted up a rich gold locket, which had laid upon the boy's breast. "He has seen better days."

I could not answer, for my heart was full—here was the being to whom, but a few hours before, I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me with death already written upon his brow—and I had never known his danger, and never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me that hour. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman who held his head—said sadly:

"Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one—when your log's out"—he spoke with emotion—"to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes and looked vacantly around.

"Has he come yet?" he asked in a low voice. "Why won't he come?"

"I am here," said I, taking the little fellow's hand—"Don't you know me, Dick?"

He smiled faintly in my face. He then said:



"You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering I know, but it's all I have."

I burst into tears; he resumed:

"Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?" said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Danforth."

"Can I do nothing for you, Dick?" I said; "you saved my life—I would coin my blood to buy yours."

"I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live; only, if it's possible, let me be buried by my mother—you will find the name of the place, and all about it in my trunk."

"Anything—everything, my poor lad," I answered chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile, but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky overhead. His mind wandered.

"It's a long, long ways up there—but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling upon me from among them. Hark! is that music?" and lifting his fingers, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead. Did he indeed hear angels' voices? God grant it.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A ROSE.

I was nurtured among the green leaves in an old decayed garden, on a sunny hill side, where the free winds of heaven fanned my brow, and the gentler breezes left daily their sweet kisses on my ruby lips. While a tender bud, I modestly sought to hide beneath the rich foliage with which I was surrounded; but when I had learned to love the sunshine—when its warm beams had reached my heart—I threw off the fetters with which I had been bound, and, gazing up into the blue sky, was lost in wonder and admiration. All through the long and sunny day I revelled in the glorious sunbeams; and when the quiet even-tide came on, I bowed my head in reverence and adoration, and my grateful orisons ascended on the zephyr's breath to the great Supreme.

The solemn night succeeded to the holy hush of twilight. I gazed around me: could Eden itself have been fairer? The glad, green earth, quiet and beautiful, was bathed in Luna's silver beams; the tall grass bowed gracefully, as the night wind, with its musical voice, swept by; and the stars, holy, pure, and exceeding fair, glittered and glistened in the azure robe by which heaven seems hidden from view. "Ah!" thought I, "this world is indeed a lovely place!" and I glanced meekly upward; as I bowed again, methought a tear of gratitude lay upon my heart. I turned to my sister flowers, who, more sensitive than myself, had folded their leaves with the sun, and their petals seemed to glow with a liquid light; as I gazed, it assumed the form of a pearl, decking the brow of the sleeping flowers.

"Ah!" said I, "how can ye sleep amid so much

beauty?" but, without heeding me, they slept on, while I thanked God for the gentle dews which were falling thus, to refresh and invigorate us. And could I but be grateful for life, and the beauty with which I was surrounded? And what return could I make? None. Yes, I could unfold my blushing leaves, and open my heart to the passer by! I could load the breeze with my fragrance, and refresh the hearts of earth's weary wanderers with my odoriferous breath!

Night passed away with her gentle queen, and the fair, bright stars which followed in her train. Morning came: a few faint beams of light in the East heralded its approach: soon the Day-god arose from his couch of crimson and gold, and trod majestically the path assigned him by the Eternal.

My sleeping sister flowers awoke, and a blush mantled their dewy leaves as they met his ardent gaze. We drank of night's flowing nectar, and were again fanned by the zephyr's breath; the sweet little birds sang their morning hymn on the branches above me: a gorgeous butterfly sought my slender stem on which to rest his weary wing; and soon a little bee came buzzing about, seeking for honey-dew. Methought I was perfectly happy; but alas! for earth's happiness!

A fair young girl came tripping by: I raised my head, and sought to please with beauty, and refresh with fragrance. She came to my side, and praised my unrivalled loveliness; then I sent her the most precious odour from my incense-breathing heart. But in return she cruelly snapped my slender stem, and bore me away to her pleasant home. She placed me in a costly vase upon the mantel, and often comes to look upon her lovely rose, as she calls me, or to inhale my perfume; but she will not breathe it long: I pine for the fresh air, the glad sunshine, and the song of birds. I am fading, withering, dying: I shall soon cease to gladden her heart; and then, perchance, she will cast me forth as a worthless thing; or perhaps she may press my withered leaves between the pages of some favorite book, and bless my memory with a pleasant, grateful thought. If so, I die content—my mission is ended. I have given my fragrance to the breeze; and it has perchance been breathed by thousands! I have poured out the rich treasures of my heart for her; and while I breathe I will breathe but sweetness, and bless with perfume. But I go. Happy is he who can say with me, I have accomplished the object of my life—I have fulfilled the end of my being.

THE BRIDE'S PIE was formerly, in some parts of Yorkshire, so essential a dish on the dining-table after the celebration of the marriage, that there was no prospect of happiness without it. This was always made round, with a very strong crust, ornamented with various devices. In the middle of it, the grand essential was a fat laying hen, full of eggs. It was also garnished with minced and sweetmeats. It would have been deemed an act of neglect or rudeness if any of the party omitted to partake of it. It was the etiquette for the bridegroom always to wait, on this occasion, on his bride. The term *bridegroom* took its origin from hence.

## AMUSING CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

The late Earl of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular—thought of an experiment to prevent the exhortations and importunities of those about him. This was to feign himself deaf; and under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer by what he desired to have said. Among other servants was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with fidelity and affection, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees got into a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be dismissed.

My lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant."

"I say," replied the lady, "he is continually getting drunk, and I desire that he might be turned off."

"Ay," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child, and as you say a trifle should not part us."

John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kingston, overturned his lady in Hyde Park; she was not much hurt—but when she came home, she began to rattle to the Earl.

"Here," says she, "is that beast of a John, so drunk that he can hardly stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged, may break our necks!"

"Ay," says my lord, "is poor John sick? Alas, I am sorry for him."

"I am complaining," said my lady, "that he is drunk, and overturned me."

"Ay," answered his lordship, "to be sure he has behaved well, and shall have proper advice."

My lady finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and my lord, ordering John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these words: "John, you know I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well, you shall be taken care of in my family; my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice."

John, being thus dismissed, was taken to bed, where, by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woful plight, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reason upon which it was commenced. He had no remedy, however, but to submit; for he would rather have incurred as many more blisters, than to lose his place. My lord sent very formally twice a day to know how he was, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed with only water-gruel, and to have no company but an old nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said, he was extremely glad that the fever had left him, and desired to see him.

"Well, John," says he, "I hope this is about over."

"Ay, my lord," says John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon. I promise never to commit the same fault again."

"Ay, ay," says my lord, "you are right; nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see to it, though perhaps you should not complain; and I promise you shall always have the same advice, and the same attendance you have now."

"God bless your lordship," says John, "I hope there will be no need."

"So do I, too," says his lordship, "but so long as you do your duty towards me, never fear, I shall do mine towards you."

## VISIT TO THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

It required no great research to convince us of their age, which is strikingly apparent in their gnarled and time-worn trunks. Many of the branches have become sapless, and are fast rotting away; others are broken off by the force of many tempests, or have fallen of their own accord from sheer old age; new ones have sprung out, and the young shoots continue to supply the ravages worked by time; the trunks are of vast circumference, and are composed of divers parts consolidated, some of them perhaps the growth of different ages. All the old trees, and many of the younger ones, have large pieces cut out of their trunks, upon which are carved the names of visitors who have been from time to time attracted to this remote region. Among these we noticed the name of Lamartine, said to have been carved by an Arab, while the great sentimentalist was going into ecstasies, in his comfortable quarters below. The object is to see the Cedars of Lebanon, mentioned in the Scriptures; and there they are, without doubt. They can be seen by anybody who has eyes to see. It is true there are only cedars, but they are very wonderful, as well from their great antiquity as from the Scriptural interest attached to them. During a visit to this region last summer, we carefully counted the cedars, both old and young. We also made some measurements of a very interesting character. The entire grove, according to our estimate, consists of four hundred trees; the average circumference of the original twelve is about twenty-five feet, and one was found to measure upwards of thirty. The trunks of the more ancient cedars do not rise to any great height before they branch out into enormous limbs, commencing ten or fifteen feet from the ground, some perhaps twenty feet. The branches are very crooked and tortuous, partly decayed, as before stated, and gnarled with the frosts and tempests of ages. It is said that no other specimens of the kind are found in any part of the world, except such as have been transplanted from this grove. The wood is white, and has a pleasant perfume; and to this odour reference is made in the Scriptures. It is not stronger, however, than the scent of the ordinary red cedar—perhaps less apparent.

## COLONEL SHARPLEY AND THE ALLIGATORS.

BY A TRAVELLING NATURALIST.

There are certain animals in the kingdom of nature peaceable enough, if let alone, but ferocious as tigers in defence of themselves or offspring. Of this sort is the alligator.

In excursions through more southern sections of the United States, I have observed them with much interest. Naturalists, who possess the opportunity, should pay more attention to their habits than has yet been done, for but little reliable information is recorded in books concerning them. The lagoons, bayous, and lakes of Southern Mississippi and Louisiana, are their principal places of resort, and there they may be observed to the best advantage. On a hot summer's day, when the deadly miasmatic steam rises from the surface of one those unhealthy collections, alligators may be seen lying half buried in the ooze or floating dreamily on the surface, apparently careless to all that moves around them. But don't believe they are in earnest. Just let a hunter's dog endeavor to reach his master by a short cut across the lake, and by the time the cur is a hundred feet from shore, every alligator in the drink will be after him. Never did you hear such a splashing and bellowing. Their paddles, noisy as the Talleyrand's, will lash foam from the water, as they strain every muscle to gain the first bite, for of all meats toothsome to an alligator, a dog's is most delicious. Their foul breath ascends in vapor. Their little devilish eyes gleam like a shark's, and poor dog, if he gets half way across before those heavy jaws clamp him, he will be lucky enough. But wo to the reptile who is first in the chase; each of the others, as he comes up, will pitch into him with the heartiest hatred, and ten to one he is immolated on the shrine of covetousness, torn into a thousand pieces by his late friends.

In every lake there are certain veterans, who, by virtue of their years, or the fame of former exploits,—most likely their great strength,—are allowed pre-eminence by the rest. But the row becomes serious indeed, when two of this sort,—bull alligators they are styled,—encounter each other. Then Greek meets Greek, Napoleon contends against Wellington, and dire is the strife, for neither party yields until death closes the scene, and one, or both, expires. I once found one, sixteen feet in length, lying upon a sand bar, quite too much exhausted to move. His under-jaw was broken in several places, his bowels were gushing out, and both eyes were gouged. He was, evidently, the victor, and what success his opponent had met with, might be inferred from his horrid condition. Well might the conqueror declare "one more such victory will undo me," if, indeed, he were not already lying in the agonies of death. Only three of his teeth remained unbroken of all his goodly palisade of ivory, and those, each thick as my thumb, I secured for my cabinet. No, I am wrong, there was a fourth, which I presented to Capt. Maryatt, who failed, however, to keep his promise of recording the above incident in his book of travels.

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It is not generally known that the alligator, like the turtle, lays her eggs upon the land. When ready for this interesting charge, she crawls from the water for some distance into the dense cane-brake, and then paws up, with her immense paddles, big clumps of muddy earth, until a pile is formed a few inches high, and some four feet diameter. Upon this she lays her eggs, then heaps dry leaves above them, with sticks and mud, until the mound is nearly as high as a man's head, and the good lady returns to the element, leaving the heat and moisture to do the rest. As soon as the progeny is hatched, they hasten like ducks, to the water, and if they escape being eaten by the turtles, catfish, or their own tender mammas, they attain, in a few years, a good size, and are allowed to participate in the fights, feasts and frolics of the lake. The great part, however, are destroyed in infancy.

An anecdote is told of an English dandy sportsman, who had come yachting to New Orleans, and penetrated to the interior, for a shy at the game. But his very first excursion to the cane-brake eventuated in his being lost, and lying out alone, amidst such clouds of mosquitoes as only Vermilion Bay can produce. They almost tapped his heart's blood. Daylight found him on the brink of a lagoon, with an army of alligators in view. Horrified at the sight of the monsters, he struck precipitately into the thicket again, but only to fall over a large one that was egging it upon her huge nest. The reptile struck him over the back with her flexible tail, and knocked him senseless, and had she followed up the blow, he had doubtless made a morning's meal for her ladyship. As it was, he recovered his senses, but with a bruised shoulder, and some time the next day returned to the house, minus gun, hat and curiosity. The yacht soon cleared homeward bound, and that was the last of John Bull.

Every man who has visited St. Louis, recollects the two specimens in Koch's Museum, that engaged in a fight right before a crowd of spectators, and could not be separated until they fell over the balcony into the street, and were both killed by the shock. The incident was so novel, that the enterprising proprietor turned it to good account, and secured more visitors by exhibiting the deceased champions than even by his famous "Missouriism," the eighth wonder of the world. In several points there is a resemblance of habits between the alligator and the large, thick-shelled turtle. Both love to bask in sunrays so hot as to fry up everything else; both are highly tenacious of life; slowly aroused to anger, but spunky as a demon when their ire is excited; both possess the most powerful instruments in their front paddles that are known in mechanics, as may be seen in their skeletons, clumsy, but mighty in leverage. There is one striking point of difference, however, the turtle being the most timid animal in the lake; starting from his log, and plumping into the water at the slightest alarm, while the alligator will lie and watch you with a calmness that is indicative of an innocent heart.

And now for the best anecdote on this subject. Colonel Sharpley, a land speculator, took his way in the month of September, 1837, to the Louisiana land office, to make certain entries of valuable

tracts. The day was hot, the dust smotheringly thick, the air perfectly still. About the middle of the afternoon he arrived at Moore's ferry on Plum Bayou, a sheet of stagnant water, filled from the river in spring freshets, and serving for a breeding pond of fish and reptiles the balance of the year. The ferryman lived a mile the other side, as ferrymen always do; but for the convenience of travellers, he had suspended a cow's horn on a sapling, with the tacit understanding that he would come whenever he heard it. Now, I never could sound a note even on a French bugle, although I have heard Gambati blow two trumpets at a time, and as Colonel Sharpley's lungs were of the weakest, he didn't even attempt the cow's horn, harder, however, than five trumpets. Gambati would find it so. And now there is our traveller, there is the bayou; the ferry-boat occupying one side of the picture, the man and his horse the other. Land speculators are a shifty set, and up to most emergencies, but the Colonel was nonplussed here. He saw too plainly the danger of swimming, for a glance at the mud bank a little ways to the left, brought to view several long, black, humpy, objects that *might* be logs, but were probably alligators, ready to be aroused at the slightest splash.

So the speculator sat down under an umbrella-looking beech, pulled out his field notes, and began to make calculations for future profit. But nobody came; night drew on; he became weary of his estimates, and putting up his book, began to wonder what he should do. It was ten miles back to the nearest house, and the probability was, that if the ferryman had no fares from his own side of the water, he would not come down for a day or two. The idea of camping out was a disagreeable one; though, barring mosquitoes and the prospect of a bad cold, he cared nothing for the danger. But little was stirring around him. Occasionally, a long, lank garfish would turn a neat caper out of water, and disappear again, as if satisfied with the exploit. Then a kingfisher or two screamed above some fry they had caught, and flew off in amicable mood, as old friends should. Then a snowy white crane, on stilts long as a Savoyard's, waded within fifty feet of him; now groping under water for a morsel, now pluming its spotless feathers with coquettish care.

But such objects have little charm for land speculators. Colonel Sharpley arose and glanced around for an idea. One puff at the cow's horn showed him the fallacy of the attempt; for the sound he made was about as loud and harsh as the notes of its original wearer. A pile of drift wood hard by suggested the notion of a raft; and thankful for the thought, at it he went with double speed, determined, if he could get across to the ferry-boat, to return with that, and convey his horse over. The substratum was soon laid with large pieces of wood, dry as tinder, which he tied firmly together by grape vines. These were crossed tier above tier by others, all being well tied at the corners; and thus he had a structure built in half an hour, large and buoyant enough for anybody. A stiff piece of bark sufficed for a paddle, and the Colonel boldly launched out, congratulating himself upon his ingenuity. But

he had not gone more than half across, before the knobbed back of a bull alligator broke water within a few feet of him, and he saw that he should have company on his way of a dangerous sort. Every time he dipped his paddle on that side, the big upper jaw would open a short way, and rows of glistening pegs, four inches long, dripping in slime, met his trembling gaze.

No wonder then that his track was tortuous and his progress slow. The monster made no attempt to stop him; and now the ferry-boat was but a few yards ahead, and hope was becoming buoyant, when things took another turn.

It will be recollected that every lake of this sort has several of these veteran bulls, whose prowess secures them from all attack except from each other. The large one, that had accompanied Colonel Sharpley, was so deeply scarred as to prove him a quarrelsome case, and when, as it happened, another one of the same sort, which was prowling about, approached the raft, the motion was taken as a challenge, and a desperate fight immediately commenced. Each seized the other by the head and commenced lashing with their tails, making some such turmoil as a whale with its flukes.

Instantly, the paddle was dashed from the Colonel's hands, his eyes were filled with spray, his raft upset, and it was all that he could do to recover his footing. All this was bad enough, but read further.

The alligator, as a tribe, is pugnacious, and the sound of a fight calls them together as naturally as it does Kentucky raftsmen. So it was but a few minutes until the little raft was surrounded by a whole shoal of them (alligators, not Kentuckians), young and old, dividing their eager gaze between the strife and its unlucky object. The speculator stood aghast. He had often been the centre of an angry crowd of squatters at a land sale, and borne himself boldly, though antagonistic to all. But this was another affair, and the excited crowd around reminded him of what he had read of battle-fields, where the hungry wolves stand a little way off to wait their time of carnage.

And now the evening breeze came up and began to blow his raft up the bayou, leaving him no other prospect than to spend the night upon the water, surrounded by these creatures, maddened by the smell of blood. How he wished himself by the side of his good horse that stood gazing upon him, in the twilight, as if in mute astonishment at his master's movements. Ah, Colonel! your last quarter section has been entered, and your brethren will never drop the sprig of evergreen into your open grave. All this time the fight continued, and even increased in fury.

The military tactics of the alligator tribe is far more simple than Scott's. It only consists in catching your opponent's jaw in yours, then banging his side with your tail. What thrashing machines those tails would make! While the raft floated along, the scene of fight was continually shifted, so as to keep it conveniently near, it being understood by both parties that the spoils were to be the victor's, and so said spoils himself understood by their anxiety to keep him in plain view. Once he approached near a point of land that jutted out from the bank, so near that had



he possessed a stick he could have reached it; but he was powerless, and on he went, the victim of destiny, and still the rivals fought, and still the speculator looked on. The ferry-boat was now out of sight. A turn in the land hid his horse, who gave him a loud neigh by way of good-night. Darkness settled over him, and the horrors of his situation began to work upon his mind. One last thought of home and wife and children, no more to hail his coming; and the speculator sank down upon his tottering raft, folded his arms, and a few minutes more would have ended his fate, for he felt that the power to preserve his balance was fast leaving him. But suddenly a light flashed upon his eyes, he heard a loud, harsh voice exclaiming, "Halloo, boys! a bull fight, as I'm a man;" and invigorated by hope, he sprang to his feet, and hailed the new comers. They were fishermen, by torchlight, and their fortunate arrival saved his life. Another half hour, and he was sitting at the ferryman's table, his horse up to his eyes in corn and fodder, and at least one grateful heart silently praising God for a great deliverance.

## THE ROOT OF VIOLETS.

BY MRS. ALICE B. NEAL.

It was a little thing!

Yes, and it is a little thing always that makes the pleasure of a child, or its sorrow either.

Only a Violet!

But it brought tears to my eyes, that plain, simple blossom, with its fresh smell, and deep gold and purple petals. It was not a field flower, but of that variety that grew so easily with trifling care. Some give them the name of Heart's Ease.

I had not held one in my hand for many a day before; and little Martha looked quite astonished that I should ask to have one added to the bouquet she was gathering for me. I can see the child now—standing in that narrow garden, with the strip of sky above, and the close, dilapidated houses of the oldest part of the city, crowding its very borders. It was almost like fairy-land, that little nook, because I came upon it so unexpectedly.

Mrs. Lane had moved. Martha, her eldest daughter, was one of my Sunday scholars, and, furnished with the new address, the teacher commenced her search. It was far enough from Chestnut street, the old quarter in which they lived; and the low houses were filled with people very different from the gay promenades there. Children were swarming on the side-walks, with only an elder sister to attend them. Some were groping in the filthy wayside pools, or building houses of the fallen bricks, and even bones bleached in the kennel. Their squallid, ignorant mothers were scolding and toiling alternately, without health, or hope, or aim, save to live and eat and sleep, from day to day. So she came nearer to the river, and there were little shops, filled with old iron, rusty hinges and broken nails, or ropes that had seen many a storm at sea, and, perhaps, a suit of sailors' clothes flapping in the wind.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Lane lives?"

The man in the pea-jacket takes his pipe from his mouth, and stares a moment as if astonished at the speaker or the question. Then he pulls that rough, straggling lock of hair very oddly, and says—

"Round the corner, next to that old frame. Up them high steps. Guess the old woman ain't to home, though."

But it's not Mrs. Lane, it's little Martha. I have come to see, and she opens the creaking door, and looks so smiling and delighted as she finds "Teacher" there. Mrs. Lane is seldom at home. She goes out to her work early in the morning, and Martha takes care of the house, and Betty, and the baby, and gets her father's dinner. Many little girls, her age, have not yet learned to dress themselves. Nurse dresses them for breakfast, and then they go to school, but often not to study. They work book-marks and slippers, and have music lessons, and go to dancing school. But Martha leads a busy, cheerful life, and can make a bed, or cook a dinner almost as well as her mother.

Martha has been in the garden at work. She says her hands are not fit to offer to her teacher.

"Oh, then you have a garden to the new house!"

Her eyes brighten as she points to the strip of grass-plot, showing through the hall door.

"Will you let me walk in it?" asks her teacher.

So they go out together, and the teacher stoops under the clean clothes Martha has just hung up, and there they are, in the narrow, gravelled path, with clumps of Pinks, and Sweet Williams, a great Peony, Star of Bethlehem, and Love in the Mist, along the borders. Such a nice, prim, little, old-fashioned garden! A plumb tree in one corner, peaches just thinking of-ripening, are half hidden by the green leaves of its neighbor. Martha is pleased that the teacher thinks it so pleasant, and she begins to gather the bouquet to which I beg some fresh Violets may be added.

Martha does not think them half as pretty as the Sweet Williams, and nothing to be compared to the immense sweet-scented Peony, the pride of her heart, but her teacher is glad she is not obliged to answer, for her voice would not be very steady just at that moment.

A great many years ago, (she thinks of it all, as she stands in the snug, little garden, and watches the child,) she was a lonely, solitary little creature, far away from her own home, and the dear mother that had anticipated every wish. Her adopted mother was kind, very kind, and her new sister was an affectionate, gentle little girl. Still there were hours, and hours, that no one knew, when she was very tired at heart, and grievously thought there was no one to love her or care for her.

There was no garden attached to the high, square brick house, with its wide rooms, and great sounding halls. But one day, the child found a single Violet root growing in the stones of the terrace that surrounded it. How it came there she did not know, or how it kept its hold where there was so little earth. But it lived, and thrived, and she visited it in secret, and called it hers. One bright spring morning a blossom was found, unfolding in all its beauty. Her heart

could not retain the new joy. So the little Louise came, and saw, and admired, but she did not offer to touch it with her white, dimpled fingers. By and by, there were three blossoms in one morning. Then one was plucked, and laid on the breakfast table, a mute offering to the kind, adopted mother. And, sometimes, when the Sabbath bells rang, the child slipped away, and brought two Violets, one for Louise, to carry with them to the church.

Cousin Alice could almost feel the sunshine of these bright Sabbath mornings, and hear the church bells chime, as they walked slowly behind the rest, and wondered why their blue bonnets were always worn on Sunday, with the wide cambric pantalettes they admired so much! Then they would look at the purple Violet, or perhaps press its soft, velvet petals to their lips, and look in each other's eyes with a smile.

These Violets could not have been sold for a farthing, all that ever grew there. Cousin Alice has since held bouquets that a bright gold-piece had been given for. Pink Jessamines, and waxen Japonicas, dainty Daphne, with its sweet, sweet breath, and Roses with deep crimson hearts. But they were not, with all their loveliness, like the Violets, in the pleasure they conferred.

It must have been weeks that the Violets bloomed, and the children kept their little secret. It was the last morning visit, the first paid on their return from school. They wondered how many blossoms would be out, as they opened their sleepy little eyes, and visions of purple, gold and green leaves illuminated the dull spelling book.

But one sad and sorrowful day, long to be remembered, the sheltered little nook was empty! It was too great a loss to be realized. At first, they could do nothing but sit down and cry, with their pinafores over their faces. Then inquiry and search commenced. The poor Violet root was found, flung out like a worthless weed, and withering, with all its flowers, in the scorching sun. It was so wanton, that robbery of their pleasures, and so hard to bear when the elder boys only laughed, and said "it was on purpose to tease them!" And spies they had been!

We tried to make it grow again, but it was no use. We watered it, and tied up the withered flowers, to support them. But the next day it was quite dead, and lying shrivelled and dusty upon the ground.

This was the memory that made the Heart's Ease so much more beautiful to Cousin Alice than Martha's gayer flowers. She was afraid they would all be withered before the end of her long walk, and so left them beside the bed of a sick class-mate of Martha's, who lived in a narrow court, where no flowers could grow. But she kept the Violets, and wore them all that evening, for their sweet breath, and the memory of her childhood.

An analysis of the cucumber, by Prof. Salisbury, of Albany, shows that ninety-seven one-hundredths of the fruit are water! This is more than the watermelon, which contains ninety-four parts. The mushmelon contains ninety.

## SUMMER ROVING.

The season for summer roving is now nearly over. The wanderers have returned, or about to return. I would invite the more serious and reflecting of these to a few minutes' consideration of some questions relative to this practice. Is it not well worthy of one hour's consideration to endeavor to determine what have been the fruits of this summer's recreation, and what is the influence of this summer roving, and of fashionable summer resorts especially. The tendency to leave the city during the summer months is increasing. Young and old, sick and well, fashionable and those making higher professions, all hasten from the city, as from a prison, at the first breath of summer air. For a long time, pure air and quiet were the only requisites easily obtained at a country farm-house; but now the passion or fashion is for the sea-shore and sea-bathing, every little spot by the ocean's shore, where hotel or boarding-house is to be had, is thronged, and its accommodations, no matter how inconvenient or disagreeable, received with seeming gratitude; while the larger places number their guests by hundreds and thousands, from the brightest, best and most gifted the country can produce. The gratefulness of this change is acknowledged; its necessity, in many cases, admitted willingly; the good influences arising from intimacy with nature, in the green fields or by the ocean's shore, heartily confessed.

To the drooping invalid, the care-worn student, the pining child, the worn-out frame of the watching mother, the too-closely confined teacher, the hard-working and self-sacrificing minister, each breeze comes fraught with renewal of vigor, life and hope. Let the kindly ministries of nature never be undervalued; its soothing, healing, invigorating powers never be overlooked by those seeking to restore exhausted frames and forces. But when all have been included who need the change, or would be essentially benefited by it, how large a multitude remains of those who only leave their homes for amusement—for dissipation! Yes, for dissipation! for by what more appropriate term can you designate a mode of wasting time, in which evening dancing and chatting and singing and reading of frivolous stories, and morning slumbering, are prominent characteristics? What more appropriate name is there for precious time and talents given up to nights of revel, of heated crowds, of unmeaning prattle, of exciting card-playing, of giddy waltzing?

We presume not to question the necessity, the advantage of recreation; but we more than question, we deny, either necessity or advantage in dissipation. And whenever amusement or pleasure-seeking is the main object, then this practice of summer roving becomes dissipation; becomes pernicious; is clearly wrong. For if health, the best use of time, and spiritual improvement, are lost sight of for one day, be it winter or summer, call it work-time or play-time, that day is one we shall be glad to forget when the end of all days shall arrive. Strange that any soul can forget this!

That thousands do forget it all the year round, wasting their time and polluting their souls, is a

standing wonder to every thoughtful, every serious, every religious mind. And a most melancholy thing it is to see the first lessons in time-killing taken by the young at our fashionable watering-places! Many, with the bloom of innocence on their cheeks, willing or eager to learn the meaning of life and its uses, and who till now, with the beautiful instincts of the soul, have used their moments with some degree of wisdom and high purpose, there first imbibe the idea, perhaps, that enjoyment may be sought in the most frivolous of pursuits, in unwholesome late hours, in occupations which not only strengthen no faculty of the mind, no affection of the heart, no muscle or function of the body, but do actually weaken and injure all these. The inexperienced *victims* of fashion do not at once discover the cheat, and ache under the disappointment. They not only commit the immediate folly, but carry home the fatal error, the false view of recreation, the moral blindness as to abuse of time, which, it may be, will gradually undermine their future usefulness, and their wholesome growth into a fitness for Heaven.

We would have this mused upon seriously by a class rapidly increasing in this country—the giddy mature, the adult children—they who sport with the tremendous responsibility of example laid upon them—a burden which dignified virtue would carry lightly, and which they cannot shake off, sport and be thoughtless as they will.

We would have the young ponder it. If the occupations of the summer have not given them a distaste for idle hours and frivolous amusements, and a longing for something more dignified, profitable and noble, then God be merciful to them, when their spirits must plunge into the mysteries on which now they spend not a thought, when they shall learn whether they have fitted themselves for perpetual, joyous, glorious, advancing virtue and action, or must feed, forever, dumb, motionless and miserable, upon bitter recollections.

If religion and eternity be other than meaningless words, then the frivolity, the worldliness, the artificialness, the thoughtlessness of those gathered in the drawing-rooms of our summer palaces must deeply depress, almost to gloom, the heart that looks beyond time, upon the fruits thereof. The untruthfulness, the crushing of all the brighter, purer impulses at the shrine of fashion, the deadening of all the higher, purer aims of the spirit by the paralyzing power of the world's atmosphere, the stifling of the consciousness of a better purpose in life, till the being ends in being utterly perverted and false—false to itself, false to others, false to God. This is the result. This is an influence of a fashionable summer resort. Who would not weep to watch the heavenly gift of beauty perverted to all unhallowed uses—the bright eye flashing with scorn, pride or triumph, which *should* only beam with love and pity and sympathy? Whose heart would not grow heavy, to follow the gay, the courted, the caressed, the flattered, to their retirement, and know of the throbbing temples, weeping eyes, aching hearts, and not mourn over the hollowness of the world, and ask sadly and fearfully what will be the testimony of the recording

angels? Christians, so called, are among these scenes; do they realize their mission and their duty there? If every Christian was true to his Master *there*, an untold influence would be exerted, even as the good is greater and more powerful than the evil.

There is another matter of serious inquiry. What is the effect produced upon the dwellers by the sea-shore, and in the quiet country village, by the outpouring, from the city, of the gay, the fashionable, the worldly? What life does the fashionable world reveal to them? A life spent in seeking for pleasure, occupied with amusement! In contrast to their early hours, their daily toil, their simple fare, their simple dress and simple enjoyments, how must all the glare and glitter, tinsel and show of the world's people dazzle and bewilder their victim, and seem like the gorgeous fabric of a dream! How can it help bringing questions of the inequalities of lots, loss of contentment and true enjoyment, and false estimates of life?

It surely would result in good, if thoughts and inquiries such as these should occupy the minds of many between this and another summer, so that evils now prevalent might be avoided, and better results follow from summer roving and summer resorts.

## THE DUOMO AT MILAN.

We left Lodi and its gory honor on our south, crossed the Adra, and were soon knocking at the Posta gate of Milan, one of the most beautiful cities of the world. Our drive to the hotel is under a promenade, which constitutes the circumference of the city, and measures twelve miles! Travelers have rarely described Milan as it really is, in all the splendor of its views, and the greatness of its extent. Standing, as it does, between the gorgeous palaces of nature upon the North, and the temples of art and luxury upon the South, and sweeping, as its tributary, the blossom and fragrance of Italia's garden, Milan should not alone be spoken of for its Duomo and its Arena, its Arch and its "Last Supper," by De Vinci; but for its regal magnificence and commanding prospects. Lofty houses, elegant court-yards, and fine paves, are not wanting to make an unbroken perspective of grandeur in the streets. But hold! miracle of wonder! what is that tall spire, sculptured and entablatured, rising from forth the sea of stone, "how silently," in its delicate and labyrinthine magic of art! Is it the phantasm of a dream, or the grotesque illusion of the clouds? The white statues, as you approach, people the slender pinnacles, and stand within the marble niches. This unparalleled Duomo has been likened to a river of marble shot into the air to a height of 500 feet, and then suddenly petrified while falling! Surely it must have arisen like an exhalation "to the sound of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet;" for it seems of the very air—airy in its frozen poetry.

We did not tarry long without. We entered its dark, high nave, branching like monster trees of some other world; and uplifted by octagon circular columns, so high, that they seem toppling to the upraised eye. The finest stained glass win-

dows, perhaps, in the world, beautify the darksome aisles. The evening light slowly plays through every colored form of saint and prophet, flower and tracery.

While we stand spell-bound, the janitor, who spoke bad English, came up and politely offered to show us the top. After dropping a few sous for the church at the portal, we wound up a spiral inclined plane, and within the magic marble mountain. We are soon within the mazes above. Solid as earth, it seems a fairy city of towers. One hundred and fifty-five pinnacles point upward; nearly 7,000 statues glance in the light, while niches stand waiting for 3,000 more! Fifteen thousand different points are lifted from the roofs—for there are more roofs than one, as we find by ascending staircase on staircase. Below us, on the last roof, is the *Botanic Garden*! What! is Italy so prodigal of its verdure, that the Cathedral's top should bud and blow like the hanging gardens of Old Assyria? It is only the marble which has sought, through genius and taste, manifold forms in the pointed spires. Fifteen thousand buds, flowers and fruits, each different, bloom perennially amid the upper air, and that without irrigation or pruning.

This immense pile has been centuries in completing. Napoleon, whose mind was ever ready to build monuments to art and himself, added an immense addition. Architects have discussed the minutest points of this Duomo in lines of solid quarto. Nearly thirty hundred millions of francs have been expended upon it. An edifice as large as Grace Church, New York, is upon its top as plainly as the Pantheon is upon St. Peter's.

The view from it, is incomparably fine. The eye may float over the scenery of Italy, and revel in its fairest bowers, discern the cities around for forty miles, and to the north see those everlasting Alps, which lock up the gateways of Europe. The beautiful hills of Como and Maggiore, surrounding the magic mirrors in which they are reflected; the Saint Gothard; farther west, the Simplon, through whose defiles we expect to pass; the Monte Rosa, white and radiant, except at sunset, when it illustrates its name in the sweetest of hues; Mount Cenis to the direct west; and further around, the line of the Apennines; and to the southeast, the sweeping vale of the Po, with Cremona and Crema—all can be viewed from this lofty spot! What a resplendent, magnificent, glorious creation is ours! How full of beauty and sublimity! Would that our distant friends could behold these splendid Alpine temples upon the north, from this marble observatory, and the great pleasure grounds which lie around their feet in such luxuriance of vegetable life!

What are those scaffoldings, observable as we descend, erected far up to the topmost rose of the pinnacle? We are informed by the custodian, that ten men are constantly employed upon these scaffolds in cleaning the building, and that it takes them just twelve years to complete the circuit outside.

Can it be that the Great Father of all is pleased with such stately structures, erected for His worship? Does He delight rather in the marbles of Italy, rather than the rude churches of our land? Profitless inquisition; for the temple of His love

is the upright heart and pure; and where that bows—whether under swelling dome or homely altar—whether under the light of stained splendours, or under the white radiance of an open sky, His presence appears more glorious than all else beside in heaven, or in earth!—A *Buckeye Abroad*.

## ANCESTRY.

"Virtus est nihil aliud quam ad summum perducta natura."—CICERO.

Tush! prithee, Ben, leave off this prate,—  
Look to thyself ere't be too late.  
See, boy—while dwelling on the past,  
How all thy moments run to waste.  
Leave boasting of thy sire—but rather  
Be in thyself both son and father.  
The present, boy!—the glorious present,  
Holds forth the prize to peer and peasant.  
Herr, Signor, Sir, or Van or Von,  
Initial De, Du, De la, Don—  
These are but signets. Then begin  
To have thy manhood proved within.  
For Nick himself—the sire of evil—  
Hath, too, his patronymic—D'Evil.

Two casks—one empty—one unbroached,  
Stood snug in vault, with sides approached.  
That hinted, rich Burgundian blood,  
In ages past, within him flowed;  
While *this* claimed lineage from the vine,  
Whose clusters glad the pilgrim Rhine.

When, thus the former—"I opine,  
My gentle coz, that thou can'st trace  
Descent from good tho' humble race.  
For me—tho' fallen—I may claim  
An ancient and time-honored name.  
And tho' of patrimony reft,  
Have still my proud escutcheon left,  
Which shows my ancestry for centuries,—  
Births—marriages—and final entries."  
"Thou, truly, had'st enough of fame!"—  
Thus answered he of plebeian name;—  
But yet not thou—"twas not on thee,  
The past bestowed its eulogy.  
The escutcheon which thou bear'st—not thine,  
Thou art the wood, and not the vine.  
Could'st look within me, worthy peer!—  
Thou there would'st find my title clear.

The cask, where gen'rous wine is found,  
Gives forth, we know, no hollow sound.  
\*Tis only when the store is fled,  
That this, forsooth, supplies its stead.  
Hock present's worth Jove's nectar past,  
First of my race am I,—thou last.

[Whitaker's Southern Magazine.

THE SECRET OF GOOD WRITING.—We are at first to import knowledge, says Dr. Channing, then to export it. Write daily and elaborately, if only for one hour. Avoid verbiage, do not multiply but select your words, and lop off redundancies as you would scatter chaff. In the hands of a writer who adopts these precepts, a multitude of words is not verbiage, because each gives some new view or adds to the effect of the old. There is a splendor in his strength, and a strength in his splendor, because there is a weight as well as brightness in the metal. Nothing so fixes and consolidates your views on any subject as this practice.



## PUMPERS AND SUCKERS.

A correspondent of the New England Farmer relates the following story, with a moral:

Having occasion, several years ago, to visit the West, I put up one night at a small rude town near the base of the Alleghany mountains. My stopping place was a small, dingy-looking, neutral-tinted, two-story drunkard-making establishment, which gloried in the significant appellation of "The Hunter's Home." A few rude men, who, to my eyes, appeared oddly dressed, without the least regard to any principles of taste or of fashion—their garments being partly of skins of animals killed by their own hands, and partly of coarse cloths cut without regard to any other idea than that of comfort, with hats of as many different shapes as there were heads to wear them,—were lolling about the bar-room. Some of them had a powder-horn thrown over their shoulder, and a long-barrelled musket in their hand. And one or two, in addition to these, were embellished with rabbits, squirrels and birds, which they had recently shot. I now understood the appropriateness of the name of the tavern.

As I stepped to the door to escape the odor of the various drinks upon which the returned sportsmen were luxuriating, my attention was attracted upwards by a mysterious creaking, shrill sound, which fell at irregular intervals upon the ear, and which I soon discovered proceeded from a sign suspended from the limb of a large elm in front of the house, which the wind took the liberty of keeping in constant motion. It was significantly decorated on one side with a huge bowl, and on the other with a quart-pot, rejoicing under a high crown of light foam, which, on one side, was flowing over, appearing like a beautiful white plume, gracefully bending from the coronet above.

On the right side of the front door was a long, rudely-constructed bench, which appeared as though it had been used from time immemorial, for no other purpose than to accommodate the idlers of the village, with material on which to test the temper of their knives, and, at the same time, to try their own skill in carving; as it was covered with letters and figures of all shapes and sizes. Whilst occupying one end of this antique, elaborated seat, watching the variegated and constantly changing hues produced by the rays of the setting sun upon that wild mountain scenery, I heard a rumbling which, as it gradually grew louder, seemed like the approach of distant thunder. It was heard in the bar-room, and brought the men to the door.

"I must away," said one—a long, lank, tawney fellow, with a garment somewhere between a coat and a jacket, made of black bear skin. "A storm's brewing, and if I ain't on hand my old woman 'll have the hy-sterics," emphasizing the first syllable. "She's dreadfully skeered at lightning ever since a flash set my hay a fire, killed the cow, and stiffened little Tom, so that all we had to do was to put him in his coffin and bury him up."

"Not so fast," replied another, the prominent feature of whose dress consisted of a tall, steeple-shaped white felt hat. "Not so fast. I reckon your woman don't hear that, and if she did, it

would take something more than thunder, manufactured by wagon-wheels and dirt, to frighten her. That's nothing but the pumpers and suckers."

"Glad of it," said Bear-skin. "For I want to kill something for supper before I go home. But your story about the pumping is too much for me to swallow. There's no truth in it."

"What 'ill you bet? I'll stake my Slay-bear against your Fail-not."

"It taint no use. Slay-bear's a good piece, I know, I brought down an eagle with it, once; but Fail-not kills as much game as I want. Besides, my old 'ooman tells me I had better not bet, and I think a sight of her judgment."

During the unsuccessful attempt to get their muskets staked against each other, the cause of the mysterious sound was developed by the approach, in the distance, of eight or nine large baggage wagons, drawn some by four, and others by six horses.

"We shall soon see now whether a horse knows where water comes from, and how to get it when the trough is dry. To create a necessity, I'll empty the trough."

The speaker stepped to the pump, which stood on the opposite side of the road; emptied the trough, and then re-adjusted it for the reception of water. The pump was one of which the handle always sprung up when used; so that all that was necessary to bring the water was simply to produce the downward motion of the handle—it would rise of its own accord.

Not knowing the particular question at issue, nor the nature of the experiment which was expected, I was the more careful in my observations. In a short time, the long string of wagons reached the tavern. Imagine, if you can, my pleasure and surprise to see one of the horses that was first unharnessed, finding nothing in the trough, deliberately lay his head on the handle of the pump, press it down, and make the water issue from the spout. As he raised his head the handle would spring up, but down again he would press it and force the water into the trough. In this manner the ingenious horse kept pumping until nearly all the others had finished drinking. He then left the handle; went round to the trough, drank as much as he wanted himself, then sedately walked into a long stable which was near, and took his place in one of the stalls, as though he had performed nothing unusual.

"That beats all natur," said the knight of the Bear-skin: "I'm glad I took my 'ooman's advice and didn't bet. Fail-not and I would a parted, sure."

"Does that horse always do so?" I asked, addressing the landlord.

"He always does when there's occasion for it, and that's why he's called Pumper and the others, who only drink, are named Suckers."

When I retired for the night my mind was busily occupied with these expressive appellations. I thought they were not exclusively appropriate to these quadrupeds, but that there were those who might worthily bear them among certain bipeds of my acquaintance. Indeed, it required but a limited exercise of the imagination to divide the whole human family into two classes, one of which should embrace all the pumpers, and the other the suckers of the human race.

## THE STUDY OF SCHILLER.

In the study of Schiller, I sat down one morning at his desk, and with ink dipped from an inkstand of Goethe, I took phrenological notes on a cast of Schiller's head. There was a seat and an occupation! But nothing is complete in this loose, fragmentary world. Why was there no mould from the cranium of Schiller's renowned friend? Because men are such laggards behind truth. The momentous, brilliant discovery of the physiology of the brain was promulgated in the beginning of this century, and first in Germany, by its great discoverer, Gall. And, still, though so easily verified, it remains unacknowledged by scientific men on the continent of Europe. In freer England, and freest America, its truth has been forced upon the scientific in a great measure by the enlightened perseverance of the laity. Goethe, whose sympathy with the spirit and processes of Nature was the source of his wisdom, meeting with Gall, who, in a tour through Germany, was expounding his newly-made discovery, received it at once into his mind, with that large hospitality which he always extended to new-comers from the realms of Nature. Pity that he had not cultivated acquaintanceship into intimacy. His name would have been a passport to this fruitful truth, and thus have hastened by half a century its acceptance among his countrymen. In that case, moreover, his friends and executors, knowing the scientific value of a fac-simile of his noble head, we should have had his by the side of Schiller's, to compare together and contrast the two.

The brain of Schiller, from its large size and general conformation, denotes uncommon energy, great force and warmth of character, and irresistible mental momentum. In his organization there was a rich mingling of powers. What he undertook he went at with a zeal that rallied his whole nature to the service, with a volume of impetus that bore him onward with burning velocity, and with a resolution that no obstacle could stay. His undertakings were high, his aspirations noble. Onward, onward, upward, upward! might have been his device. With all this fiery enthusiasm, this impatient activity, he undertook nought rashly. He was at once impetuous and prudent. He was self-confident, but with consciousness of his gifts he united an insatiable thirst for better than he could furnish. His ideal was so exalted it kept him ever learning and expanding. Goethe was often astonished, when they would meet after a not very long separation, to find what progress he had made in the interval. His intellect was under the spur of his poetic expansions fed by his hearty impulses. His mind was kept at red heat. His nature was earnest, and even stern. If there was in him no sportiveness or humor, neither was there any littleness. His love of fame was strong, but he sought to gratify it by lofty labors.

Schiller's intellect was broad and massive, not subtle nor penetrative. Hence, with all his material of sympathy and inborn passion, wherewith he energized and diversified his characters, they lack individuality and compactness. In the most finished there is a certain hollowness. It is not so much, that they are not distinctly enough dif-

ferenced one from the other, as that each is not tightly knit up into itself, as in Shakspeare and Goethe. Schiller was not the closest, most scrupulous thinker, and thence in creating characters he could not thoroughly interpenetrate the animal and sentimental vitality with the intellectual, which interpenetration must be in order that each personage have his definite, rounded, vivacious existence. Nor is the action in his dramatic structures always bound up in the severest logical chain. Schiller was not a Poet of the highest order; he was not prophetic, not a *vates*. He did not deliver truths, or embody beauty in creations, so much above the standard of his age that they have to wait for a higher culture to be fully valued. His generalizations have not the unfading brilliancy which those truths have that are wrought in the mine of emotion by the intensest action of reason. Between his intellect and his sensibility there was not that perfect accord which makes the offspring of their union at once veracious and ideal, and elastic from the compactness of their constituents. His grasp of intellect was not so strong as was his imaginative swing. When the cast was first put into my hands, what first struck me was the want of prominence in the upper part of the forehead.

Speaking of his early flight from Wurtemberg, Schiller describes the joy he felt in having thenceforward no other master than the Public. To an ardent young Poet it could not be but a joy, akin to that of moral renovation, to escape from the suffocation of tyranny, to find himself rid of a narrow King, and face to face with the broad multitude. But there is a still higher Tribunal,—through which, too, the Public is in the end more surely and permanently won than by direct appeal to itself,—the tribunal of Truth. To this and this alone the true Artist feels himself amenable. For, the Artist's function is, to purify the sensibility of his fellow-men, to instruct them by awakening a poetic admiration, to chasten their taste. By creations in harmony with the absolute true and beautiful, he develops and cultivates the latent æsthetic capability of the mass. His part is to be a teacher, not a flatterer or prosaic purveyor. Great Artists are always above their Public. Did Shakspeare suit himself to the common judgment of his day? So little so, that even the shrewdest of his contemporaries discerned not half the meaning and merit of his wonderful creations. He himself,—sublime isolation,—was the only one of his time who knew their transcendent worth. To think, that for more than a century there was in the whole world but one man who entirely enjoyed the Tempest and Lear, who was capable of fully loving Imogen and Juliet, and that man was Shakspeare. What kind of appeal to the general judgment of Charles the Second's generation was Paradise Lost? Wordsworth scorned the Public, who laughed at him, and having survived a half-century his earlier Poems, had the personal enjoyment of a tardy justice, his genius being acknowledged by a more "enlightened Public" than that which first so coldly greeted him, his later contemporaries paying him reverence as a true Priest in the service of Beauty and Truth. He had to make the taste by which he was appre-

ciated. Goethe, mentioning in a letter to Schiller, the limited sale of one of his best Poems, *Hermann and Dorothea*, comforts himself by adding ironically,—"we make money by our bad books." And Schiller himself, who always wrote in pursuit of a refined ideal, says somewhere, that the Artist's mission is to scourge rather than to truckle to the spirit of his age.

It is much for a man to possess several eminent qualities that keep him on a high level. Schiller was upborne by his poetic nature and his love of humanity. He had not the deepest sensibility for truth. Thus, although, under his poetic and generous inspirations, he appreciated and practically fulfilled the Artist's function, his impulse when first freed was towards fame. From the same source,—that is, the absence of arched roundness in the region of conscientiousness,—I would infer a want of punctuality in engagements, literary and other, and venture to conjecture, that by this failing his friend Goethe was occasionally somewhat put out.

Among the precious relics was the bedstead whereon Schiller slept, and whereon he died, at the early age of forty-six. Often, at night, he put his feet into a tub of cold water, placed under his writing-table, in order thereby to keep himself awake. He worked his brain to the uttermost, and wore himself out with the noblest labor. It were easy to figure him seated at his desk, with "visionary eye," and furrowed brow, intently elaborating thoughts which his pen hurriedly seized, when a knock, drawing from him an unwilling "Herein," he would lift his eyes with a look of almost sternness, for the unwelcome interrupter; and then suddenly his countenance would relax and beam, as the tall figure of Goethe advanced through the opening door, and rising with an eager motion, he would greet his friend with cordial words and hand-grasp. And the fever of his mind would subside. The calm power of the self-possessing Goethe would soothe him without lowering his tone; and when, after Goethe's departure, he set himself again to his work, it would be with the refreshed feeling of one who, towards the close of a mid-summer's day, has just bathed in the shady nook of a deep, tranquil stream.—*Scenes and Thoughts in Europe, by Calvert.*

**RATHER AWKWARD FOR A SPIRIT.**—An exchange has the following incident, illustrative of the mistakes which will unavoidably happen in the Spirit-land:

A gentleman was, a few weeks ago, interrogating the invisible author of certain raps, as to the disease of which he (the rapper) died. With considerable natural difficulty and delay, the reply was spelled out "consumption." The questioner looked a little dissatisfied; and a physician in the company, who was zealous in the faith, hastened immediately to explain that there are a variety of forms of disease, either of which may well enough come under the general name consumption. "That's all very well," said the questioner, "but it hardly applies to this case, for the man he professes to be, was blown up in a steamboat!" The rapper was too indignant to make any further revelations to that medium.

## CURIOUS DREAM ABOUT ARISTOCRATS.

We once had in the circle of our acquaintance, five persons of professedly aristocratic taste, who prided themselves upon their *birth*, their *money*, and their *station*. Old portraits lined their walls, of personages so stiff and demure that we feel sure none of them would ever have displaced their ruffs under any penalty but that—of hanging by the neck until they were dead.

We had been listening one evening, for the six hundred and sixty-seventh time, to the hum drum of a young lady (since spinster, now deceased) who made it a point to go over the list of her ancestors, and their exploits, invariably after other topics of conversation were exhausted; and when we state that the extent of her knowledge was limited to the fashions and—her ancestors, the reader may judge how often we bore the infliction during the course of twenty-four hours.

As we were seated in a peculiarly luxurious arm-chair that evening, and the numerous astrals threw a beautiful, yet subdued brilliancy over the aristocratic splendor of the apartment, we first grew reconciled to, and perfectly contented with the tympanum accompaniment; then losing all consciousness, fell asleep, by which exploit we were favored with the following dream:

We appeared to be sitting in another mansion, that of aristocrat No. 1, whose family tree began with a Saxon Earl, and ended with a pompous specimen of humanity, *four feet, six, worth a million*, and who wasn't a lord because he couldn't be. As we looked attentively at a yellow faded picture, representing a meeting of grantees in some starched old court, the canvas suddenly darkened, and opened, when behold! beyond was dimly shadowed the figure of what looked like a man. He was covered with a hairy cloth, and *with his fingers* was digging for roots which his children were voraciously eating. They were so unlike human beings that at first we took them for animals, and should still have considered them so, had we not have read underneath, "the ancestors of A— B—, Esq." Well, well, thought we, A. B. could never survive *this* sight; nor would he dare to be told that his fortieth grand-sire back lived on acorns, like a pig, and scratched them up like a monkey.

Again the scene changed. Two old men were bandying words together. One of them wrinkled, decrepid, and with filthy garments hanging from his limbs, and old battered hook over his shoulder, stooped over a gutter—it seemed in some narrow English street. Every moment or two he would pick over with the hook, and lift the matted rags swept from the refuse of house and shop.

The other, tattered, barefoot and sooty, a worn out faded red handkerchief folded about his head, a bag over his shoulder, his long fingers clutching a miserable portion of bread, his shrivelled cheeks hanging over a ludicrously high coat-collar that had once evidently fitted some other neck, was a veritable chimney sweep. How did my nerves shrink when a voice said, "these are the grandfathers four generations back of C— D—, Esq., the prince merchant, and E—

F——, the great financier. Both of them accumulated enough to set their sons up in the *same business* in a more *stylish* way. In consequence the family have steadily acquired wealth and reputation; but tell them not to boast over others, of their ancestors."

Slowly and steadily view No. 2 faded from sight, and a rude sort of butcher stall, or shamble, took its place, behind which stood a coarse burly man, cutting meat and talking familiarly with a stout red-faced woman, who wore shoes, but no stockings. It was curious, but the very thing he was saying was, "them *aristocks* ain't no better nor you, or I, Betty, vat sells meat and takes in vashing."

"The great, great, great paternal ancestry of G—— H——, the richest man on change, whose great grandfather was made a lord for catching at the runaway horses of Her Majesty," murmured the silvery voice, and before I could think the canvas was again occupied by a man scooping out great ladles of fat from a primitive looking boiler. All around on long shelves were rows of soap-bars, and the material in every process of making was displayed to my astonished vision. At that moment a young lady passed by, attired elaborately, but turning her head in an opposite direction to avoid, so we thought, the glance of the soap-maker.

"I—— J——, Esq., who feels himself above attending to any plebeian business, might learn a lesson from this scene, methinks," whispered the voice at my side; "here is the first germ of aristocracy. The soap-boiler, an honest, high-minded man, personally superintending the business from which he is realizing a vast fortune, stands before you, the ancestor of I—— J——, Esq., and his daughter, ashamed of his calling, refuses to notice him. This child, whom he idolized, married a beggared lord, and that was the foundation of what he calls greatness."

Suddenly we became conscious of a low monotonous noise; the soap-boiler and his haughty daughter melted strangely away, and with a light start we found ourself in the identical I—— J——'s parlor, listening to Miss Almira who was just finishing with, "it is said—and I suppose is true, that my father's great great grandfather was distantly related to the *Stewarts of England*, and that *Queen Mary of France* was his *forty-fifth* cousin. If so, then I am distantly related to *Queen Victoria of Europe*, and I think if ever I go there, I shall claim *cousinship*." *Boston Olive Branch.*

Is it not a matter for surprise, that while young ladies are so sedulously taught all the accomplishments that a husband disregards, they are never taught the great one he would prize? They are taught to be *exhibitors* abroad; whereas he wants a *companion* at home.

We all of us have two educations, one of which we receive from others; another, and the most valuable, which we give ourselves. It is this *last* which fixes our grade in society, and eventually our actual value in this life, and perhaps the color of our fate hereafter.

## THE DYING CHILD.

We copy from "Household Words," the touching conclusion of a painful story, entitled "The Three Sisters." The youngest sister, Gabrielle, has been cast off by her two elder sisters, Joanna and Bertha, hard, stern women, because she clung to her mother, who had disgraced them. Years go by, and one of the sisters is removed to another world. The story proceeds:—

It was a burial in a village churchyard, and standing by an open grave there was one mourner only, a woman—Bertha Vaux. Alone, in sadness and silence, with few tears—for she was little used to weep—she stood and looked upon her sister's funeral: stood and saw the coffin lowered, and heard the first handful of earth fall rattling on the coffin lid; then turned away, slowly, to seek her solitary house. The few spectators thought her cold and heartless; perhaps, if they could have raised that black veil, they would have seen such sorrow in her face as might have moved the hearts of most of them.

The sun shone warmly over hill and vale that summer's day, but Bertha Vaux shivered as she stepped within the shadow of her lonely house. It was so cold there; so cold and damp and dark, as if the shadow of that death that had entered it was still lingering around. The stunted evergreens, on which, since they first grew, no sunlight had ever fallen, no single ray of golden light to brighten their dark, sad leaves for years, looked gloomier, darker, sadder, than they had ever looked before; the very house, with its closed shutters—all closed, except one in the room where the dead had lain—seemed mourning for the stern mistress it had lost. A lonely woman now, lonely and sad, was Bertha Vaux.

She sat in the summer evening in her silent, cheerless room. It was so very still, not even a breath of wind to stir the trees; no voice of living thing to break upon her solitude; no sound even of a single footstep on the dusty road; but in the solitude that was around her, countless thoughts seemed springing into life; things long forgotten; feelings long smothered; hopes once bright—bright as the opening of her life had been, that had faded and been buried long ago.

She thought of the time when she and her sister, fifteen years ago, had first come to the lonely house where now she was: of a few years later—two or three—when another younger sister had joined them there; and it seemed to Bertha, looking back, as if the house had sometimes then been filled with sunlight. The dark room in which she sat had once been lightened up—was it with the light from Gabrielle's bright eyes? In these long sad fifteen years, that little time stood out so clearly, so hopefully; it brought the tears to Bertha's eyes, thinking of it in her solitude. And how had it ended? For ten years nearly, now—for ten long years—the name of Gabrielle had never been spoken in that house. The light was gone—extinguished in a moment, suddenly; a darkness deeper than before had ever since fallen on the lonely house.

The thought of the years that had passed since then—of their eventlessness and weary sorrow; and then the thought of the last scene of all—



that scene which still was like a living presence to her—her sister's death.

Joanna Vaux had been cold, stern, and unforgiving to the last; meeting death unmoved; repenting of no hard thing that she had done throughout her sad, stern life; entering the valley of the shadow of death fearlessly. But that cold death-bed struck upon the heart of the solitary woman who watched beside it, and awakened thoughts and doubts there, which would not rest. She wept now as she thought of it, sadly and quietly, and some murmured words burst from her lips, which sounded like a prayer—not for herself only.

Then, from her sister's death-bed she went far, far back—to her own childhood—and a scene rose up before her; one that she had closed her eyes on many a time before, thinking vainly that so she could crush it from her heart; but now she did not try to force it back. The dark room where she sat, the gloomy, sunless house, seemed fading from her sight; the long, long years, with their weary train of shame and suffering—all were forgotten. She was in her old lost home again—the home where she was born; she saw a sunny lawn, embowered with trees, each tree familiar to her and remembered well, and she herself, a happy child, was standing there; and by her side—with soft arms twining round her, with tender voice, and gentle, loving eyes, and bright hair glittering in the sunlight—there was one!

Oh, Bertha! hide thy face and weep. She was so lovely and so loving, so good and true, so patient and so tender, then. Oh! how couldst thou forget it all, and steel thy heart against her, and vow the cruel vow never to forgive her sin? Thy mother—thy own mother, Bertha, think of it.

A shadow fell across the window beside which she sat, and through her blinding tears Bertha looked up, and saw a woman standing there, holding by the hand a little child. Her face was very pale and worn, with sunken eyes and cheeks; her dress was mean and poor. She looked haggard and weary, and weak and ill; but Bertha knew that it was Gabrielle come back. She could not speak, for such a sudden rush of joy came to her softened heart that all words seemed swallowed up in it; such deep thankfulness for the forgiveness that seemed given her, that her first thought was not a welcome, but a prayer.

Gabrielle stood without, looking at her with her sad eyes.

"We are all alone," said she, "and very poor; will you take us in?"

Sobbing with pity and with joy, Bertha rose from her seat and hurried to the door. Trembling, she drew the wanderers in; then falling on her sister's neck, her whole heart melted, and she cried, with gushing tears,

"Gabrielle, dear sister Gabrielle, I, too, am all alone!"

The tale that Gabrielle had to tell was full enough of sadness. They had lived together, she and her mother, for about a year, very peacefully, almost happily; and then the mother died, and Gabrielle soon after married one who had little to give her but his love. And after that, the years passed on with many cares and griefs—for they

were very poor, and he not strong—but with a great love ever between them, which softened the pain of all they had to bear. At last, after being long ill, he died, and poor Gabrielle and her child were left to struggle on alone.

"I think I should have died," she said, as, weeping, she told her story to her sister, "if it had not been for my boy; and I could so well have borne to die; but, Bertha, I could not leave him to starve! It pierced my heart with a pang so bitter that I cannot speak of it, to see his little face grow daily paler; his little feeble form become daily feebler and thinner; to watch the sad, unchildlike look fixing itself hourly deeper in his sweet eyes—so mournful, so uncomplaining, so full of misery. The sight killed me day by day; and then at last, in my despair, I said to myself that I would come again to you. I thought, sister—I hoped—that you would take my darling home, and then I could have gone away and died. But God bless you!—God bless you for the greater thing that you have done, my kind sister Bertha! Yes—kiss me, sister dear; it is so sweet. I never thought to feel a sister's kiss again."

Then kneeling down by Gabrielle's side, with a low voice Bertha said:

"I have thought of many things to-day. Before you came, Gabrielle, my heart was very full; for in the still evening, as I sat alone, the memories of many years came back to me as they have not done for very long. I thought of my two sisters; how the one had ever been so good and loving and true-hearted; the other—though she was just, or believed herself to be so—so hard, and stern, and harsh—as, God forgive me, Gabrielle, I too have been. I thought of this, and understood it clearly, as I had never done before; and then my thoughts went back, and rested on my mother—on our old home—on all the things that I had loved so well, long ago, and that for years had been crushed down in my heart and smothered there. Oh, Gabrielle, such things rushed back upon me; such thoughts of her whom we have scorned so many years; such dreams of happy by-gone days; such passionate regrets; such hope, awakening from its long, long sleep—no, sister, let me weep—do not wipe the tears away; let me tell you of my penitence and grief—it does me good; my heart is so full—so full that I *must* speak now, or it would burst!"

"Then you shall speak to me, and tell me all, dear sister. Ah! we have both suffered—we will weep together. Lie down beside me; see, there is room here for both. Yes; lay your head upon me; rest it upon my shoulder. Give me your hand now—ah! how thin it is—almost as thin as mine. Poor sister Bertha! poor, kind, sister!"

So gently Gabrielle soothed her, forgetting her own grief and weariness in Bertha's more bitter suffering and remorse. It was very beautiful to see how tenderly and patiently she did it, and how her gentle words calmed down the other's passionate sorrow. So different from one another their grief was. Gabrielle's was a slow, weary pain, which, day by day, had gradually withered her, eating its way into her heart; then resting there, fixing itself there forever. Bertha's was like the quick, sudden piercing of a knife—a violent sorrow,

that did its work in hours instead of years, convulsing body and soul for a little while, purifying them as with a sharp fire, then passing away and leaving no aching pain behind, but a new cleansed spirit.

In the long summer twilight—the beautiful summer twilight that never sinks into perfect night—these two women lay side by side together; she that was oldest in suffering still comforting the other, until Bertha's tears were dried, and, exhausted with the grief that was so new to her, she lay silent in Gabrielle's arms—both silent, looking into the summer night, and thinking of the days that were forever past. And sleeping at their feet lay Gabrielle's child, not forgotten by her watchful love, though the night had deepened so that she could not see him where he lay.

"We will not stay here, sister," Bertha had said. "This gloomy house will always make us sad. It is so dark and cold here, and Willie, more than any of us, needs the sunlight to strengthen and cheer him, poor boy."

"And I too shall be glad to leave it," Gabrielle answered.

So they went. They did not leave the village; it was a pretty, quiet place, and was full of old recollections to them—more bitter than sweet, perhaps, most of them—but still such as it would have been pain to separate themselves from entirely, as, indeed, it is always sad to part from things and places which years, either of joy or sorrow, have made us used to. So they did not leave it, but chose a little cottage, a mile or so from their former house—a pleasant little cottage in a dell, looking to the south, with honeysuckle and ivy twining together over it, up to the thatched roof. A cheerful little nook it was, not over bright or gay, but shaded with large trees all round it, through whose green branches the sunlight came, softened and mellowed, into the quiet rooms. An old garden, too, there was, closed in all round with elm trees—a peaceful, quiet place, where one would love to wander, or to lie for hours upon the grass, looking through the green leaves upwards to the calm blue sky.

To Gabrielle, wearied with her sorrow, this place was like an oasis in the desert. It was so new a thing to her to find rest anywhere; to find one little spot where she could lay her down, feeling no care for the morrow. Like one exhausted with long watching, she seemed now for a time to fall asleep.

The summer faded into autumn; the autumn into winter. A long, cold winter it was, the snow lying for weeks together on the frozen ground; the bitter, withering, east wind moaning day and night, through the great branches of the bare old elms, swaying them to and fro, and strewing the snowy earth with broken boughs; a cold and bitter winter, withering not only trees and shrubs, but sapping out the life from human hearts.

He was a little delicate boy, that child of Gabrielle's. To look at him, it seemed a wonder how he ever could have lived through all their poverty and daily struggles to get bread; how that little, feeble body had not sunk into its grave long ago. In the bright summer's days a ray of sunlight had seemed to pierce to the little frozen

heart, and, warming the chilled blood once more, had sent it flowing through his veins, tinging the pale cheek with rose; but the rose faded as the summer passed away, and the little marble face was pale as ever when the winter snow began to fall; the large dark eyes, which had reflected the sunbeams for a few short months, were heavy and dim again. And then presently there came another change. A spot of crimson—a deep red rose—not pale and delicate like the last, glowed often on each hollow cheek; a brilliant light burned in the feverish, restless eye; a hollow, painful cough shook the little emaciated frame. So thin he was, so feeble, so soon wearied. Day by day the small, thin hand grew thinner and more transparent; the gentle voice and childish laugh lower and feebler; the sweet smile sweeter, and fainter, and sadder.

And Gabrielle saw it all, and, bowing to the earth in bitter mourning, prepared herself for this last great sorrow.

The spring came slowly on—slowly, very slowly. The green leaves opened themselves, struggling in their birth with the cold wind. It was very clear and bright; the sun shone all day long; but for many weeks there had been no rain, and the ground was quite parched up.

"No, Willie, dear," Gabrielle said, "you mustn't go out to-day. It is too cold for you yet, dear boy."

"But, indeed, it isn't cold, mother. Feel here, where the sun is falling, how warm it is; put your hand upon it. Oh, mother, let me go out!" poor Willie said, imploringly. "I am so weary of the hours. I won't try to run about, only let me go and lie in the sunlight!"

"Not to-day, my darling, wait another day; perhaps the warm winds will come. Willie, dear child, it would make you ill, you must not go."

"You say so every day, mother," Willie said, sadly, "and my head is aching so with staying in the house."

And at last, he praying so much for it, one day they took him out. It was a very sunny day, with scarcely a cloud in the bright, blue sky; and Bertha and Gabrielle made a couch for him in a warm, sheltered corner, and laid him on it. Poor child, he was so glad to feel himself in the open air again. It made him so happy, that he laughed and talked as he had not done for months before; lying with his mother's hand in his, supported in her arms, she kneeling so lovingly beside him, listening with a strange, passionate mingling of joy and misery to the feeble but merry little voice that, scarcely ever ceasing, talked to her.

Poor Gabrielle, it seemed to her such a fearful mockery of the happiness that she knew could never be hers any more forever; but, forcing back her grief upon her own sad heart, she laughed and talked gayly with him, showing by no sign how sorrowful she was.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, suddenly clapping his little, wasted hands, "I see a violet—a pure white violet, in the dark leaves there. Oh, fetch it to me! It's the first spring flower. The very first violet of all! Oh, mother, dear, I love them—the little, sweet-smelling flowers!"

"Your eyes are quicker than mine, Willie; I

shouldn't have seen it, it is such a little thing. There it is, dear boy. I wish there were more for you."

"Ah, they will soon come now! I am so glad I have seen the first. Mother, do you remember how I used to gather them at home, and bring them to papa when he was ill? He liked them, too—just as I do now."

"I remember it well, dear," Gabrielle answered softly.

"How long ago that time seems now!" Willie said; then, after a moment's pause, he asked a little sadly, "mother, what makes me so different now from what I used to be? I was so strong and well once, and could run about the whole day long; mother, dear, when shall I run about again?"

"You are very weak, dear child, just now. We mustn't talk of running about for a little time to come."

"No, not for a little time; but when do you think, mother?" The little voice trembled suddenly: "I feel sometimes so weak—so weak, as if I never could get strong again."

Hush, Gabrielle! Press back that bitter sob into thy sorrowful heart, lest the dying child hear it!

"Do not fear, my darling, do not fear. You will be quite well, very soon now."

He looked into her tearful eye, as she tried to smile on him, with a strange, unchildlike look, as if he partly guessed the meaning in her words, but did not answer her, nor could she speak again, just then.

"Mother, sing to me," he said, "sing one of the old songs I used to love. I haven't heard you sing for—oh, so long!"

Pressing her hand upon her bosom, to still her heart's unquiet beating, Gabrielle tried to sing one of the old childish songs with which, in days long past, she had been wont to nurse her child asleep. The long silent voice—silent here so many years—awoke again, ringing through the still air with all its former sweetness. Though fainter than it was of old, Bertha heard it, moving through the house; and came to the open window to stand there and listen, smiling to herself to think that Gabrielle could sing again, and half weeping at some other thoughts which the long unheard voice recalled to her.

"Oh, mother, I like that!" Willie murmured softly, as the song died away. "It's like long ago to hear you sing."

They looked into one another's eyes, both filling fast with tears; then Willie, with childish sympathy, though knowing little why she grieved, laid his arm around her neck, trying with his feeble strength to draw her towards him. She bent forward to kiss him; then hid her face upon his neck that he might not see how bitterly she wept, and he, stroking her soft hair with his little hand, murmured the while some gentle words that only made her tears flow faster. So they lay, she growing calmer presently, for a long while.

"Now, darling, you have stayed here long enough," Gabrielle said, at last, "you must let me carry you into the house again."

"Must I go so soon, mother? See how bright the sun is still."

"But see, too, how long and deep the shadows are getting, Willie. No, my dear one, you must come in now."

"Mother, dear, I am so happy to-day—so happy, and so much better than I have been for a long time, and I know it is only because you let me come out here, and lie in the sunlight. You will let me come again—every day, dear mother?"

How could she refuse the pleading voice its last request? How could she look upon the little shrunken figure, upon the little face, with its beseeching, gentle eyes, and deny him what he asked—that she might keep him to herself a few short days longer?

"You shall come, my darling, if it makes you so happy," she said very softly; then she took him in her arms, and bore him to the house, kissing him with a wild passion that she could not hide.

And so, for two or three weeks, in the bright, sunny morning, Willie was always laid on his couch in the sheltered corner near the elm tree; but though he was very happy lying there, and would often talk gayly of the time when he should be well again, he never got strong any more.

Day by day Gabrielle watched him, knowing that the end was coming very near; but, with her strong mother's love, hiding her sorrow from him. She never told him that he was dying; but sometimes they spoke together of death, and often—for he liked to hear her—she would sing sweet hymns to him, that told of the heaven he was so soon going to.

For two or three weeks it went on thus, and then the last day came. He had been suffering very much with the terrible cough, each paroxysm of which shook the wasted frame with a pain that pierced to Gabrielle's heart; and all day he had had no rest. It was a day in May—a soft, warm day. But the couch beneath the trees was empty. He was too weak even to be carried there, but lay restlessly turning on his little bed, through the long hours, showing, by his burning cheek and bright but heavy eye, how ill and full of pain he was. And by his side, as ever, Gabrielle knelt, soothing him with tender words; bathing the little hands, and moistening the lips; bending over him and gazing on him with all her passionate love beaming in her tearful eye. But she was wonderfully calm—watching like a gentle angel over him.

Through the long day, and far into the night, and still no rest or ease. Gabrielle never moved from beside him; she could feel no fatigue; her sorrow seemed to bear her up with a strange strength. At last, he was so weak that he could not raise his head from the pillow.

He lay very still, with his mother's hand in his; the flush gradually passing away from his cheek, until it became quite pale, like marble; the weary eye half closed.

"You are not suffering much, my child?"

"Oh, no, mother, not now! I am so much better."

So much better! How deep the words went down into her heart!

"I am so sleepy," said the little, plaintive

voice again. "If I go to sleep, wouldn't you sleep, too? You must be so tired, mother."

"See, my darling, I will lay down here by you; let me raise your head a moment—there—lay it upon me. Can you sleep so?"

"Ah, yes, mother; that is very good."

He was closing his eyes, when a strong impulse that Gabrielle could not resist, made her arouse him for a moment, for she knew that he was dying.

"Willie, before you sleep, have you strength to say your evening prayer?"

"Yes, mother."

Meekly folding the little, thin, white hands, he offered up his simple thanksgiving; then said "Our Father." The little voice, towards the end, was very faint and weak; and, as he finished, his head, which he had feebly tried to bend forward, fell back more heavily on Gabrielle's bosom.

"Good night, mother dear. Go to sleep."

"Good night, my darling. God bless you, Willie, my child!"

And then they never spoke to one another any more. One sweet look upwards to his mother's face, and the gentle eyes closed forever.

As he fell asleep, through the parted curtains the morning light stole faintly in. Another day was breaking; but before the sun arose, Gabrielle's child was dead. Softly in his sleep the spirit had passed away. When Bertha came in, after a few hours' rest that she had snatched, she found the chamber all quiet, and Gabrielle still holding, folded in her arms, the lifeless form that had been so very dear to her.

There was no violent grief in her. His death had been so peaceful and so holy, that at first she did not even shed tears. Quite calmly she knelt down by his side, when they had laid him in his white dress on the bed, and kissed his pale brow and lips, looking almost reproachfully on Bertha as, standing by her side, she sobbed aloud; quite calmly, too, she let them lead her from the room; and, as they bade her, she lay down upon her bed, and closed her eyes as if to sleep. And then in her solitude, in the darkened room, she wept quite silently, stretching out her arms, and crying for her child.

For many years, two gentle, quiet women lived alone, in the little cottage in the dell; moving amongst the dwellers in that country village like two ministering angels; nursing the sick, comforting the sorrowful, helping the needy, soothing many a death-bed with their gentle, holy words; spreading peace around them wheresoever their footsteps went. And, often in the summer evening, one of them, the youngest and most beautiful, would wend her quiet way to the old churchyard; and there, in a green, sunny spot, would calmly sit and work for hours, while the lime-trees waved their leaves above her, and the sunlight, shining through them, danced and sparkled on a little grave.

The man who sets out in life, without any system or rule to be guided by in his intercourse with men in business transactions, cannot expect to acquire what he anticipates, if it is wealth or fame.

## THE FIRST-BORN.

The First-born is a fairy child,  
A wondrous emanation!  
A timeless creature, fond and wild--  
A moving exultation!  
Beside the hearth, upon the stair,  
Its footstep laughs with lightness;  
And cradled, all its features fair  
Are touched with mystic brightness.

First pledge of their betrothed love--  
O, happy they that claim it!  
First gift direct from Heaven above--  
O, happy they that name it!  
It tunes the household with its voice,  
And, with quick laughter ringing,  
Makes the inanimate rooms rejoice,  
A hidden rapture bringing.

Its beauty all the beautiful things  
By kindred light resembles;  
But, evermore with fluttering wings,  
On fairy confines trembles.  
So much of those that gave it birth,  
Of Father and of Mother;  
So much of this world built on earth,  
And so much of another!

## MY PLAYMATES.

I once had a sister, O fair 'mid the fair,  
With a face that looked out from its soft golden hair,  
Like a lily some tall stately angel may hold,  
Half revealed, half concealed in a mist of pure gold.  
I once had a brother, more dear than the day,  
With a temper as sweet as the blossoms in May;  
With dark hair like a cloud, and a face like a rose,  
The red child of the wild when the summer wind blows.

We lived in a cottage that stood in a dell;  
Were we born there or brought there I never could tell.

Were we nursed by the angels or clothed by the  
fays,  
Or, who led when we fled down the deep sylvan  
ways,

'Mid treasures of gold and of silver?

When we rose in the morning we ever said "Hark!"  
We shall hear, if we list, the first word of the lark;  
And we stood with our faces, calm silent and bright,  
While the breeze in the trees held his breath with delight.

O the stream ran with music, the leaves dript with  
dew,

And we looked up and saw the great God in the  
blue;

And we praised Him and blessed Him, but said not  
a word,

For we soar'd, we ador'd, with that magical bird.  
Then with hand linked in hand, how we laughed,  
how we sung!

How we danced in a ring, when the morning was  
young!

How we wandered where kingcups were crusted  
with gold,

Or more white than the light glittered daisies un-  
told,

Those treasures of gold and of silver!

O well I remember the flowers that we found,  
With the red and white blossoms that damasked  
the ground;



And the long lane of light, that, half yellow, half green,  
 Seem'd to fade down the glade where the young fairy queen  
 Would sit with her fairies around her and sing.  
 While we listen'd, all ear, to that song of the spring.  
 O well I remember the lights in the west,  
 And the spire, where the fire of the sun seemed to rest,  
 When the earth, crimson-shadow'd, laughed out in the air—  
 Ah! I'll never believe but the fairies were there;  
 Such a feeling of loving and longing was ours,  
 And we saw, with glad awe, little hands in the flowers,

Drop treasures of gold and of silver.

O weep ye and wail! for that sister, alas!  
 And that fair gentle brother lie low in the grass;  
 Perchance the red robins may strew them with leaves,  
 That each morn, for white corn, would come down from the eaves;  
 Perchance of their dust the young violets are made,  
 That bloom by the church that is hid in the glade  
 But one day I shall learn, if I pass where they grow,  
 Far more sweet they will greet their old playmate, I know.  
 Ah! the cottage is gone, and no longer I see  
 The old glade, the old paths, and no lark sings for me;  
 But I still must believe that the fairies are there,  
 That the light grows more bright, touched by fingers so fair,

'Mid treasures of gold and of silver.

[London Leader.

## WEALTH.

The error of life into which man most readily falls, is the pursuit of wealth as the highest good of existence. While riches command respect, win position, and secure comfort, it is expected that they will be regarded by all classes only with a strong and unsatisfied desire. But the undue reverence which is everywhere manifested for wealth, the rank which is conceded it, the homage which is paid it, the perpetual worship which is offered it, all tend to magnify its desirableness, and awaken longings for its possession in the minds of those born without inheritance. In society, as at present observed, the acquisition of money would seem to be the height of human aim—the great object of living, to which all other purposes are made subordinate. Money which exalts the lowly, and sheds honor upon the exalted—money, which makes sin appear goodness, and gives to viciousness the seeming of chastity—money, which silences evil report, and opens wide the mouth of praise—money, which constitutes its possessor an oracle, to whom men listen with deference—money, which makes deformity beautiful, and sanctifies crime—money, which lets the guilty go unpunished, and wins forgiveness for wrong—money, which makes manhood and age respectable, and is commendation, surety, and good name for the young,—how shall it be gained? by what schemes gathered in? by what sacrifice secured? These are the questions which absorb the mind, the practical answerings of which engross

the life of men. The schemes are too often those of fraud, and outrage upon the sacred obligations of being; the sacrifice, loss of the highest moral sense, the destruction of the purest susceptibilities of nature, the neglect of internal life and development, the utter and sad perversion of the true purposes of existence. Money is valued beyond its worth—it has gained a power vastly above its deserving. Wealth is courted so obsequiously, is flattered so servilely, is so influential in moulding opinions and judgment, has such a weight in the estimation of character, that men regard its acquisition as the most prudent aim of their endeavors, and its possession as absolute enjoyment and honor, rather than the means of honorable, useful, and happy life. While riches are thus over-estimated, and hold such power in community, men will forego ease and endure toil, sacrifice social pleasures and abandon principle, for the speedy and unlimited acquirement of property. Money will not be regarded as the means of living, but as the object of life. All nobler ends will be neglected in the eager haste to be rich. No higher pursuit will be recognized than the pursuit of gold—no attainment deemed so desirable as the attainment of wealth. While the great man of every circle, is the rich man, in the common mind wealth becomes the synonyme of greatness. No condition is discernible superior to that which money confers; no loftier idea of manhood is entertained than that which embraces the extent of one's possessions.

There is a wealth of heart better than gold, and an interior decoration fairer than outward ornament.—There is a splendour in upright life, beside which gems are lustreless; and a fineness of spirit whose beauty outvies the glitter of diamonds. Man's true riches are hidden in his nature, and in their development and increase will he find his surest happiness.—*Portland Eclectic.*

## A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

"What is a special Providence?" said a lady to a clergyman, who formed one of a cheerful winter's evening party, seated around a brightly blazing fire, which cast its ruddy light over an antequely wainscotted room in which they were assembled.

"My dear madam," said he, drawing his chair still closer to the hearth, "you have touched upon a subject which perhaps I can better illustrate by anecdote than argument."

"By anecdote?—That will be delightful!" said a chorus of voices.

"The story which I am about to relate," said the clergyman, "although possibly one of the most remarkable of its kind, is yet no less strange than true. About fifteen years ago, I was appointed—I was then a young man—to a curacy in the town of Bradford, in the woollen districts of Yorkshire. Soon after my arrival, the town was electrified by the reports of robberies mysteriously perpetrated at a large mill in the neighborhood; but although of almost daily occurrence, and notwithstanding the most vigilant means were employed, all attempts to discover the guilty party were for a long time of no avail. The article stolen was cloth. The theft was effected by cutting pieces of a yard or so in length from the long

rolls in the warehouse. The first intimation which the firm obtained of the robbery was by the return of a large quantity of goods upon their hands marked 'short lengths.' They felt their honor as men of business involved, and immediately a searching investigation took place. All the 'rolls' in the warehouse were re-measured, and the result proved that nearly one-half of the stock had been tampered with. The 'hands' employed in the warehouse and mill were upwards of a thousand in number, and each was subjected to a long and painful inquiry. Nothing definite, however, was elicited. But although the theft was not brought home to any one, more than fifty persons were discharged on suspicion.

"Notwithstanding these precautions, however, reports of fresh robberies were from time to time circulated, and the thief seemed to bid fair to elude detection; but the daring delinquent was at length discovered. One of the partners in the firm being called by business to Sheffield, saw there, exposed for sale, in the window of a tailor's shop, a waistcoat-piece, of a pattern and quality made only, and that too very recently, by their own house—so recently, indeed, that to be fully prepared for the probable demand, they were still manufacturing, and had not, as yet, sent a single piece into the market. The gentleman immediately communicated with the police authorities; the tailor was waited upon, underwent a long examination, but stated a plain case, saying in few words, that the waistcoat-piece was part of a 'job-lot,' purchased from a man named James Burrows, of Bradford.

"This was sufficient. James Burrows was a confidential warehouse clerk, in the employ of the firm, and positively the last person on whom suspicion would have fallen. He was a professor of religion; a man of some standing among his sect, being a local preacher, Sabbath-school teacher, and class-leader.

"Returning to Bradford that same evening, the gentleman consulted with his partners. He had brought the piece of stolen cloth from Sheffield, and they resolved that, without Burrow's knowledge, every roll of that description should be unwrapped, until, by fitting at the point of severance it was matched with the piece from which it had been cut.

"The whole night was occupied in this manner, but the piece was discovered, and in the morning Burrows was confronted with the proofs of his guilt. Taken quite aback, and finding denial or excuse equally hopeless, he confessed all, acknowledged that, in violation of the trust reposed in him, he had committed all those robberies for which so many of his fellow-workers had been discharged with ruined characters, and pleaded hard for mercy.

"This, however, was out of the question. The firm were justly indignant. Burrows was committed for trial. They prosecuted—pressed the charge—conviction followed, and the judge, after remarking on the flagrant nature of the case, sentenced him to be transported for life.

"Convict discipline was even more severe than now. Burrows, upon whose destination, doubtless, the summing up of the judge was not without influence, was drafted with a gang of

malefactors of the worst possible class, to the extreme penal settlement. Here it was forbidden, under heavy penalties, that he should attempt to hold any communication with living soul, or even to write to his family, for three years. His occupation, and that of the gang, was packing wool, and while pursuing their labors the silent system was strictly enforced.

"Three years passed away. The circumstances of the robbery were fast fading from memory, when one morning, while some laborers were engaged in unpacking a bag of Australian wool at the Bradford mill, where Burrows had formerly worked, a letter, addressed in his handwriting to his wife, was found deep-buried among its contents. The letter was immediately taken to the counting-house. But the strange circumstances under which it was stated to have been found, induced in the minds of the members of the firm suspicions of its authenticity. To unravel the mystery, however, they resolved to open the letter. They did so, and it proved to be a genuine document. It came from Burrows himself. It set forth that he was well—that if he continued to behave himself, he should, in two years from that date be permitted to go to Sydney, where he prayed his wife to try and meet him. It also expressed his contrition for past offences, and his acknowledgment of the justice of his sentence, and his determination to lead a new life for the future."

"What a remarkable circumstance!" exclaimed several voices in concert.

"It was, indeed," continued the clergyman. "The letter was duly handed to Burrows' wife, and taking into consideration the mysterious train of events by which it had been brought in safety to its destination, a subscription was organised, and Burrows' family were sent out, so as to meet him at the time he requested. They duly met, and according to the last reports the man was bidding fair to retrieve his fallen position in society."

"A special Providence, indeed!" remarked the lady who had first started the subject.

"And such an extraordinary illustration," said another of the company.

"It teaches a most important lesson," said the clergyman. "It teaches humility. Reflect that this man, an outcast to society, while packing wool in a remote settlement of the antipodes, promiscuously placed a letter in the heart of one of those packages, which might have been sent to any part of Europe or America, indiscriminately. But, instead of this, after crossing twelve thousand miles of trackless ocean, it not only reaches England, but is forwarded to the very town, consigned to the very firm of whom Burrows was formerly a servant, and thus the letter falls into the hands of his family, for whom it was intended, and answers all the purposes for which it was written. This singular combination of events, I say, appears almost miraculous, yet the result should, while inculcating hope and trust in the Almighty Creator and Dispenser of good, teach the lesson that mercy is neither restricted to rank nor class, and that none of us for our supposed righteousness have a claim upon Heaven for any speciality of favors."

## HEROIC WOMEN OF THE OLDEN DAY.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

## EDITHA, THE SWAN-NECKED.

England was happy yet and free under her Saxon kings. The unhappy natives of the land, the Britons of old time, long ago driven back into their impregnable fastnesses among the Welsh mountains and the craggy and pathless wilds of Scotland, still rugged and hirsute with the yet uninvaded masses of the great Caledonian forest, had subsided into quiet and disturbed the lowland plains of fair England no longer; and so long as they were left free to enjoy their rude pleasures of the chase and of internal warfare, undisturbed, were content to be debarred from the rich pastures and fertile cornfields which had once owned their sway. The Danes and Norsemen, savage Jarls and Vilings of the North had ceased to prey on the coasts of Northumberland and Yorkshire; the seven kingdoms of the turbulent and tumultuous Heptarchy, ever distracted by domestic strife, had subsided into one realm, ruled under laws, regular and for the most part mild and equable, by a single monarch, occupied by one homogeneous and kindred race, wealthy and prosperous according to the ideas of wealth and prosperity in those days, at peace at home and undisturbed from without; if not, indeed, very highly civilized, at least supplied with all the luxuries and comforts which the age knew or demanded—a happy, free, contented people, with a patriarchal aristocracy, and a king limited in his prerogatives by the rights of his people, and the privileges of the nobles as secured by law.

Such was England, when on the death of Hardicanute, Edward, afterward called the Confessor, ascended the throne by the powerful aid of Earl Godwin, and re-established the old Saxon dynasty on a base which seemed to promise both durability and peace.

Had this Edward been in any sense a man, it is probably that the crown of England would have continued in the Saxon line, that the realm of England would have remained in the hands of an unmixed race, and that the great dominant people—most falsely named by an absurd misnomer Anglo-Saxon, since with the slightest possible coloring of the ancient British blood, they are the offspring purely of an intermingling of Saxon and Norman blood, owing to the former their stubborn pertinacity of will, to the latter their fiery energy, their daring enterprise and quick intellect—would never have sprung into existence to hold the balance of power, if not the absoluteness of sway on each side of the ocean, and in the four quarters of the globe.

But he was not a man, only a monk—a miserable lay monk—a husband of Earl Godwin's lovely daughter, yet a fanatical celibatarian—not fit to be a king—not fit to be a man—not fit even to be a Saxon monk, when monks were men like Becket.

Jealous of his Saxon nobles, he had recourse to Norman favorites, and England was already

half a Norman province, and William of Normandy his favorite, until the counter jealousy of his nobles compelled him again to have recourse to Godwin, and his gallant sons, Harold, and Gurth, and Leofwin, who cleared the kingdom of the intrusive Norman courtiers, re-established the Saxon constitution, and nominally as the ministers and deputies of the weak king; but really, as his guardians and governors, ruled England happily, well and lawfully in his stead.

Godwin, meantime, had departed this life, full of years and honors. Edward, the nephew of Edward the Confessor, whom he had invited over from Hungary, and destined to be his successor, had departed also, leaving his son, Edgar Atheling, a minor, heir to his empty expectations and his noble blood. And now what little intellect there was and spirit in the monk-king awoke, and he perceived, with that singular clearness of perception which sometimes seems to visit men, dull before and obtuse of intellect, when they are dying, that his people now would willingly adopt the Norman for a ruler, or submit to the sway of William the Bastard, to whom he had in past days well nigh promised the succession of his kingdom.

Therefore, of late, Harold, the son of Godwin, the flower of the whole Saxon race, and, in fact, heir ruler, as the king's lieutenant and viceroy, came to be looked upon by the whole Saxon population of the land, as their next Saxon king, in the to be hereafter. The jealousies which had disturbed the mind of Edward had long since passed away; and Harold, whom he once had looked upon almost with the eyes of popular aversion, he now regarded almost as his own son. Yet still the Saxon hostages, Ulfroth, the youngest son of Godwin, and Harold's brother, and the still younger son of Swega—who, in the time of his mad distrust of his own countrymen, his unnatural predilection for the Normans, had been delivered for safe keeping into the hands of William of Normandy—still lingered melancholy exiles, far from the white cliffs of their native land. And now, for the first time since their departure, did the aspect of affairs look propitious for their liberation; and Harold, brother of the one and uncle of the other, full of proud confidence in his own intellect and valor, applied to Edward for permission that he might cross the English channel, and, personally visiting the Norman, bring back the hostages in honor and security to the dear land of their forefathers. The countenance of the Confessor fell at the request, and conscious, probably, in his own heart of that rash promise made in days long past, and long repeated to the ambitious William, he manifested a degree of agitation amounting almost to alarm.

"Harold," he said, after a long pause of deliberation, "Harold, my son, since you have made me this request, and that your noble heart seems set on its accomplishment, it shall not be my part to do constraint or violence to your affectionate and patriotic wishes. Go, then, if such be your resolve, but go without *my* leave, and contrary to *my* advice. It is not that I would not have your brother and your kinsman home; but that I do distrust the means of their deliverance; and sure I am, that should you go in person, some terrible

disaster shall befall ourselves and this our country. Well do I know Duke William, well do I know his spirit, brave, crafty, daring, deep, ambitious and designing. You, too, he hates, especially, nor will he grant you anything save at a price that shall draw down an overwhelming ruin on you who shall pay it, and on the throne of which you are the glory and the stay. If we would have these hostages delivered at a less ransom than the downfall of our Saxon dynasty, the slavery of merry England, another messenger than thou must seek the wily Norman; be it, however, as thou wilt, my friend, my kinsman, and my son."

Oh! sage advice, and admirable counsel! advice how fatally neglected! counsel how sadly frustrated! Gallant and brave and young, fraught with a noble sense of his own powers, a full reliance on his own honorable purposes, untaught as yet in that hardest lesson of the world's hardest school, distrust of others, suspicion of all men, it is not wonderful that Harold thought lightly of the wisdom of the old in the self-sufficient confidence of youth.

Stranger it is, and sadder, that he thought lightly of the apprehensions, laughed at the doubts, and resisted the tears of one whom he had sworn to love dearer and better and more truly than any other living thing on earth, or in Heaven—whom, as yet, he did love as perfectly as any mortal man may love, who is ambitious for what is ambition, but the most refined and sublimated of all selfishness? Editha, the swannecked, the fairest, brightest, purest of the Saxon maids of England,—Editha, playmate of his guileless and happy boyhood—betrotted of his promising and buoyant youth—mistress—alas! alas!—though under promise still of honorable wedlock—of his aspiring and ambitious manhood.

For she too had loved not wisely, but too well: she too had fallen not an ignoble nor unreluctant victim to man's cupidity, ambition, selfishness and treason—and sad penance did she too, almost lifelong, for that one fatal error, and by most cruel suffering win its absolution.

"Be sure," she said, severely weeping with her fond white arms about his muscular neck, and her luxuriant light brown tresses floating around them both, clasped in that lingering, last embrace, like a veil of orient sunlight; "be sure, Harold, that if you do go on this fatal journey—fatal at once to you, and me and England—we never shall meet more on earth, until we meet ne'er again to sever in the dark grave. Nevertheless, go you will, and go you must; therefore no tears, no prayers of mine shall thwart the purpose which they may not alter, nor shake the spirit which they may not turn from its set will. The weird that is spued to every man when he is born, he must dree it to the end. And my weird is to die for you, as it is yours to die—in vain! in vain!—for England. But it is not our weird ever to be, or here or elsewhere, man and wife. Go your way, therefore, go your way, and God's blessings go with you, and be about you; but you and I have met this time, to meet no more forever!"

They parted; and on the morrow Harold set

forth upon his journey, as if it were in pursuit of pleasure, surrounded by a blythe train of gay companions, gallantly mounted, gorgeously attired, with falcon upon fist and greyhound at heel—gaily and merrily he set forth on that serene autumnal morning, for the coast of Sussex. And on the morrow Editha set forth upon her journey, as if it were to the grave, surrounded by her weeping attendants, clad in the darkest weeds, with veiled faces, and crucifixes borne before them—sadly and forebodingly she set forth on that serene autumnal morning, for the sequestered cloisters of the nunnery of Croyland.

Nor had Harold tarried long in the princely court at Avranches, ere all the sad prognostications, alike of the aged monarch and the youthful lady, were made good; for having been induced first to promise in an unguarded hour to aid William in obtaining the possession of the English crown, that wily prince soon enveigled him into swearing to the due performance of that rash and unholy promise, on relics the most sacred that could be collected, which were secretly concealed beneath the altar cloth, and displayed only when the unhallowed oath was plighted. The pledges on both sides were determined. Alice, the Norman's daughter, should be the Saxon's promised bride; Ulfrith, the Saxon's brother, should remain the Norman's hostage until the crown of Edward should bind the brows of William.

So Harold set sail immediately for England, leaving the brother—for whose liberty he came a suitor—ten times more deeply forfeit than he had been before, and to find the woman whom he had so disloyally foresworn, the bride of heaven, sequestered in the nunnery of Croyland.

On his first interview with Edward, he related all that had occurred—even his own involuntary oath! and the old sovereign trembled and grew pale, but manifested nothing of surprise or anger.

"I knew it," he replied, in calm but hollow tones. "I knew it, and I did forewarn you, how that your visit to the Norman should bring misery on you and ruin on your country! As I forewarned you, so has it come to pass. So shall it come to pass hereafter, till all hath been fulfilled. God only grant that I live not to see it."

Nor did he live to see it. But he did live to see Harold, once foresworn to Editha, foresworn again to Alice. For, being sent to suppress a rebellion in the North, raised by Morcar and Edwin, Earls of Northumberland and grandsons of the great Duke Leofric, against his own brother Tostig, he openly took sides with the former, espousing their sister Adelgitha, and pronouncing against Tostig, who fled infuriate to his father-in-law, the Duke of Flanders, soon to raise war against his native land and its kindred usurper.

For worn out with anxiety and sorrow, the feeble monk-king passed away, and was gathered to his fathers, leaving an imbecile heir to his throne of right, in the helpless Edgar Atheling, and two fierce, capable, and mutually detested rivals, in Harold, the Saxon, and the Norman William.

Little time had Harold, who stepped as by right, and of course, into the vacant seat of royalty, to attend now to wife or friend; for scarcely



was he seated on the perilous throne, ere the same gale filled the sails of two royal armaments, both hastening to his own shores to dispute his ill-won greatness—one from the cold shores of Norway, bearing the fierce and envious Tostig, backed by Harold Hardrada, king of Norway, with all his wild sea-kings and terrible Berserkers, under the flag of Norseland—the other from the sunny coasts of Normandy and the fair Cotentin, filled with the mailed Norman chivalry, the men who never charged in vain, or couched lance but to conquer, under the banner consecrated by the pope against the perjured and the traitor, led by the mighty bastard.

Still it is said that, false to Editha, false to Alice, he was again false to Adelgitha, and would have recalled his swan-necked beauty from the cold couch of vowed virginity, to the genial marriage bed, from the gray cloister to the gorgeous court, of which she should be the queen. But he met no response, save the most significant of all—silence.

The sinner had repented and become a saint. The weak girl had been ripened through the fire of anguish into the heroic woman.

How Tostig fared with his ally, Harold Hardrada, the gigantic, the bridge of Staneford witnessed; and the raven banner borne down the bloody streams of Derwent to the exulting Ouse, and the Saxon cry of victory! Hurrah for King Harold!

How William fared with his Norman chivalry, the downs of Hastings witnessed, and the heights, known to this day, of Battle, and the consecrated banner high in air, and the Norman cry of victory, "*Dex aide les gentils gens de Normandie.*"

It was the morning after the exterminating fight of Hastings. The banner blessed of the Roman pontiff streamed on the tainted air, from the same hillock whence the Dragon standard of the Saxons had shone unconquered to the sun of yester even! Hard by was pitched the proud pavilion of the conqueror, who, after the tremendous strife and perilous labors of the preceding day, reposed himself in fearless and untroubled confidence upon the field of his renown; secure in the possession of the land which he was destined to transmit to his posterity, for many a hundred years, by the red title of the sword. To the defeated Saxons, morning, however, brought but a renewal of those miseries, which, having yesterday commenced with the first victory of their Norman lords, were never to conclude or even to relax, until the complete amalgamation of the rival races should leave no Normans to torment, no Saxons to endure; all being merged at last into one general name of English, and by their union giving origin to the most powerful, and brave, and intellectual people the world has ever looked upon since the extinction of Rome's freedom. At the time of which we are now speaking, nothing was thought of by the victors save how to rivet most securely on the necks of the unhappy natives, their yoke of iron—nothing by the poor subjugated Saxons, but how to escape for the moment the unrelenting massacre, which was urged, far and wide, by the remorseless conquerors throughout the devastated country.

With the defeat of Harold's host, all national hope of freedom was at once lost to England—though to a man the English population were brave and loyal, and devoted to their country's rights. The want of leaders—all having perished side by side, on that disastrous field—of combination, without which, myriads are but dust in the scale against the force of one united handful, rendered them quite unworthy of any serious fears, and even of consideration to the blood-thirsty barons of the invading army. Over the whole expanse of level country, which might be seen from the slight elevation whereon was pitched the camp of William, on every side might be descried small parties of the Norman horse, driving in with their bloody lances as if they were mere cattle, the unhappy captives, a few of whom they now began to spare, not from the slightest sentiment of mercy, but literally that their arms were weary with the task of slaying, although their hearts were yet insatiate of blood. It must be taken now into consideration by those who listen with dismay, and wonder to the accounts of pitiless barbarity, of ruthless, indiscriminating slaughter on the part of men, whom they have hitherto been taught to look upon as brave, indeed, as lions in the field, but not partaking of the lion's nature after the field was won—not only that the seeds of enmity had long been sown between those rival people, but that the deadly crop of hatred had grown up, watered abundantly by tears and blood of either; and lastly, that the fierce fanaticism of religious persecution was added to the natural rancor of a war waged for the ends of conquest or extermination. The Saxon nation, from the king, downward, to the meanest serf, who fought beneath his banner, or buckled on the arms of liberty, were all involved under the common bar of the pope's interdict!—they were accursed of God, and handed over by His holy church, to the kind mercies of the secular arm! and, therefore, though but yesterday they were a powerful and united nation, to-day, they were but a vile horde of scattered outlaws, whom any man might slay wherever he should find them, whether in arms or otherwise,—amenable for blood neither to any mortal jurisdiction, nor even to the ultimate tribunal to which all must submit hereafter, unless deprived of their appeal, like these poor fugitives, by excommunication from the pale of Christianity. For thirty miles around the Norman camp, pillars of smoke by day, continually streaming upward to the polluted heaven, and the red glare of nightly conflagration, told fatally the doom of many a happy home! Neither the castle nor the cottage might preserve their male inhabitants from the sword's edge, their females from more barbarous persecution! Neither the sacred hearth of hospitality, nor the more sacred altars of God's churches, might protect the miserable fugitives—neither the mail-shirt of the man-at-arms, nor the monk's frock of serge availed against the thrust of such as the land, wherein those horrors were enacted, has never witnessed since, through many a following age.

High noon approached, and in the conqueror's tent a gorgeous feast was spread—the red wine flowed profusely, and song and minstrelsy arose with their heart-soothing tones, to which the feeble

groans of dying wretches bore a dread burthen from the plain whereon they still lay struggling in their great agonies, too sorely maimed to live, too strong as yet to die. But, ever and anon, their wail waxed feebler and less frequent; for many a plunderer was on foot, licensed to ply his odious calling in the full light of day; reaping his first, if not his richest booty, from the dead bodies of their slaughtered foemen. Ill fared the wretches who lay there, untended by the hand of love or mercy—"scorched by the death thirst, and writhing in vain"—but worse fared they who showed a sign of life, to the relentless robbers of the dead—for then the dagger, falsely called that of mercy, was the dispenser of immediate immortality. The conqueror sat at his triumphant board, and barons drank his health—"First English monarch, of the pure blood of monarchy." "King by the right of the sword's edge." "Great, glorious, and sublime!"—yet was not his heart softened, nor was his bitter hate toward the unhappy prince, who had so often ridden by his side in war, and feasted at the same board with him in peace, relinquished or abated. Even while the feast was at the highest, while every heart was jocund and sublime, a trembling messenger approached, craving, on bended knee, permission to address the conqueror and king—for so he was already schooled by brief, but hard experience, to style the devastator of his country.

"Speak out, dog Saxon," cried the ferocious prince; "but since thou must speak, see that thy speech be brief, and thou would'st keep thy tongue uncropped thereafter!"

"Great Duke, and mighty," replied the trembling envoy, "I bear you greeting from Elgitha, herewhile the noble wife of Godwin, the queenly mother of our late monarch—now, as she bade me style her, the humblest of your suppliants and slaves. Of your great nobleness and mercy, mighty King, she aues you, that you will grant her the poor leave to search amid the heaps of those our Saxon dead, that her three sons may at least lie in consecrated earth. So may God send you peace and glory here, and everlasting happiness hereafter!"

"Hear to the Saxon slave!" William exclaimed, turning as if in wonder toward his nobles, "hear to the Saxon slave, that dares to speak of consecrated earth, and of interment for the accursed body of that most perjured, excommunicated liar! Hence! tell the mother of the dead dog, whom you have dared to style your King, that for the interdicted and accursed dead, the sands of the sea-shore are but too good a sepulchre!"

"She bade me proffer, humbly, to your acceptance, the weight of Harold's body in pure gold," faintly gasped forth the terrified and cringing messenger, "so you would grant her that permission."

"Proffer us gold!—what gold? or whose? Know, villain, all the gold throughout this conquered realm is ours. Hence, dog and outcast, hence! nor presume e'er again to come, insulting us by proffering, as a boon to our acceptance, that which we own already, by the most indefeasible and ancient right of conquest! Said I not well, knights, vavasours, and nobles?"

"Well! well! and nobly," answered they, one

and all. "The land is ours—and all therein is—their dwellings, their demesnes, their wealth, whether of gold or silver, or of cattle—yea! they themselves are ours! themselves, their sons, their daughters and their wives—our portion and inheritance, to be our slaves for ever!"

"Begone! you have our answer," exclaimed the Duke, spurning him with his foot," and hark ye, arbalastmen and archers, if any Saxon more approach us on like errand, see if his coat of skin be proof against the quarrel of the shaft."

And once again the feast went on, and louder rang the revelry, and faster flew the wine-cup round the tumultuous board! All day the banquet lasted, even till the dews of heaven fell on that fatal field, watered sufficiently, already, by the rich gore of many a noble heart. All day the banquet lasted, and far was it prolonged into the watches of the night, when, rising with the wine-cup in his hand, "Nobles and barons," cried the Duke, "friends, comrades, conquerors—bear witness to my vow! Here, on these heights of Hastings, and more especially upon your mound and hillock, where God gave to us our high victory, and where our last foe fell,—there will I raise an abbey to His eternal praise and glory; richly endowed it shall be from the first fruits of this our land. Battle, it shall be called, to send the memory of this, the great and singular achievement of our race to far posterity—and, by the splendor of our God, wine shall be plentier among the monks of Battle, than water in the noblest and the richest cloister else, search the world over! This do I swear, so may God aid, who hath thus far assisted us for our renown, and will not now deny His help, when it be asked for His own glory!"

The second day dawned on the place of horror, and not a Saxon had presumed, since the intolerant message of the Duke, to come to look upon his dead! But now the ground was needed, whereon to lay the first stone of the abbey William had vowed to God. The ground was needed; and, moreover, the foul steam from the human shambles was pestilential on the winds of heaven—and now, by trumpet sound and proclamation through the land, the Saxons were called forth, on pain of death, to come and seek their dead, lest the health of the conquerors should suffer from the pollution they themselves had wrought. Scarce had the blast sounded, and the glad tidings been announced, once only, ere from their miserable shelters—where they had herded with the wild beasts of the forest, from wood, morass and cavern, happy if there they might escape the Norman spear—forth crept the relics of that persecuted race. Old men and matrons, with hoary heads, and steps that tottered no less from the effect of terror than of age—maidens and youths, and infants, too happy to obtain permission to search amid those festering heaps, dabbling their hands in the corrupt and pestilential gore which filled each nook and hollow of the dinted soil, so they might bear away, and water with their tears, and yield to consecrated ground, the relics of those brave ones once loved so fondly, and now so bitterly lamented. It was toward the afternoon of that same day, when a long train was seen approaching, with crucifix, and cross, and censer, the monks of Waltham abbey, coming

to offer homage for themselves, and for their tenantry and vassals, to him whom they acknowledged as their king—expressing their submission to the high will of the Norman pontiff, justified, as they said and proved, by the assertion of God's judgment upon the hill of Hastings.

Highly delighted by this absolute submission, the first he had received from any English tongue, the conqueror received the monks with courtesy and favor, granting them high immunities, and promising them free protection and the unquestioned tenure of their broad demesnes for ever. Nay, after he had answered their address, he detained two of their number, men of intelligence, as, with his wonted quickness of perception, he instantly discovered, from whom to derive information as to the nature of his new-acquired country and newly conquered subjects.

Osgad and Ailric, the deputed messengers from the respected principal of their community, had yet a farther and higher object than to tender their submission to the conqueror. Their orders were, at all and every risk, to gain permission to consign the corpse of their late king and founder to the earth, previously denied to him. But they, for all his courtesy to them, and kindness, churchmen although they were, dared not so much as to mention the forbidden name of their unhappy king—nor was there any hope that any tomb should receive the mangled relics of the last Saxon King of England, although the corpses of his brothers, Leofwin and Gurth, had been found on the hillock whereon the last Saxon blow was stricken, whereon the last Saxon banner floated—found recognized, though sorely mangled, and consigned to the grave with rites of sepulchre so freely granted as might have proved to those craven priests, that the wrath of the conqueror was at end, and that the valiant though fierce Norman was not one to wage war, after the first burst of wrath had blown over, on the gallant dead.

Tidings at length reached Editha, Editha, the swan-necked, who, deserted and dishonored when he she loved had a throne in prospect, had not ceased from her true-hearted adoration, but in her joyless home still shared her heart in silence between her memories and her God.

Her envoy won the conqueror's ear, and it is avouched that a tear dimmed his unblenching eye, when he heard her sad tale, received her humble prayer. He swore a great oath as he started from his regal throne, "By the splendor of God's eyes!" he swore, "a true woman! worthy to be the mother of men!" So her request was granted, and to their wonder and delight, Osgad and Ailric heard the mandate that they should seek for, and entomb the poor and fallen clay that so late boasted itself king.

Throughout the whole of the third day succeeding that unparalleled defeat, those old men toiled among the naked corpses, gory and grim, maimed and disfigured, festering in the sun, weltering in the night dews, infecting the wholesome airs of heaven with a reek, as from the charnel-house—toiled, if they might find the object of their veneration. But vain were all their toils—vain all their searchings, even when they called in the aid of his most intimate attendants, ay! of the mother that bore him. Leofwin and Gurth had

been recognized with ease, but not one eye, even of those who had most dearly loved him could now distinguish the mutilated features of the king.

But if there was no eye at Hastings, there was a heart at Croyland that could not be deceived, even by the corruption and the worm. Forth from her nunnery in Croyland, whence she had never thought to move again, save to her long last home, Editha, the swan-necked, came. Nine days had elapsed ere she should reach the fatal spot, and the appalling horrors of the search, the awful extent of the pollution, denied the smallest hope of his discovery. Yet she still expressed her full and confident conviction that she could recognize that loved one, so long as but one hair remained upon that head she had once so dearly cherished.

It was night when she arrived on the fatal field, and by the light of torches once more they set out on their awful duty.

"Lead me," she said, "Lead me to the spot where the last blow was stricken, where the last warrior fell."

And they led to the knoll where Leofwin and Gurth had been discovered. It was a hideous pile of pestilential carnage, horses and men, Normans and Saxons, piled on each other, twenty deep, around a shattered pole, which had been once the staff of the Saxon's royal banner.

She sprang down from her palfrey, unassisted, and with an instinct that nothing could deceive went straight to the corpse of Harold. It had been turned already to and fro, many times, by those who sought it. His mother had looked on it, and pronounced it not her son's, but that devoted heart knew it at once, and broke! Whom rank and wealth and honors had divided, defeat, ruin and death made one! and the same grave contained the cold remains of the swan-necked Editha, and the last scion of the Saxon kings of England.

Was not she, then, frail sinner as she was, one not the least heroic of the heroic women of the olden days, and with the truest woman's truest heroism!

THE SECRET.—"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied: 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and she is sure to be ready; and she has done many things during the day to please me, that I cannot find in my heart to speak unkind to anybody.' What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then: a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful."

## FAREWELL TO A SISTER.

Go forth to thine appointed rest,  
Beyond the broad sea-foam;  
Go forth, our fairest and our best,  
To thy far island-home!  
With him, thy youthful heart's approved,  
Thy mate for many a year beloved;  
In thy full matron bloom  
Go forth, to act, as fate commands,  
Thy part of life in other lands.

Kind thoughts attend thee, from the place  
Where thou hast been so long  
A daily sight, a household face,  
A mate in work and song;  
A flower to cheer, a lamp to shed  
Soft light beside the sick one's bed:  
To that beloved throng,  
Each act of daily life shall be  
A mute remembrancer of thee.

Full well we know, where'er thy lot,  
Thou canst not be alone;  
For Love, in earth's unkindest spot,  
Will find, or make its own;  
And from the green and living heart  
New friendships still, like buds, will start:  
But yet, wherever thrown,  
No ties can cling around thy mind  
So close as those thou leav'st behind.

And oft, while gazing on the sea  
That girds thy lonely isle,  
Shall faithful memory bring to thee  
The home so loved erewhile;  
Its lightsome rooms, its pleasant bowers,  
The children, that like opening flowers  
Grew up beneath thy smile;  
The hearts that shared from earliest years  
Thy joys and griefs, thy hopes and fears.

The sister's brow, so blithe of yore,  
With early care imprest;  
And she, whose failing eyes no more  
Upon her child may rest:  
And kindred forms, and they who eyed  
Thy beauty with a brother's pride;  
And friends beloved the best,  
The kind, the joyous, the sincere,  
Shall to thine inward sight appear.

And they, whose dying looks on thee  
In grief and love were cast,—  
The leaves from off our household tree  
Swept by the varying blast,—  
Oft, in the mystery of sleep,  
Shall Love evoke them from the deep  
Of the unfathomed Past,  
And Fancy gather round thy bed  
The spirits of the gentle Dead.

Farewell! if on this parting day  
Remorseful thoughts invade  
One heart, for blessings cast away,  
And fondness ill repaid;  
He will not breathe them—let them rest  
Within the stillness of the breast;  
Be thy remembrance made  
A home, where chastening thoughts may dwell:  
My own true sister, fare thee well!

THE GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN RIGHT  
AND WRONG, GOOD AND EVIL.

We are living in the midst of the agitation of great moral questions. Our lot is cast at a time when men's minds are more and more awake and alive to the true bearing and the right decision of these questions. They are questions which pertain to the deepest interests of mankind, to humanity and religion. It is easy to see, from a thousand signs, what a strong hold these subjects are taking of the mind and conscience of the age. Whoever watches the course of events; whoever looks with an observing eye on what is happening about him; whoever reads newspapers or hears common conversation, must know that there are topics now arresting the attention and exercising the thoughts of masses of men, which are destined to work mighty changes in society, in government, and in the church—topics that pertain, not to the outward and temporary condition merely, but to the solid, substantial, and permanent well-being of the human race. He must see that amidst much superficial effort and short-lived pleasure, much eager scheming and toiling for wealth, ambition and display, there is also a far deeper current flowing through the affairs of men—a far stronger tide setting straight toward a higher virtue, liberty and happiness. He will see that there is much sober reflection going on—much earnest feeling kindled and burning—much determined resolve forming in the heart, and prompting hands to work, in behalf of justice, truth, purity and love. He will see that "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," are beginning to be enthroned in that high place that belongs to them in men's minds, the place they held in the Apostles' reasoning and the Saviour's instructions. And whoever does not see this, must have his eyes lamentably blindfolded, either by selfishness or stupidity.

So, for example, while many, too many we admit, are found seeking only how money may be made, at all hazards, and striving by all means to make it, holding that to be the great end of life, and sacrificing all spiritual objects to that; there are others—an increasing number—who are pressing the profounder investigation, how business may be transacted on right principles; how commerce and trade may be reformed and made consistent with fairness and equity; how counting-rooms, shops and brokers' offices, may be cleansed of all deception, overreaching and ungenerous competition; how the acquisition of a livelihood may be conducted without lying and fraud, without oppressing the weak, or taking advantage of the poor, or cheating the ignorant. Those who study and labor for the renovation of the world's traffic, are on the side of right, of good, of the Lord: on whose side are the others, but that of wrong, of evil, of "the world, the flesh, and the devil?"

Again, while many—miserable victims of their sensual appetites—are ever plotting some new indulgence; stimulating their morbid passions, looking forward to the revel, the debauch, or the secret draught, and so enslaving themselves to their own infamy—others, a company of noble-hearted apostles, are devoting themselves with

If "Do as you would be done by" were made the "Common Law," much less parchment would be used.



the benevolence of true philanthropists, with the patient faith of martyrs, to redeeming these men from their vile bondage, to restoring them to their better reason, and lifting them up from intemperance, from lust, from the most degraded places of humanity, to self-control, chastity, peace, self-respect and virtue, till the glorious image of God is brought out again with all its native brightness and celestial beauty, in their human souls. These are on the side of Right and Good, and they will eventually triumph. Those who are on the other side, are battling for wrong and sin, trouble and confusion, darkness and decay, destruction and death.

It would be easy to name other points, about which the same vast struggle is going on—the struggle between wrong and right—between evil and good—between iniquity and righteousness—between the darkness of this world and the light of the world as it should be. It is around these high moral questions—questions relating to humanity and spiritual progress—that the great conflicting powers of the age range themselves and do battle.

Now it is the duty of every one to choose his side—to choose it thoughtfully, decisively and conscientiously—to choose it and maintain it like a man, like a Christian. They are questions which admit of no neutrality; no one of us can innocently try to be neutral upon them; whoever undertakes to be neutral must be false; for if your influence goes not clearly and unequivocally for the right, it will be sure to go, in despite of yourself, for the wrong.

Here is the whole frightful matter of intemperance. You see how it is agitating almost every State to its very depths—the whole social fabric, from the topmost pinnacle to the foundation—from institutions of learning to the vulgar frequenters of the foulest dram-shop—you find the topic of earnest conversation and excited discussion. Can any right-minded man or woman, any well-wisher to the best interests of humanity, be indifferent or stand aloof from this great struggle, with impunity? No; every one should choose his course of action, be decided, have his principles and influence established. There is a question of right or wrong—good or evil—to be decided.

Men do not shut their eyes, as before, on the shocking inequalities of the social condition, and on the different degrees of hardship and labor imposed on different classes. It begins to be understood that many of the rich are suffering from too little work, and many of the poor from too much work; and that the bodily, the mental and the spiritual health is impaired on the one hand by idleness and luxury, and on the other by overtasked exertion and privation. It is found that business might be done, and flourish just as well, if tradesmen would allow their clerks a larger share of the evening hours for intellectual improvement and the out-of-door exercise of the body; and indignation has justly begun to stir itself, at finding that some extensive dealers and merchants wring their profits out of the hands of poor sempstresses, whose days and nights of most exhausting toil yield them but a pittance after all. In these matters there is a right and a

wrong, and it becomes every one to do battle, in some way, for justice, charity, generosity and humanity.

Again, there is no question about the utter folly and wickedness of war. There is no end to the miseries and the crimes it inflicts on society. Humanity and morality call upon every one to lend a helping hand to put an end to it, once and for ever.

Again, we are in hazard of incurring that fatal mistake—the divorce of Christian morals from the policy of the State. We are on the verge of a wanton defiance of the Ruler among the nations. Let our good men—men of honor and integrity—men of high aims and pure love of country—rouse themselves. Let the nation come back to reverence for God and His will. Let the arm of justice be strengthened. Let mere expediency be vanquished by the right.

The struggle grows deeper, intenser every hour. Which side are we upon—that of Mammon, selfishness, sensuality? or that of purity and spirituality, truth and justice, peace and concord, benevolence and charity? On that side we are safe, and will come off conquerors; on the other, Hell and destruction are ever open.

## THE ATMOSPHERE.

**AIR IS VISIBLE.**—The blue color of the atmosphere on a fine day is well known. In proportion as we rise above the earth, the air becomes less dense, and the beautiful blue tint of the heavens disappears. Hence, travellers who have ascended to great heights, on the tops of mountains, tell us that the sky appears from those lofty elevations, of a greyish or blackish hue. This proves that the blue color does not belong to those portions of space in which the stars and other celestial bodies are placed, but solely and exclusively to the mass of air through which those bodies are seen. The same atmosphere, seen between us and the distant hills, causes the latter to appear blue.

It may, however, be objected, that if air be possessed of this peculiar kind of color, how is it that the air which immediately surrounds us is colorless? This objection is easily answered. There are certain colored bodies which reflect colored light so faintly, that it leaves no impression of color upon our senses. A glass of sea water, for example, if held up to the light, is perfectly limpid and colorless, but when we look at the ocean itself, the water appears green, it being there sufficient in quantity to render its color visible. In like manner, the air which fills an apartment, or which immediately surrounds us, when abroad, is not sufficient in quantity to be perceived; but when we view the immense mass of air in the firmament, when we fathom with our eye the depths of the aerial ocean above us, the blue color of the atmosphere is then distinctly visible. In proportion as the atmosphere is clear and free from vapors, this blue color becomes more intense, whilst it fades into a greyish or whitish hue, as the atmosphere becomes charged with them.

**AIR POSSESSES INERTIA.**—Inertia is that resistance offered by matter to any change in its condition as to rest or motion. A body at rest,

would continue forever at rest; in motion, forever in motion, if altogether uninfluenced by external causes. That a body at rest, a stone or a chair, for instance, cannot put itself into motion, independently of an external cause, is evident, forasmuch as it is borne out by fact and observation. We see that stones, chairs, tables, and other pieces of matter retain their places, and never move from them, unless some external force be applied; nor does any one imagine that they ever will. But, that matter in motion has a tendency to continue forever in motion, is not so evident; people think that it has a natural tendency to come to a state of rest, because they see that a stone or ball, if put into ever so violent motion, soon comes to a stand-still. But, if a little thought be given to the subject, it will be evident that all cessation of motion is to be attributed to the influence of some external cause; and that motion continues in proportion as those external influences cease. A ball, for example, if rolled on the ground, soon stops, owing to the friction of the uneven surface over which it moves; if it be rolled on ice, it continues longer in motion, and rolls much further, the smooth surface of the ice offering less resistance; but then, there is the resistance of the air, and the attraction of the earth; if these could be removed the body would roll forever. Now, that air, in common with solid and fluid matter, possesses this property of inertia, a number of familiar facts abundantly prove.

*The resistance which air, in a state of rest, offers to a moving body, is a striking proof of its inertia.* When the atmosphere is calm and free from winds, the particles of air maintain their position, and are in a state of rest. If a solid body, presenting a surface, be moved through the air whilst in this condition, a sensible resistance is encountered, arising from the particles of air attempting to maintain their position. The resistance of air, occasioned by its inertia, is felt in running, or when the hand is waved through it, backwards and forwards. The flame of a candle moved rapidly detects it.

Birds are enabled to fly by means of this resistance. In opening their wings, they cut the air by presenting their edge; but in closing they strike the air with their flat surface, like the motion of an oar in water. Birds do not fly above half a mile in height, and seldom more than one hundred yards. At considerable elevations, the atmosphere is too rarified to support them. Hence, those birds which rise to a great height in the atmosphere have large wings; as, for instance, the eagle, by means of which they are enabled to support themselves in the comparatively thin medium in which they move. Were it possible for a bird to live without respiration, in a place void of air, it would no longer possess the power of flight. Birds let go from balloons, at vast elevations in the atmosphere, fall rapidly into the denser strata of air below their surface, where they again recover their power of flight, the air not being sufficiently dense in those elevated regions to offer the necessary leverage or resistance for their wings.

On the deck of a steamer, a breeze is felt blowing from stem to stern, even in the calmest day, when not a zephyr lifts a leaf on shore, which is occasioned by the vessel displacing the air as it

passes through it, exactly in the same manner as it displaces the water, and causing, as a consequence, a current of air to flow over the deck. A similar breeze, arising from atmospheric resistance, is felt on the outside of a steam-carriage, and, though formerly accounted a slight obstacle, is now found to be one of the most formidable hindrances to the velocity of the train; for as the resistance of the air increases directly as the ratio of the velocity of the train increases, its power becomes immense.

A cannon ball will travel twenty or thirty miles in vacuo, or in a space without air; but the resistance of the air limits its range to two or three miles.

THE RESISTANCE WHICH AIR IN A STATE OF MOTION OFFERS TO A BODY AT REST, IS ANOTHER MANIFESTATION OF ITS INERTIA.—We have seen that a body at rest would continue forever at rest; in motion, forever in motion, if altogether uninfluenced by external causes. This tendency of bodies to continue in the same state of motion or rest, is termed their inertia. Every example of the power of the wind (for wind is nothing but air in motion) is an example of the inertia of the atmosphere, and the strength of the wind like that of every other moving body, depends entirely upon the quantity of air in motion, and the velocity with which it moves.

When the wind blows one mile an hour, it is hardly perceptible; four, a gentle gale; 20 to 25, very brisk; 30 to 35, a very high wind; 50 to 60, a storm; 80 to 100, a hurricane uprooting the forests and sweeping the earth. The instrument used for measuring the force and velocity of the wind is termed an Anemometer. When the wind is gentle on the surface of the earth, it may be moving at the rate of from 60 to 80 miles an hour, in the higher regions of the atmosphere. This has been determined by the distance travelled by aeronauts, and by observing the shadows of clouds moving along the ground. The aeronaut travelling at the most enormous rate never feels the wind as he moves with it.

AIR IS POSSESSED OF GRAVITY OR WEIGHT.—The weight, or downward pressure of the air, is occasioned by the attraction of the earth, producing what is called atmospheric pressure. This pressure is exerted equally in all directions, the upward pressure of the air being equal to its downward pressure. By the following simple experiments, our readers may convince themselves of the upward pressure of the air.

*Experiment 1.* Fill a wine-glass with water place a slip of paper on the brim, so as to cover it entirely, and placing the palm of the hand on the paper, invert the glass; on removing the hand, the upward pressure of the atmosphere will cause the paper to adhere to the glass.

*Expt. 2.* Close one end of a glass tube, two feet in length and one-sixth of an inch bore, with a cork, fill it with water, and placing one finger on the open end, invert it; on removing the finger, the upward pressure of the atmosphere will keep the water in the tube.

The peculiar gurgling sound which is produced in decanting bottles, is occasioned by the upward pressure of the atmosphere, which forces the air through the water into the bottles, to fill up the

vacuum created by the escape of the water. So long as the neck of the bottle is choked up with fluid, the water, in coming out, is intercepted by the entrance of the air, and flows with a gurgling and interrupted sound; but if the bottle be so inverted, that the liquid, in flowing out, only partially fills the neck, the flow of the water will be continuous and uninterrupted and no sound takes place.

It is in like manner owing to the upward pressure of the air that it supports clouds and other vapors which are seen floating in it. This phenomena proves the upward pressure of the air, in the same manner as a piece of floating wood or cork indicates the upward pressure of the water which supports it. On the same property depends the slow fall of light bodies, as paper, feathers, and snow, through the atmosphere, the upward pressure of the air impeding their descent. The upward pressure of the atmosphere in fact controls and modifies the effect of all falling bodies. Were it possible for the clouds to be supported, and the atmosphere to be removed, drops of rain falling from them would descend with the velocity and weight of shot to the earth's surface. This curious fact is finely exemplified by the philosophical instrument called the water-hammer.

The water-hammer is a glass tube, hermetically sealed, containing at one end a vacuum or space, without air, and at the other water. Upon inverting the tube, the water falls through the vacuum to the other end of it, as if it were lead, producing a short clicking sound. This noise is occasioned through the want of air to break the velocity of its fall. *The downward pressure of the air may be detected in the following manner:*

*Exp't. 3.* Procure a tin vessel shaped like a common phial, with the bottom full of very small holes; plunge it in water, with its mouth open, and when full, cork it so as entirely to exclude the access of the external air, then remove the vessel from the water. So long as it is kept corked, the upward pressure of the atmosphere will keep in the water; but when the cork is withdrawn, the downward pressure will cause it to stream through the holes at the bottom of the vessel.

*Exp't. 4.* Boil a small quantity of water in a retort, place a cork in the beak, and condense the steam by plunging the retort in cold water; now put the retort in an upright position, its beak being still below the surface of the water; remove the cork, and the downward pressure of the air on the surface of the water in the vessel, will force it with considerable violence into the retort, which will become immediately nearly filled with water.

This experiment is a very striking manifestation of atmospheric pressure.

It may, however, be objected, that we are not sensible of any weight in the air, which is, in fact, proverbial for its lightness; but science teaches us to rectify the deceptions of the senses. There is no difficulty in disposing of the objection, and this, too, in a very satisfactory manner. The answer is, that the effects of the pressure of the air around us are counteracted by the air that is within us; so that things are in a state of equilibrio. The surface of the body is covered with

innumerable pores through which the insensible perspiration passes, which pores communicate with the atmosphere. Free and speedy access is thus given to the air to every part of the body; and hence the body is no more damaged by this pressure than a wet sponge is deranged by being plunged in water.

If, however, by any contrivance, we can cut off the communication between any part of the body and the surrounding atmosphere, then the elastic force of the air in the body will cause it to swell out into the vacuum, as in the operation of cupping, and we shall become powerfully, and even painfully, sensible of the pressure of the atmosphere.

*Exp't. 5.* Rarify the air in a wine-glass, by means of a piece of lighted paper conveyed into its inside, and instantly apply it to the palm of the hand, so as to exclude the surrounding atmosphere. The air in the wine-glass will cool and contract in volume, and the pressure of the external air will fasten the glass to the hand, the air in the hand at the same time expanding and causing the soft part of the palm to swell out into the vacuum.

The necessity of some inward seriform fluid, to sustain the outward pressure of the air, is well seen in the collapsing of cylinders and boilers, when, by some accident, the steam in them becomes condensed and a vacuum is formed. A simple experiment will illustrate this.

*Exp't. 6.* Boil a little water in a tin vessel provided with a stop-cock; when steam issues from the vessel, turn the stop-cock, so as to confine the steam, and pour a quantity of cold water on the sides of the vessel; a vacuum will be formed in the vessel, and its sides will be immediately crushed in by the powerful pressure of the external air. C.

RICH MEN are indispensable for the culture of the fine arts; and it is scarcely possible to find a work of great magnitude and beauty combined that did not originate with them. Sometimes a Prince, for the sake of his soul, and sometimes an old usurer, for a similar reason, devoted the spoils of an ill-spent life for a great public benefit; but in either case it was the rich man who did what the public at large would never have thought of. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, was mainly assisted in its construction by the immense fortune of Thibout, an old miser, whose conscience pricked him in the evening of life for the sins of the morning and meridian thereof; and, in making confession to the Archbishop of Paris, he was solemnly advised to make atonement to Heaven by the dedication of his fortune to the services of the Church. He yielded to the reasoning of the pious prelate, and thus arose that venerable building in which the Kings, and Emperors, and Prince Presidents of France, receive their consecration. Would even the French people ever have constructed such a building by subscription, or appropriation of the public revenue? Never.

Education is the proper employment, not only of our early years, but of our whole lives.

## LOVE.

Oh! if there is one law above the rest,  
 Written in Wisdom—if there is a word  
 That I would trace as with a pen of fire  
 Upon the unsullied temper of a child—  
 If there is anything that keeps the mind  
 Open to angel visits, and repels  
 The ministry of ill—*'tis Human Love!*  
 God has made nothing worthy of contempt.  
 The smallest pebble in the well of 'ruth  
 Has its peculiar meanings, and will stand  
 When man's best monuments wear fast away.  
 The law of Heaven is *Love*—and though its name  
 Has been usurped by passion, and profaned  
 To its unholy uses through all time,  
 Still, the external principle is pure;  
 And in these deep affections that we feel  
 Omnipotent within us, can we see  
 The lavish measure in which love is given.  
 And in the yearning tenderness of a child  
 For every bird that sings above its head,  
 And every creature feeding on the hills,  
 And every tree and flower, and running brook,  
 We see how everything was made to love,  
 And how they err, who, in a world like this,  
 Find anything to hate but human pride.

WILLIS.

## IMAGINARY CURES.

The power of imagination, in the cure of certain diseases, is a fact well known. To aid the imagination, or, to stimulate the patient's faith, certain rites or forms have to be observed. Some of these are curious and ridiculous enough, and none of them are based upon any rational system of cure. In rural districts, agues are frequently cured by this means. The patient is directed to do some out of the way thing, and assured, that if he will strictly follow the prescribed forms, the disease will leave him; and, singularly enough, the result in many cases follows the prediction. In a recent number of "Notes and Queries," we find this statement: "About a mile from Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, on a spot where two roads cross each other, are a few oak trees called *cross oaks*. Here aguish patients used to resort, and peg a lock of their hair into one of these oaks, then, by a sudden wrench, transfer the lock from their head to the tree, and return home with the full conviction, that the ague had departed with the severed lock. Persons now living, affirm they have often seen hair thus left, pegged into the oak, for one of these trees only was endowed with the healing power. The frequency of failure, however, to cure the disease, and the unpleasantness of the operation, have entirely destroyed the popular faith in this remedy; but that expedients quite as absurd and superstitious, and even more disgusting, are still practised to remove diseases, is fully proved by several instances recorded in "Notes and Queries."

There is, in this city, a gentleman of standing, intelligence, and scientific acquirements, who, curious to try the effect of imagination upon a certain order of minds, gave out, in a quiet way, that he could cure the ague. No very long time passed before his alleged power was put to the

test. He was called on by a man or woman, we do not know which, and asked if it were true that he could cure the "chills." He replied, very gravely, in the affirmative. On being told that his visitor was suffering from the disease, and wished to be cured, he requested him (we are not certain that in this we are precisely correct—but it is of little consequence) to place his left fingers on his right pulse; after a few moments, he was told to place his right fingers on his left pulse. "Which pulse beats the strongest?" was now asked, with all imaginable seriousness. It mattered not what reply was made by the patient; the answer was, in all cases, the same. "You will have just two more chills. After that, the ague will leave you." And, curious enough, in many cases, the result was according to the prediction.

In the publication before mentioned, is the following from a correspondent:—"Looking over some family papers, lately, I found the following charm to cure the ague in an old diary: the date on the paper is 1751. I send it to you. '*Charm to cure the Ague*.—When Jesus saw ye cross, whereon his body should be crucified, his body shook, and ye Jews asked him had he the ague? He answered and said, 'Whosoever keepeth this in mind or writing, shall not be troubled with Fever or Ague;' so, Lord, help thy servant trusting in thee. Then say the Lord's prayer. This is to be read before it is folded, then knotted, and not opened after."

Not long since, the following charm was practised in an English village, on a poor lad, subject to epileptic fits. Nine sixpences were procured from nine virgins ("for which they were to be neither asked nor thanked:") the money was then made into a ring, which the child wore; but with no satisfactory result.

There is matter for thought in the subject here introduced. Some will settle the whole thing by saying they don't believe a cure was ever made by means such as have been instanced; while others will admit the facts, and endeavor to account for them on rational principles. The easy, and common mode by which these phenomenas are disposed of, is to say that the imagination does everything. But, this is not quite so satisfactory as many could wish. How does imagination accomplish so singular a work—going, often, in advance of the most experienced physician? There is something, we think, beyond the simple imaginative faculty of the mind. Disease, it has been assumed, and by high authority, is of mental origin. The power of the mind over the body is known. In fact, the body is nothing but the material investure of the soul, and obedient to it in every thing. Without the soul, it would be mere dead matter. How quickly does bodily ailment follow mental disease! Many a serious spell of sickness has originated in jealousy or from violent passion. If disease has its origin in the mind, then there may be mental cures. In other words, the mind may be brought into a state in which mental action will suspend the activity of disease in the body. Is it very hard to believe this? We think not.

With these remarks on the curious facts above given, we leave the subject with the reader.



## A REMARKABLE CAVERN.

The Cincinnati Commercial gives the following sketch of the newly discovered "Wyandotte Cave," in Crawford county, Indiana:—

Near the town of Leavenworth, in the State of Indiana, and not far from the Ohio river, there is an extensive and very remarkable cavern, which, though not possessing all of that diversity of interest exhibited in the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, will yet, in many of its features, compare very favorably with the latter, and in some points far exceeds in grandeur and sublimity anything yet discovered there.

The land, upon which the cave is situated, was purchased from the United States Government by Mr. Henry P. Rothrock, the present proprietor. The fact of the existence of a cave here was known by the early settlers in the neighborhood since the year 1820, but it remained almost unexplored until a very short time since. That portion which has been known for many years is now called the "old cave," to distinguish it from the larger and more recently explored part, which is commonly known as the "new cave," and which has been traversed for the first time by white men within only eighteen months past. The exact location of Wyandotte Cave (for such is the name by which it is known) is about six miles east-northeast of the town of Leavenworth, on Blue River, formerly called Wyandotte River, Crawford county, Indiana, and not very far from the boundary line of Crawford and Harrison counties.

After dinner we commenced our preparations for entering the cave:—lamps and torches were prepared, trimmed and filled; these lamps, made of tin, had been manufactured to order in the city, for our special purpose. Some were formed with a socket in the bottom, and carried on the end of a stick five feet long—others, however, of a much more convenient form, were carried with a swinging handle like that of a kettle, a circular shade of the tin being formed about five inches below the hand, that served to keep the offensive lamp-smoke from the bearer, and prevented the glare of the flame from dazzling the eye. Beside the lamps and torches, several of the gentlemen had prepared fire-works of different kinds to illumine the dark halls, lanes and grottoes of the subterranean city. Last of all, we encased ourselves in rough suits, ready for all emergencies, and sallied out. That afternoon our explorations were preliminary and general, but on the next morning we commenced the work in earnest. The entrance of the cave is near the top of a lofty and very extensive hill:—after ascending about one-half a mile from the house by a steep winding path, you will observe the entrance; it is on the west side of this vast hill, and at an elevation of about 120 feet above Blue River. The entrance is about four feet high by seven broad. Just within the mouth we lighted our lamps. Their sickly yellow flame contrasted strangely with the thick blackness of the cavern on the one side, and the radiance of the sunlight without. The storm of the previous day had entirely subsided and died away; and the opening clouds showed the calm blue above, and we felt almost reluctant to bid adieu to nature in her fresh and smiling

attire, and descend into these deep, dismal vaults. The damp air comes clinging around your limbs, and you shrink instinctively from the cold chilling embrace of the genius that presides over this sepulchral region.

In all large caverns there is a current of air more or less strong, either blowing out or inward; this depends upon the season of the year, or more properly the temperature of the external air; in winter the external air is inhaled by the cavern, and passes in under a brisk draft, while in the summer the cool air of the cave is breathed out. The mean temperature of the "Wyandotte Cave" during the whole year is 58 or 60 degrees Fahrenheit—it would, consequently, in summer, be cold, and in winter warm. A few feet within the mouth the proprietor has erected a wooden door to prevent the ingress of intruders; this being unlocked we were ushered into a long, low apartment, not remarkable for anything striking or unusually interesting. The ground here (as in a large portion of the cave) is strewn, and in some places entirely covered, with fragments and enormous masses of rock, that have evidently fallen from the roof at some early day; these huge pieces, of many tons in weight, lie in extensive irregular and chaotic heaps, and seem to have been shaken down by some violent convulsion of nature.

It is the unusual exertion and fatigue of clambering over these enormous piles that doubtless cause many travellers greatly to magnify the distances traversed by them in these caves. Now our party, by means of a line 100 feet long, (using a tape of 50 feet for shorter distances,) took some very accurate measurements of the apartments and windings, and were satisfied thereby that the distances in these caves are often very much overrated. It is easy for one entering a cave, for the first time, to be deceived in this respect, where the path is blocked up with heaps of from ten to twenty feet high, and he is to climb over them, or he is obliged to walk thirty or forty yards in a constrained and stooping posture, and then for an equal distance is down upon all fours, crawling along, and then suddenly has to take a steep descent, lamp in hand, cautiously threading his way downward, at the imminent danger, if he does not at each step secure a firm foothold, of losing his balance, and being dashed headlong to the bottom. After all these difficulties, requiring infinite toil and patience, and testing his vigor, he will easily be persuaded that he has travelled at the least a half mile, but let him reduce the distance to actual measurement, and he will be surprised to find that he has scarcely exceeded 1,200 feet. Far beyond the first door is a second, leading to a different branch of the cave. From mere conjecture I supposed that we had come three-fourths of a mile from the first door, yet on reference to our notes I found that we had come only about 1,000 feet! Some portions of the floor of the cave are covered with salt earths, from which large portions of Epsom salt have been manufactured—as many as twelve pounds of salts have been produced from a bushel of earth.

It would fill a volume to give a detail of all, or even most of the objects of curiosity and wonder amid those realms of solitude and darkness that

attract the eye of the traveller at almost every step, invite his investigation or speculation, and fill him with emotions of delight and astonishment. One of the grandest and most stately of these is "Monument Mountain," which rises in the centre of "Wallace's Grand Dome." This dome is about 300 feet in length, by 150 broad. The immense mass of rock composing the mountain is vaulted over by the roof of the cavern itself, that spans the whole, and rises at this point from the base of the mountain to an altitude of 150 feet. Upon the top of the mountain are three beautiful stalagmites, formed by the slow dripping of the water through the limestone roof; their snowy line contrasts strongly with this thick gloom around; their beautiful forms, from this circumstance, are revealed to the eye even by the feeble ray of a single lamp; they are each about four feet high, and about six inches in thickness, and exceedingly white. Upon the top of the mountain, and alongside of these stalagmites, we lighted one of our largest Bengal lights; it emitted a very brilliant red flame, and burning for several minutes, afforded a gorgeous illumination—the effect was grand and ineffably sublime; until this moment we had discerned but half the wildness, and beauty and grandeur of the spot—but now the dazzling and intense light penetrated every crevice and cranny, and filled the vast dome as with the brightness of noonday, and revealed to our astonished vision the full glory of the scene—it was a terrific page in nature's volume that had been unclasped before us—we were contemplating her awful mysteries down deep in the caverns of the earth; and upon this page a flood of light had been poured that we might see and feel the power and glory of nature's Great Architect. At this spot we discovered a white-oak pole—this was found here on the side of the mountain, upon the first entrance, a year ago, of any white man into this part of the cave. It bears evident marks of having been cut at the end by some rude instrument. The probability is that it was brought in and left here by the Indians, and that the marks and attempt at sharpening the end of the pole was made by a stone hatchet. The difference of the mark left by the iron axe of the white man and the Indian stone hatchet, cannot be well mistaken.

Of smaller dimensions, and of far less imposing appearance, are "Concert Hall" and "Odd Fellows' Lodge." In the former is an echo—there we remained a short time for resting, burned one of our blue Bengal lights, and enjoyed the mellow tones of a flute that discoursed of the "Banks and braes of bonnie Doon," "Rory O'Moore," &c. Odd Fellows' Lodge is a spacious hall, about 250 feet in length by 100 in diameter, with an arched roof, 60 feet high. Between these two apartments, yet not contiguous to either, is a small cascade, produced either from the overflow of some subterranean stream, or by the water permeating through the bed of rock from the surface above. There our eyes were greeted with the sight of one of the most beautiful stalactites that we ever beheld. It is called the "Epaulette," from its almost perfect resemblance to that military ornament or insignia. It projects from the side of a rock and is about six feet above your

head. The trickling lime-water has first formed the shoulder-piece about three feet wide, and then dividing itself into a score or more of little streams, and falling over, leaves the pendent fringe or bullion—the water slightly discolored by the yellow earth, gives to the whole a bright golden hue. These stalactites assume various and fantastic shapes; but I have never seen one that surpasses this in beauty of form or color, and that bears a more appropriate name. The proprietor carefully guards it against the ruthless hand of the spoiler and seeker after "specimens."

I have taken you, reader, by a very sudden digression, from "Monument Mountain" through these three last named localities. This has been by way of an episode. Descending the mountain, and just at the foot, we came to the Sulphur Spring; jaded and tired, we sat down to enjoy its cool and grateful waters; we all drank copious draughts; the flavor is mild and pleasant. After a heavy rain, the sulphur is less perceptible than at other times. The dryer the season the more proportionably strong is the sulphurous taste of this spring; so that at times it has very much the taste and smell of the Blue Lick, sold by the druggists in the city. Leaving the spring, we were looking around to see how we should proceed next, for our pathway seemed completely blocked up. Behind us was the steep mountain, with its peak capped by the three snowy monuments, reaching far up into the impenetrable gloom above, while before us rose the scowling blackened rocks that supported the great dome itself. To the inquiry where we were to go: "There," said our guide, "through that auger-hole," pointing down not far from our feet to a small aperture that appeared more like some fox's hole than anything else. At first I was really at a loss to know whether the old gentleman was quizzing us or not—and even after we were assured that he was in earnest, it was some time before all the gentlemen could make up their minds and determine to make the essay. Those of the party who were portly and elderly declared that they *could* not if they would, get through such a crevice, on account of their corpulence—that it was impossible to force themselves through the narrow chink beneath them, and even if they should succeed in squeezing in, what guarantee did they have that they should be able to get out? The rocks around and inside of the passage were wet and slippery from the overflowing water of the adjacent spring, that formed puddles about, and everything was covered with a soft, viscid clay that made the entrance more unpleasant. In short, there was no other alternative than for each one either to return and ingloriously "back out," or else to get down flat upon the back or stomach in the mud and water and "back in" to this "auger-hole."

At last, while we stood deliberating, one of the party, a slender young gentleman, of some sixteen years of age, laid down his lamp and disappeared through the hole. We all looked in, and by the aid of our lights saw him peering up through the little dark passage that proved to be about six feet in length. Thus encouraged, another and another of the party severally passed through—those behind passing down to those who had preceded them, the lamps, baskets, lines, &c. But

when the turn of the stout gentleman and the broad-shouldered young man arrived, then came "the rub"—the latter declared emphatically that he had "stuck," and the former called to his comrades for assistance and "to lend a hand." After our party had all effected a safe passage through the "auger-hole," we found ourselves in a very low chamber that gradually widened and prolonged itself into an avenue.

We must necessarily pass over and omit several highly interesting spots and curiosities that we met in these dark windings and labyrinthine passages. Among these I may mention incidentally here the "Chapel"—a low, little crypt, containing two or three remarkable stalagmites of a brown color, formed, doubtless, centuries ago; the ground here had become perfectly dry, with no recent indications of moisture whatever. Toiling over hill and dale for many an hour, toward noon we entered "Rothrock's Promenade." This spacious avenue, extending about a third of a mile in length, presents a smooth footway with no obstructions of rock, and probably may have been the channel of some stream in primitive times, as it wears all the unmistakable marks, along its sides and roof, indicative of the flow and passage of water. The tired pedestrian finds great relief in its pleasant and uniform level and roominess.

In a distant part of this "promenade," or what is probably a continuation of it, the floor is strewn with heaps of infinitely small crystallizations or glittering particles of carbonate of lime, having the appearance, when first perceived by torch-light, of an innumerable quantity of the finest needles. These minute particles extend along the pathway for a distance of over 200 feet.

In still another part of this avenue, there are to be seen the foot-prints of the red men, who visited this place before its discovery by the whites. In one spot you may distinctly trace in the soft path the tracks of four persons—two wearing moccasins and two barefooted. They are known to have been four in number from there being four different lengths of the feet. The Indian habit of walking, too, so different from the white man's step, is plainly discernible here, one foot being placed straight and immediately in front of the other.

Another of the remarkable features of "Rothrock's Promenade" is found in the crystalline formations exhibited there; one portion of its sides being completely fretted over or encrusted with the richest and most delicate crystallization of carbonate of lime that we had ever beheld. They appeared like so many sparkling gems "of purest ray serene" that nature had scattered here with lavish profusion. Some of these crystals were of snowy whiteness, others were of a very light pink or cream color; some assumed the shape of a full-blown rose; some were fashioned like the tulip, others like some sprouting forms of vegetable life, while others were of variously quaint and fantastic shapes. Several of these specimens of rare and exceeding beauty were presented to us by the worthy proprietor.

We began now to scale and clamber over the most rugged and arduous way that had even yet presented itself since our first entrance; and by-

and-by we approached "Pluto's Chasm." This, as its name may indicate, is a terrific gap, or fissure, yawning open before the traveller, having an abrupt and almost sheer descent of nearly or quite 200 feet. The downward path, from both the opposite sides, to the bottom of this deep cleft, through which every one must pass, is very difficult, requiring considerable care and caution to avoid the danger of a fall. Here the rock-ribbed edifice seems to have been rended in twain by some earthquake, and instead of the roof falling, as is the case in other portions of the cave, the solid body of rock seems to have been violently riven asunder, leaving a steep and dangerous pass through the midst of this hideous chasm. Our Bengal lights were again brought into requisition. Some of our party witnessed the sublime exhibition from the heights above, while others posted themselves in the gulf below. I can only say that the scene presented was surpassingly grand, and baffles all my efforts adequately to describe. Towering up on each side of us rose the crags of jagged rock to an amazing height; and meeting overhead, formed an irregularly grained roof; around stood the gigantic forms and huge masses of rock that had remained fixed for ages in silence, solitude and darkness, mute witnesses of the dread catastrophe that had been there enacted. Standing at the bottom of the abyss, and looking up among the craggy heights, I beheld the figures of some of our party looking down upon the scene. The pale blue glare of our Bengal light gave a ghastly hue to their countenances, and they seemed more like some wild supernatural beings who had been disturbed from their dens, by the unwonted clamor and blaze of light, than like one of us.

Ascending from this gap, you continue for a considerable distance on an upward course, until the path, growing more and more narrow, seems at last to terminate in the ceiling; but, clambering up, you discern a small aperture, called the "Screw," about large enough for the bulk of an ordinary man's body. Fortunately for themselves, the portly and elderly members of our party, on account of extreme fatigue and indisposition, had returned. By a little patient twisting, the younger and smaller gentlemen succeeded in squeezing through this crevice. Just at this point we discovered a small living centipede—the only sign of animal existence that we had discovered within these cheerless dominions of nature, unless we except the withered skeletons of some bats found in the other parts of the cave. On account of the narrow aperture the centipede was swept away by some of the party, and we were unable to preserve it; but, from the presence of this little insect, and the fact that we were surrounded by a large bed of clay, some nine feet in thickness, we conjectured that this portion of the cave could not be far below the surface of the earth.

Having extricated ourselves from this confined passage, and passing on by a somewhat wider and downward path, we came to the "Circle of the Union." This is an immense vaulted hall, or, if it were not more elliptical than circular in its form, might be called a *rotunda*, being of a magnitude and height that is truly stupendous. You necessarily approach this vast area by a

narrow passage that terminates about half way between the floor and the roof; thence you descend by a steep course to the floor. In the centre rises up like a mountain, an enormous mass of rock, and upon the top of this huge structure stands the stately and august "Pillar of the Constitution," supporting the overarching roof above. This magnificent column is a vast concretion of fibrous or *salinspar*, some portions being of an immaculate whiteness, and the rest of a light orange color. It varies from 12 to 16 feet in diameter, and is about 45 feet in circumference. There it is, the slowly natural work of centuries, ay, of ages. Its shape reminds you of some vast *jet d'eau*, or fountain, whose falling waters seem, as by some spell, suddenly congealed or petrified. Every object here is of colossal proportions—the noble shaft stands conspicuous in the centre—a heavy pall of gloom is contained around—silence reigns supreme, and everything conspires to fill the beholder with the most sublime ideas and the profoundest sensations of awe.

## THE WAR OF 1812.

A DIALOGUE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY E. KENNEDY.

Tommy. What do people mean, papa, when they talk about the "Late War?"

Papa. O, they mean the war of 1812.

T. I thought that was it; but it isn't a very late war, I'm sure, for it happened thirty years ago, and more too.

P. Well, I presume there was more propriety in the name as used by our fathers than as used by us; but the phrase has come into use, and it would be a hard thing to change it now.

T. Can't you

"Tell me all about the war,  
And what they killed each other for,"

as the poem has it that we read in our school books. I believe the Americans didn't gain much glory in that war, did they?

P. O yes, a good deal of what they call "glory," though I hardly think it deserving of the name. 'Tis true they met with many reverses at first, but they were abundantly successful after a while. You know of the victories of our ships of war upon the ocean, I am sure, and everybody is, or ought to be familiar with the "glorious 8th of January," or Jackson's victory at New Orleans.

T. What did the quarrel begin about at first?

P. O it was an old grudge. You must know that the first symptoms of it broke out within five-and-twenty years after the old Revolutionary war closed. The ancient dispute had not been fully and fairly settled, nor indeed could it well be in the lifetimes of those who had been the actors in the ugly strife that lasted from 1775 till 1783. England never ceased to abuse us all the while, and for years after; and we, on our part—I mean our fathers—never got reconciled in heart to terms of peace and amity. But you want to know what led immediately to the breaking out of the war of 1812?

T. Yes, sir.

P. Well, I'll tell you: During the years 1804, '5, '6 and 7, the British cruisers would board our

merchant vessels and help themselves to every stout sailor they took a fancy to, under the appellation—a false one—of British seamen.

T. Do you mean, papa, that their ships overhauled our ships, and that they seized upon our men and carried them off?

P. I mean that very thing. It certainly was very ugly of John Bull to do so, but it was nevertheless a fact. And these outrages became so common, that scarcely any of our vessels were safe upon the ocean, and any handsome, tall, well-made man, was, at any time, upon the high seas, liable to being seized as prey by these gentlemen in red coats. I think as many as six or seven hundred of our men were "pressed" in this manner into the British service, during the few years immediately preceding the war. 'Tis true some of these men may have been Englishmen born, but the great majority of them were American citizens.

T. Well, even if they had been Englishmen, I can't see how it would have been right to carry them off without their consent.

P. It wasn't right, neither could such a system be tolerated for an hour in these, our days,—I mean that of "pressing" men into the service, or kidnapping them, as it might more appropriately be termed. England, too, has always claimed a right over her native born citizens, nor to this hour can an Englishman ever get loose from his allegiance to the crown; and the plea they always urged in stopping our vessels, and searching them, was to find property that belonged to them, they said. And being also very much in want of good seamen, it was quite convenient to claim any able-bodied man they took a fancy to, as a native born subject of King George, whether he was so or not. This was called by a very odious name—the *right of search*.

T. And hadn't Americans the same *right of search*, too?

P. I don't know why they should not have had it, only that England claimed to be both mistress of the seas and master of the ocean, and insisted on certain high-handed *rights* purely on the score of *might* alone.

T. I don't wonder that it led to war if that was the case: 'tis just like it is at school sometimes—some big boy crows over the little ones, and abuses them and knocks them about, until some spunky little fellow gives him a flogging, and then he behaves himself.

P. That is not a bad illustration, and it will enable you to understand this matter all the better. In the year 1807, the British ship-of-war *Leopard* fired upon one of our frigates, the *Chesapeake*, on account of a refusal to submit to "*search*:" and Commodore Barron had then to give way, and allow his vessel to be overhauled and examined. Many people thought that Commodore Barron ought to have fought, and bled, and died, before he should have submitted to such a disgrace to our national flag; and Commodore Decatur was one of those who expressed themselves so freely upon the subject; and he was called to account for it in a duel which was fought about a dozen years after.

T. O yes; and Commodore Decatur was killed by Commodore Barron!—



P. Exactly: I'm glad you remember these circumstances. It was for having questioned Commodore Barron's prudence and courage in this "affair of the Chesapeake," that in 1820 a duel was fought, and sad to say, the gallant Decatur, who was sometimes called by the sailors, the "Mainmast of the Navy," was killed. But matters went on so and got no better, but worse, until in 1812, when there was a DECLARATION OF WAR.

T. England declared war, I suppose?

P. O no. It was America that first showed fight, and resolved—boldly resolved, I think—upon a redress of heavy grievances. Mr. Madison was President at the time, and he was both a man of peace and a peace-loving man; but he considered that the honor of the country was at stake.

T. I suppose the people all thought as he did about it?

P. Not all of them; but the war was sustained and carried on by a majority of the American people. Mr. Madison being re-elected President by so large a majority, after the war had begun, was sufficient evidence that the people supported him, or would support him in it. You know that the distinguished Henry Clay, who has recently died, so full of years and so full of honor, was a great supporter of the war. That Representative Hall where Congress sits, has often-times, in years gone by, been made ring with the piercing notes of his stirring eloquence.—A whole generation has passed away since that critical period of our country's history, and we now look back with an unprejudiced eye, and we see that the war was a just one—that is, if any war can be accounted just. As the world is organized, men sometimes must contend for their rights, and they must even compel others to respect them; and in this view I regard the war of 1812—the "late war," or "Madison's war," or by whatever name you may fancy to call it, as a just and a necessary war.

T. And how with the Mexican war?

P. O, that I'm not so sure about; neither have we time to discuss that now.

## INTERESTING VARIETIES.

"COLUMBUS AND THE EGG" ANTICIPATED.—Brunelleschi was the discoverer of the mode of erecting cupolas, which had been lost since the time of the Romans. Vasari relates a similar anecdote of him to that recorded of Columbus; though this has unquestionably the merit of being the first, since it occurred before the birth of Columbus. Brunelleschi died in 1446; Columbus was born in 1442.

A council of the most learned men of the day, from various parts of the world, was summoned to consult and show plans for the erection of a cupola, like that of the Pantheon at Rome. Brunelleschi refused to show his model, it being upon the most simple principles, but proposed that the man who could make an egg stand upright on a marble base should be the architect. The foreigners and artists agreeing to this, but failing in their attempts, desired Brunelleschi to do it him-

self; upon which he took the egg, and with a gentle tap broke the end, and placed it on the slab. The learned men unanimously protested that any one else could do the same: to which the architect replied, with a smile, that had they seen his model, they could as easily have known how to build a cupola.

The work then devolved upon him; but, a want of confidence existing among the operatives and citizens, they pronounced the undertaking to be too great for one man, and arranged that Lorenzo Ghiberti, an artist of great repute at that time, should be co-architect with him. Brunelleschi's anger and mortification were so great on hearing this decision, that he destroyed, in the space of half an hour, models and designs that had cost him years of labor, and would have quitted Florence but for the persuasions of Donatello. It is almost unnecessary to add that the cupola was completed with perfect success by Brunelleschi; since then, St. Peter's, at Rome, and St. Paul's, in London, were formed upon the model of his dome at Florence.

EFFECT OF CLIMATE ON CONSUMPTION.—The Medical Faculty are beginning to question the opinion which has so long prevailed among medical men, that a change of climate is beneficial to persons suffering with the consumption. Sir James Clark, of England, has assailed the doctrine with considerable force, and a French physician named Carriere, has written against it; but the most vigorous opponent of it is a Dr. Burgess, of whom a recent article in Chamber's Edinburgh Journal, gives an account. Dr. Burgess contends that climate has little or nothing to do with the cure of consumption, and that if it had, the curative effects would be produced through the skin, and not the lungs. That a warm climate is not in its itself beneficial, he shows from the fact that the disease exists in all latitudes. In India and Africa, tropical climates, it is as frequent as in Europe or Northern America. All the curative resorts, now in fashion, are productive of consumption than any locality of Great Britain. Naples, Florence, Nice, Genoa, Venice, all generate more consumption than London, Liverpool, Edinburgh and Manchester. Madeira, the chosen paradise of pulmonary patients, is more unfavorable to the disease than England. Aix and Montpellier are no better, if not worse. Pisa is worse than all; so that Italian climate for consumption-cure, is pronounced an errant "humbug." Change of air, in the same climate, is the sanative theory of Dr. Burgess, deduced from the most expansive observations and industrious experiments in "climatology." "Give me Italy, or I perish," "Give us a warm climate," which is now the fashionable cry of rich patients, will soon be changed "to change of air at home," in the opinion of Dr. Burgess, whose new theory will bring consolation, if not cure, to every poor person who labors under this afflictive malady, and cannot take a voyage to Italy.

THE RESORT OF THE EIDER-DUCKS.—The little island of Vidoe, says Ader Pfeiffer, in her journey to Iceland, about a mile from Reikjavick, is

generally mentioned by travellers as the principal resort of the eider-ducks. On the 8th of June, I visited the place, and found myself greatly disappointed in the number of birds assembled there; for although I saw many sitting quietly on their nests on the slopes of the meadows, and between the rocks, so far from being in thousands, I doubt if there were in all more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty nests. The tameness of the eider-duck, while brooding, is very extraordinary. I had always looked upon the wonderful stories I had heard on this subject as fables, and should do so yet, if I had not been an eye-witness to the fact myself. I approached, and laid my hands on the birds while they were sitting: yes, I could even caress them without their attempting to move from their nests; or, if they left them for a moment, it was only to walk off for a few steps, and remain quietly waiting till I withdrew, when they immediately returned to their station. Those whose young were already hatched, however, would beat their wings with violence, and snap at me with their bills when I came near, them rather allowing themselves to be seized than desert their broods. In size they resemble our common duck; their eggs are of a greenish gray, rather larger than hens' eggs, and of an excellent flavor. Each bird lays about eleven eggs. The finest down is that with which they line their nests at first; it is of a dark gray, and is regularly carried off by the Icelanders, with the first eggs. The poor bird then robs itself of a second portion of its down, and lays a few more eggs, which are also seized; and it is not till the nest has been filled for the third time that the ducks are left unmolested to raise their young brood. The down of the second, and particularly that of the third hatching, is much lighter than the first, and of an inferior quality. I was so cruel as to appropriate some of the down and a few eggs myself. I had no opportunity of seeing the down and eggs collected from between the inaccessible rocks and cliffs, where they are only reached by the peasants by means of ropes, and at the peril of their lives.

"THAT WILL DO," is a phrase of modern invention. The ancients knew of no such expression, or the Egyptians would never have raised the pyramids, nor the Greeks and Romans displayed that love of the beautiful which led them to impart a poetic grace even to the meanest utensils for household use, as the remains of Pompeii fully testify. "That will do," is the excuse of mediocrity, unable to soar to better things. "That will do," is the self-dispensation given by the lazy painter, who glosses over the want of anatomical correctness by a showy coloring. "That will do," is the besetting sin of architects who lay their short-comings to the want of a favorable site or an Italian climate. "That will do," is the precept held in veneration by most servants. "That will do," makes your sloven and your slattern. A man who adopts this motto with regard to dress does not mind being seen with a dirty shirt, and a beard of two days' growth—while the same fatal saying allows a woman to go about the house with curl papers, and slipshod. "That will do," applied to house-

hold matters, is equally bad, and more annoying to friends than when applied to dress. You may expect ill-cooked dinners in any house where the heads adopt this maxim—to say nothing of shabby carpets, faded paint, dirty muslin curtains, &c. "That will do," has conjured up a host of inefficient teachers, and a still larger proportion of imperfect scholars. "That will do," has sunk many a ship—caused the downfall of scaffolding holding hundreds of human beings—occasions at least half the fires that take place, and is at the bottom of most railway disasters. "That will do," is the enemy to all excellence, and would sap the conscience of the most virtuous man alive, if he hearkened to its dictates. The only persons to whom we recommend it are drunkards, gamblers, and spendthrifts, who may very properly exclaim—"That will do!" All should bear in mind that nothing will "do" but the very best in point of excellence.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.—Grace Greenwood, in her "Leaves from over the Sea," now appearing in the *National Era*, speaking of the Elgin Marbles, in the British Museum, says:—"The Elgin marbles and other ancient statuary were not to me all I expected them to be—or rather the woful unsuitableness of the place for such grand fragments of art, the want of all their natural surroundings, made the sight more painful than pleasurable, far. And yet I had hardly realized that the olden, immortal grace could so triumph over mutilation and decay, and compel the homage of even the inartistic gazer, as it does through these defaced and dilapidated divinities, these armless graces and legless heroes, these tailless horses and headless riders. So noble are those forms in the great power yet perfect symmetry of their full physical development, so free in action, so grand in repose, so beautiful in half-barbaric grace, that one sighs at the thought of a humanity so glorious having passed away, and sees a sort of sublime pathos in the long struggle of art with Ruin and Time, to preserve for it even this broken immortality."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—One fountain there is, says Miss Bremer, whose deep-lying vein has only just begun to throw up its silver drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it, peace and joy. It is KNOWLEDGE—the fountain of intellectual cultivation—which gives health to mankind; makes clear the vision; brings joys to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt soon find thyself rich. Thou mayst go forth into the world and find thyself everywhere at home; thou canst enjoy thyself in thy own little chamber; thy friends are everywhere around thee; nature, antiquity, heaven, are accessible to thee!

Though we may have a hard pillow, yet it is only sin that can plant a thorn in it—and even though it may be hard and lonely, yet we may have sweet sleep and glorious visions upon it. It was when Jacob was lying upon a stone for a pillow, that he had glorious visions of a ladder reaching to Heaven.

## TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There are two ways to live on earth;—

Two ways to judge—to act—to view;—  
For all things here have double birth,  
A right and wrong—a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks  
To make that sweet which seemeth small;  
Where every lip in fondness speaks—  
And every mind hath care for all!

Whose inmates live in glad exchange  
Of pleasures, free from vain expense;  
Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,  
Nor wise denials give offence!

Who in a neighbor's fortune find  
No wish—no impulse—to complain;  
Who feel not—never felt—the mind  
To envy yet another's gain!—

Who dream not of the mocking tide  
Ambition's foiled endeavor meets;—  
The bitter pangs of wounded pride;  
Nor fallen Power, that shuns the streets.

Though Fate deny its glitt'ring store,  
Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;  
For all that Gold can purchase more  
Are gauds—it is no loss to lose!

Some beings, wheresoe'er they go,  
Find naught to please—or to exalt;  
Their constant study but to show  
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round  
Of daily wants, and daily care,  
Can yet cull flowers from common ground;  
And twice enjoy the joy they *share*!

Oh, happy they who happy *make*!—  
Who *blessing*—still themselves are blest!—  
Who something spare for others' sake—  
And strive—in all things—for the best!

## LOVE THE OLD.

I love the old, to lean beside  
The antique, easy chair,  
And pass my fingers softly o'er  
A wreath of silvered hair;  
To press my glowing lips upon  
The furrowed brow, and gaze  
Within the unken eye, where dwells  
The "lights of other days."

To fold the pale and feeble hand  
That on my youthful head  
Has lain so tenderly, the while  
The evening prayer was said.  
To nestle down close to the heart,  
And marvel how it held  
Such tomes of legendary lore,  
The chronicles of Eld.

Oh! youth thou hast so much of joy,  
So much of life, and love,  
So many hopes; Age has but *one*—  
The hope of bliss above.  
Then turn awhile from these away  
To cheer the old, and bless  
The wasted heart-spring with a stream  
Of gushing tenderness.

Thou treadest now a path of bloom,  
And thine exulting soul  
Springs proudly on, as tho' it mocked  
At Time's unfelt control.  
But they have marched a weary way,  
Upon a thorny road,  
Then soothe the toil-worn spirits, ere  
They pass away to God.

Yes, love the aged—bow before  
The venerable form,  
So soon to seek beyond the sky  
A shelter from the storm.  
Ay, love them; let thy silent heart,  
With reverence untold,  
As *pilgrim, very near to Heaven*,  
Regard and love the old.

## THE MOTHER'S RESOLVE.

It was late tea-time at Mr. Merwyn's pleasant back parlor, in his commodious and comfortable house, in Boston. Mrs. Merwyn was sitting by the fire awaiting the return of her husband from his store. William and Anne, the children, were rudely racing round the room, overturning chairs and stools, and threatening every moment to upset the tea-table. "Stop, children, this moment," said Mrs. Merwyn. "Anne, open the door for your father; Willie, ring the bell for Bridget."

"Father has a night-key, and he can open the door for himself," said Anne; upon which she commenced a desperate struggle with Willie, to recover a toy he had snatched from her.

Mr. Merwyn entered the room with a jaded, tired look, and sat down by the fire. Soon after, Bridget came in with a plate of toast in one hand and a cream-pitcher in the other. The children, quite beside themselves in the eagerness of their quarrel, ran against her, knocked the dish of toast from her hand, and its contents were spread on the carpet. Mrs. Merwyn ran to them, and, seizing them each in turn, boxed their ears soundly, accompanying her castigation with severe reproaches. "I never saw anything like it! You are the worst-behaved children I ever beheld! You are the plagues of my life! I wish you were, both of you, a hundred miles off! I am sure I cannot imagine how I came to have such bad children. Go to the table this minute, and see if you can behave yourselves. You make it very pleasant for your father, who has been working for you all day, to come home and find the house in such an uproar, and the carpet spoiled, and the toast gone." With such expressions, she drove the children to the table.

They were really pretty children, though pale and delicate; but now, with their unnaturally flushed faces, dishevelled hair, and angry looks, their appearance was anything but agreeable. They began to eat in moody silence. The parents were silent also. At length Mrs. Merwyn said, "Willie, don't eat so much of that rich cake; take some bread and butter; and, Anne, stop helping yourself to sweetmeats; you have eaten two saucers full already."

"I don't like bread and butter," said William, in a surly tone, "and I can't eat what I don't like."

Anne, with a look of contempt at her mother,

coolly helped herself to the last of the preserves, and eat them.

The evening passed as uncomfortably as it had begun. When the tea-things were cleared away, the study table was set out, for the children had lessons to recite on the morrow which must be learned in the evening. But they were cross and ill-natured to each other, and their father, after trying for half an hour to read a pamphlet which he had brought home with him, threw it aside, and seated himself with a heavy sigh by the fire.

"I say, mother," said Willie, "where's Turin?"

"I don't know exactly; look it out on the map."

"I can't, there's such a crowd of little names here; and, what is more, I won't. I don't care if I do miss in my lesson. I have got so low in my class now, I would as lief be at the foot as anywhere else."

"Mother, is *good* a noun or an adjective?" inquired Anne.

"How should I know?" replied the mother. "Can you not tell from the way in which it is used?"

"No, I can't," said Anne.

"Study your rules, then, and do not tease me about it," said the mother.

The books were put away. Nine o'clock came, and the children left the room for bed; Anne complaining of a headache, and upbraiding Willie for breaking her glass bird.

After sitting silent for half an hour, looking steadily into the fire, Mr. Merwyn turned round to his wife, who was seated near the table with her head upon her hand; the needle-work had fallen upon the floor. "Helen," said he, "why do our children behave in the way they do? I want a cheerful, pleasant, orderly home. I have built this house, and furnished it handsomely, and I am sure I supply you liberally with every means of comfort, and yet how uncomfortable we are. And it all comes of those unruly children."

Mrs. Merwyn looked up half angrily. "If the children are bad, is it not partly your fault, James? Do you govern them as you ought?"

"How can I?" replied the husband. "Am I not at my work all day? And must I spend the time in which I need a little relaxation, in reducing a couple of rebellious children to order? They love me little enough now. It is seldom that I get the slightest caress, or even a respectful word from either of them; and how would it be if I spent my evenings in checking and scolding them? I took tea at our old friends, the Westons, last evening. Weston is as busy as I am, and the whole charge of their five children falls upon his wife; but, oh! Helen, it made my heart ache to see them; such happy cheerful faces, such intelligent looks, such pleasant, winning ways; so quiet and obedient, and yet so loving and affectionate to their parents and to each other! I used to hope my children would grow up so; but I have no such hope now—they grow worse as they grow older. I desire you will let them have another room to pass their evenings in, for I want to have them out of my

sight." Having thus spoken, with a heavy sigh, the father left the room for his chamber.

When he was gone, Mrs. Merwyn burst into a passion of tears. The fountains of feeling seem stirred to their inmost depths. At first she pitied herself; she was angry with her husband and her children. She called to mind the fact that she was married at seventeen to a husband considerably older than herself. "And how could it be expected," thought she, "that I should know anything about bringing up children? I was a petted, indulged, half-educated girl, myself; where was I to get the strength, and the self-denial, and the perseverance necessary for this most difficult task? Was it to be expected that I should give up every pleasure of youth, and think and work entirely for others?" As these thoughts passed through her mind, she wept the more.

Mrs. Merwyn, it is true, was married too early; she had begun wrong. But she was a woman of deep feelings, and earnest, though unformed and undeveloped purposes. Having exhausted her self-commiseration, her thoughts took another turn. "But I love my children, and I love my husband. I am their mother. I am his wife; and do not nature and God and my own heart urge me to a higher and better discharge of duty than I have ever yet practised? Oh! how happy I should be if I could reclaim my children, reform them, and establish a mother's influence over them; if I could make my husband happy and his home delightful! What would I not sacrifice for this?" Her face beamed as she indulged these bright visions, but reflection brought discouragement. "I am thirty years old," murmured she; "Anne is twelve and Willie ten. Even if I could change myself, how can I alter them? Ah! I fear it is a hopeless case."

Mrs. Merwyn had never made a profession of religion, though she had for some time entertained a kind of doubtful hope of her spiritual state, and had practised an earnest but irregular habit of secret prayer. She now sunk upon her knees, and laid all her sorrows, wishes, hopes and half-formed resolutions, before the great Helper and Comforter; praying for wisdom and strength, as Solomon prayed when entrusted with the kingdom; for she felt, more deeply than ever before, that she, too, had a high and holy mission to fulfil, and that strength and guidance from above were absolutely necessary to enable her to perform her duty. She rose with a feeling new to herself: a calmness, a resolution, a determination, which inspired her with hope and confidence.

The next morning she went to her old friend, Mrs. Weston, and made her the confidant of her new feelings and plans. Mrs. Weston was a large-hearted, strong-minded, pious woman. She listened with generous interest, she encouraged, she advised; and, after a conference of three hours, Mrs. Merwyn returned home. That evening, after her husband and children had retired, she took her writing-desk and wrote the following schedule of resolutions:

"Resolved, That the first duty of the day performed by me shall be a prayer to Almighty God, and especially for strength and wisdom, pro-



perly to instruct, guide and govern my children.

"Resolved, That I will never permit either of my children, with impunity, wilfully to disobey me, or treat me with disrespect.

"Resolved, That I will earnestly strive never to act from an impulse of passion or resentment; but will endeavor to preserve my judgment cool and my feelings calm, that I may clearly see, and truly perform my duty to my children.

"Resolved, That I will devote a certain portion of my leisure to daily self-instruction, in order to be able properly to instruct my children.

"Resolved, That I will watch over my own temper at all times, cultivate a habit of cheerfulness, and interest myself in the little matters of my children, that I may thereby gain their love.

"Resolved, That I will break off the habit of lounging; that I will give up the reading of novels, and that I will attend fewer large parties, and devote the time which I shall thus gain, especially to pursuits which will increase the comfort and happiness of my husband, and forward the best interests of my children.

"Resolved, That I will especially study the health of my children, reading on the subject, and asking advice of those who are more experienced than myself.

"Resolved, That I will not yield to discouragement from failure in my first attempts at reform; but will persevere, putting faith in the promises of God to all those who earnestly and faithfully endeavor to do their duty."

These resolutions looked very cold and formal to the mother when she had done writing them. The writing was nothing; they were in her heart; but she folded the paper and locked it in her desk, as a memento, if she should ever feel herself falling into old habits of indolence and self-indulgence.

The next morning the family took their breakfast as usual, Anne and Willie coming in just as their father was about leaving the table. He was going to leave home this morning, to be absent four weeks; but there was no respectful salutation, no pleasant parting kiss, from these ill-behaved children, for the father who had spent his days in toiling for their welfare. "Bring me something handsome!" and "Bring be something nice!" they exclaimed, as they took their seats at the table.

"Where's my cup of coffee?" said Willie. "This white stuff isn't coffee."

"No," said his mother, "it is milk and water. I prefer that you should drink it for your breakfast."

"And I prefer the coffee," said Willie, in a very determined tone, "and I am determined to have it." And he stretched his hand toward the coffee-pot to help himself.

"Take the coffee away, Bridget," said Mrs. Merwyn. It disappeared.

"Where's my buttered toast and sausages?" said Anne.

"You will have neither this morning. There is good bread and butter, and you can have a mutton chop or a boiled egg, just which you prefer."

"I don't prefer either; I want sausages. If I can't have what I want, I won't eat anything."

"As you please," replied the mother, coolly.

The children looked at their mother and at each other. They did not know what to make of this resolute resistance to their wishes. They begged, teased and fretted; but it was of no use. They finally, with sullen looks, condescended to eat what was before them. "But I know one thing," said Willie, "if I can't have what I want for my dinner, I'll starve. And I have not washed myself all over for a week, and I don't intend to any more. And I shan't go to school this afternoon; father's gone, and I mean to stay at home and play; won't you, Anne?"

Anne declared her readiness to join in this plan, and with this bravado they left the room.

The dinner was still more stormy and uncomfortable than the breakfast had been. The children went to school in the afternoon, but with red eyes and angry tempers. Nor was it much better at tea. They were moody and discontented, and as indulgence had hitherto been the mother's only means of management, she could not alter the state of things. A cheerful word or a kind smile was met with sullenness or indifference; it had no value.

After a wild, romping game, which the mother did not attempt to check, the study table was drawn out; but, before the books were taken, she placed her children in two chairs, and seated herself opposite to them. Her eye was moist and her voice trembled a little as she began to speak to them; but, as she proceeded, the strength of an earnest purpose soon dried the one and gave firmness to the other.

"My children," said she, "I love you dearly. I love you, and your father loves you, because you are our children. We wish to make you good, that we may love you better. We wish you to be happy, which you cannot be unless you are good. God has given you to us, and has commanded us to train you up in the way in which you should go. He has commanded children to love and obey their parents. You are old enough to feel and understand how right this is. I was a very young mother, my dear children, when you were given to me. I was not twenty years old when the youngest of you was born. I was ignorant, indolent and careless. I am older now. I have seen the evils of carelessness and over-indulgence. I have observed, have read, and I have thought. I am now resolved to strive to train you in the right way, and as the first step and foundation, I am determined that you shall obey me. I do not think you love me or your father, as children generally love their parents; perhaps you never will; but you must obey us and treat us with respect."

The children had often seen their mother in a passion from their provoking ways, and had often felt the weight of her hand upon their ears; but they now felt that a new principle was at work. They were silent as she proceeded.

"I am not going to give you a long lecture, or to reproach you with the past. Our business is with the present and with the future. Many things, which you have till now indulged in, will, from this time, be entirely changed. I shall be changed. I shall not be the same mother I was a week ago; I hope I shall be a better one. Anne

and William, I speak seriously to you; you are both old enough to understand me. If you fall into the right way at once, it will save trouble and make me very happy."

"Mother," said Willie, looking at her half in wonder, "I'm almost glad at what you've been saying. I love you better than you think for, and I am not half so bad as you suppose I am; but somehow the naughty feelings always seemed to come because you let them. I've told Anne fifty times that I wished you would *make us mind*."

Anne said nothing for some time, but seemed to be in deep thought. At last she said, "I've often wished that I could be like Alice Weston; but I don't know how I am ever going to learn to be good. I know I shall be cross and angry fifty times a day; I can't help it."

"There is One who can help us all, if we truly seek His help, my children. Let us ask it now."

They knelt, and the mother, with streaming eyes, prayed for that assistance which the great Father of all has kindly promised to those who sincerely seek His aid. The children were unusually thoughtful, and learned their lessons in silence. At bed-time, Mrs. Merwyn had usually asked her children for a kiss. Sometimes it was carelessly given, sometimes not; always considered rather as a favor from the children. This evening she did not ask them for a kiss, but kindly bade them good-night.

The very next morning, this awakened mother began upon her new plan. She rose early, and went to her children's room to see that they were bathed and rubbed, and to teach them how best to do it for themselves; and she required them to be ready for breakfast punctually at the hour. She excluded from the table everything which she considered unwholesome. Some rich, high-seasoned dishes, which had been favorites, were banished forever, and food plainer, yet excellent in its kind, was substituted. Mrs. Merwyn sent her children out to run and play half an hour before going to school, and the same on their return; and she fitted up a large spare room with every convenience for exercise when the weather should be stormy. She examined into her children's studies, and reduced their number. She procured the same books, and spent two hours a day in making herself thorough mistress of their contents, keeping constantly a little ahead of them in their lessons. She procured various books of reference, and learned, not only the text, but whatever she could find relating to it in compends, dictionaries and encyclopedias; and it was surprising to see how the respect of her children increased, when they found that their mother knew, not only more than they did themselves, but, in many instances, more than their teachers.

All this was easy. It was a plain path, requiring nothing but ordinary judgment, and a little extraordinary energy. Not so with the moral self-culture and training of her children, which this mother had now in earnest undertaken. It was not so easy to supply proper motives to children who had always looked to some outward, sensual indulgence, as the reward, not only of mental exertion, but for being good. It was not easy for one who had lavished caresses indiscriminately, merely to gratify her own feelings or to

coax them to her purpose, to give a value in her children's eyes to a smile, a caress, a word of praise, to make them motives and rewards for good conduct. It was not easy to curb the stubborn and long-indulged will, to check the impatient temper, to change rude manners into respectful politeness. And yet it was wonderful to behold the progress, even here; so much is there in a resolute determination, in sustained and unflagging effort.

The early rising and the evening prayer had not been discontinued; and though the mother devoted so much more time than formerly to her children, she found she had more leisure for household occupation, general reading, and social enjoyment, than ever before. The energy called up for a particular purpose, extended itself into every department, and gave firmness and confidence to one who had hitherto been thought rather a weak woman. Her friends remarked a depth and earnestness about her, which they had never observed before; and she was gratified to perceive an increase of respect and consideration in all around her. These things, however, came later. Our business is with the first steps of this change; to show that it is possible to stem an erring course, to retrace a mistaken path in the outset of life. Notwithstanding the involuntary admission of Anne and Willie, that it would be better for them to be well governed, they had, both from nature and habit, become too fond of having their own way, readily to give it up. During the first week of her trial, especially, if this young mother had not brought to her support every power of her nature, and every motive suggested by conscience! love and hope,—if she had not been sustained by constant prayer and a daily increasing sense of duty,—she would many times have yielded, and the old state of things would have been established more firmly than ever. Many were the struggles with her children, but still more frequent were her self-wrestlings. To be firm without severity; to inflict a necessary pain when her heart was overflowing with love; to teach an impulsive disposition to examine, wait and weigh; and finally, to require the penalty of strict justice; to inflict the exact degree of punishment which the case required; all this demanded painful effort. And still more painful was it to withhold the caresses which she had been in the habit of bestowing upon her children whenever they would condescend to receive them. Mrs. Merwyn had the good sense, in forming her new system of discipline, to strive to avoid a habit of petty fault-finding. Many trifles were passed without reproof, many disagreeable habits unnoticed, in the hope and belief that when the great principle of filial obedience was established, its healthy stimulus would naturally produce a better growth.

One evening the children had been impolite to each other while at supper. The mother took no notice. At the study table Anne had her slate and pencil, which Willie wanted. "I will have it," said Willie; "I want it for my sums. I am not going away up to my room for my slate and pencil, while yours is lying here doing nothing."

They both seized the slate and struggled. Anne, being the stronger, gained possession, whereupon

Willie struck her. She struck back again. Their mother had observed it all.

"Children," said she, put down the slate, and come to me."

Her voice was deep and sad, but calm and resolved. They did not dare to disobey. Each, however, according to custom, began to accuse the other in very strong terms.

"Be silent," said the mother. Her voice was lower and slower than usual, yet it was obeyed. "Anne, look me in the face, and tell me every circumstance of this quarrel; see that you tell it exactly. Anne felt that she must tell the exact truth, and she did so.

"Willie, now let me hear your account." Willie stated the facts exactly.

"My children," said the mother, "you are both to blame. You both deserve punishment; but I long for the time to come when we need not resort to punishment. Yesterday, for one fault, you forfeited a pleasant ride, which your uncle had offered to give you. Last evening, I was obliged to put you in separate rooms, and sit here alone by myself. This morning you each received five severe strokes upon the hand. It is painful for me to punish you; but this fault must be atoned for. Sit down at opposite sides of the table, and think. See if you cannot devise some way of getting along this time without punishment."

"Mother," said Willie, "I know what you mean; but it is the very worst punishment I could have. Must I ask sister's pardon?"

He looked at Anne, and she at him. He was naturally of a generous disposition, and there was something in his sister's countenance which touched a chord long unused to vibrate.

"Anne," he stammered out, "I do beg your pardon. Will you forgive me? I was most in the wrong."

"I did wrong, too," said Anne.

"Mother, will you forgive us?" said they both, with one impulse.

"I will," said she. "Now go to your lessons."

She was obliged to go to another room to conceal her emotion at this first conquest of her children over themselves; this first-fruits of her new system of training. "Help me, O, help me to persevere!"

And in the prayer with her children, before retiring to rest, she thanked Him for putting good, kind and gentle thoughts into their young hearts; and prayed that this spirit might grow more and more, until Love should

"Through all their actions run."

That night, the children looked and lingered, before retiring to rest, as if in want of something; but no kiss, no caress, was offered by their mother, though her heart was yearning for it.

The next day was passed without the call for punishment. The evening was cheerful and happy. When Willie had looked ten minutes in vain to find a certain place in the south of Europe, on the map, his mother came and pointed it out to him, giving him at the same time some interesting particulars of its history and principal manufactures. "Thank you, mother," said Willie; "how much you do know!"

"Anne had a piece of poetry to commit to me-

mory, in which Circe and the Cyclops, and the Syrens were mentioned.

"How many thousand such make-believe beings our books are full of!" exclaimed she. "Where did the stuff all come from? 'Don't you think it all nonsense to study about them, mother?'"

Mrs. Merwyn took the opportunity briefly to explain the ancient mythology. She gave a short account of Homer, repeating Byron's beautiful lines, and afterward a little sketch of Ulysses, as detailed in the *Odyssey*.

"How interesting!" said Anne. "How I should like to read the *Odyssey*! After all, though I don't believe a word of these old stories, it must be very pleasant to know all about them; for we are meeting with something or other about them in almost every book we see."

That evening, the children seemed more closely drawn to their mother than ever before. Her steady government, and her newly-discovered stores of information, had raised her wonderfully in the opinion of her children, and their love seemed to keep pace with their respect. And this evening her manner had been so kind, her voice so gentle; she had given up her own occupations to attend to them; she had refused a pleasant invitation in order to pass the evening with them. A good and gentle influence had seemed to settle upon them, tuning their minds to love and harmony. But bed-time came. The children looked wistfully at their mother. At last, Willie said, "Mother, you never kiss us, now. Won't you kiss us to-night?"

"Yes, my children. This has been a happy day to me, because you both have been good children." Upon this, she kissed them fondly.

"Won't you always kiss us, when you think we have been good enough?" said Willie; "and then we shall know what you think about it."

"Yes, I will, Willie."

"Mother," said Anne, "when is father coming home?"

"In a week."

"I thought," said Anne, hesitating, "that fathers always governed the children. Father never governs us."

Mrs. Merwyn took that opportunity to explain to her children how dearly their father loved them, how constantly he exerted himself for their welfare, how worthy he was of their highest respect and love, and how much he would be gratified if they should strive in every way to improve themselves.

The week passed happily away. The children, finding they could gain no end by opposing their own will to the determination of their mother, ceased attempting it, while her judicious praise, whenever they really deserved it, gave them a pleasure so new and sweet as greatly to stimulate their efforts and increase their love.

On the expected evening, just at tea-time, the father came. The room was bright and clean. The fire was blazing. Extra lights burned on the mantle. A little feast was spread upon the table. The lessons had been learned beforehand, and the books put away. The mother had on a handsome new cap, and the children had asked permission to put on their holiday clothes. Mr. Merwyn entered as he had left, with a pale and

rather sad countenance. "My dear husband!" said the wife, with a beaming face.

"My dear, dear father!" cried both the children, kissing him.

Willie drew his arm-chair to the fire. Anne took his overcoat and gloves, and carried them to the table. Then she smoothed his hair and brushed the dust from his coat, after which they both stood and waited till he should be warm and ready to go to the table. While at the table they were quiet and polite.

In the evening, the children amused themselves together with joining maps and puzzles, while Mr. Merwyn gave his wife the particulars of his journey. At bed-time, they came to their mother for a kiss, which she gave them. They then somewhat timidly approached their father. "Won't you kiss us, father?" said Anne; "mother says we have been good to-day." The father kissed them with glistening eyes.

When they were gone, he said to his wife, "Helen, how you are changed! How much brighter and happier you look than you did a month ago! and not only that, but you have grown suddenly taller, higher in mind and body. And the children—what has come over them? They are not the children I left; they are good, gentle, well-behaved. How is this?"

Then the wife, amid tears and smiles, poured into the ear of her listening husband the history of a month, her new-born resolutions, her trials, and now her beginnings of success.

"And have you accomplished so much in a month, Helen? It seems impossible."

"I have, to be sure, exerted every power of my nature. I resolved to make a change before your return, if it was in the power of human effort to do it. I trust I have made a beginning. I have discovered affections and capabilities in our children, which I never suspected. My dear husband, let us join together, let us persevere; and who knows but we may yet deserve and enjoy the blessing promised to faithful parents?"

"My Helen, I thought of little else during my long journey. I came home with my mind full of it. I had determined to alter many things in my business and domestic habits, entirely with reference to the best interests of my children, though, I confess, I was not sanguine in the hope of any thorough and radical improvement."

Hours passed, while the husband and wife communed of the future, making resolutions and forming plans to carry out, in the best manner, the reformation in their children, so happily begun.

It would be interesting to trace the steps by which these parents, now thoroughly awakened to a sense of duty, and the importance of the trust committed to their care, gained an influence over their children, which resulted in beautiful developments of character, and, finally, by the blessing of God, in a well-founded hope of happiness in a future life. It would be interesting to trace the progress of self-culture and self-improvement, by which they were enabled to do this; we can only record a brief conversation which took place about a year after the events we have been detailing occurred. Mrs. Weston, the good friend mentioned in the beginning of this story, had for several months been confined to

the house by the protracted illness of one of her daughters. Her husband, coming in rather late, one evening, told her that he had been to take tea with the Merwyns.

"And how did you find them?" asked Mrs. Weston. "It is long since I have been able to see them."

"And I," rejoined Mr. Weston, "have kept away from them on purpose. They used to be always in trouble with their children. Their house was a very uncomfortable place."

"Is it better now?"

"Better! you would not know the children; you would scarcely know the parents. In the first place, the children have lost the pale, puny look they used to have; they were blooming with health and overflowing with spirits, yet they were not rude. I watched them. They were kind to each other, polite to me, and obedient to a word or a look from their parents. When I went in they were studying their lessons, which they were anxious to finish before tea. When they were in difficulty they called upon their mother, and she gave them just that degree of help and encouragement which would make them think for and exert themselves. They had as good manners at the table as I ever saw in children. At eight o'clock, a company of young people came in, and I found it was a kind of regular Thursday evening soiree. Charades were acted, games were introduced; Merwyn and his wife occasionally joining, at the request of Annie or Willie, who seemed delighted when father and mother would take a part; mother, especially, was often called upon, and I could see the children's eyes sparkle with pleasure when she guessed right. The children evidently think there is nobody in the world like their mother."

"At ten o'clock, the young people went away. The children came for the good-night kiss, and I heard Willie whisper, as he put his arms round his mother's neck, 'Have I been good, dear mother? Do you love me?' I could not help asking about it. It seems that, about a year ago, they came to a determination to do their duty as parents. Helen says you helped her at the outset. Since that time Merwyn has never once omitted daily prayer. Never once have the children been permitted to disobey with impunity. The modes by which they have induced habits of veracity, of kindness, of self-denial, of politeness, of mental exertion, would be a pattern to most parents. Merwyn does not go to his counting-room after tea; he devotes himself to his family. And once a week, the children's holiday, they all go off to some country place, pick-nicking, flower-gathering, nutting, landscape-hunting, something to improve mind and body. Mrs. Merwyn has almost given up large parties; but she cultivates a circle of pleasant friends, and encourages social visiting. Pray, go to see her, my dear, now Alice is better, and take the children."

"I will, my dear."

"Helen and you will agree exactly. Your notions are alike; but Merwyn is far, far ahead of me. My children love me, but they do not cling to me as Merwyn's do. I have cared for their outward and temporal welfare, but how little have I done for their higher and better interests! The



burden has all been thrown upon you. I have not done my part. I am ashamed of myself. I am provoked—"

"Provoked to good works, I hope," said Mrs. Weston, with a kind smile. "That is the way friends should provoke each other. I am delighted with what you tell me, and I also will become a learner. It is never too late to improve. If parents generally would follow the example of these Merwyns, if they would with prayer and resolution act to reform their children, instead of repining and wrongfully accusing Providence, a blessing would fall upon their homes and their hearts. There would be light in their dwellings. Instead of the spirit of heaviness there would be joy and peace; and, at the last, they would hear the joyful words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!'"—*Ladies' Album and Family Manual.*

### ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

We select from Francis C. Woodworth's entertaining volume, "Stories about Birds," the following anecdotes:—

Jesse, in his "Tales of Animal Instinct," mentions a singular proof of the robin's love for its young. "A gentleman," he says, "in my neighborhood, had directed one of his wagons to be packed with sundry boxes, intending to go with it to Worthing, a place at some distance from his residence. For some time, his going was delayed, and he directed that the wagon should be placed in a shed in his yard, packed as it was, till it should be convenient to him to send it off. In the mean time, a pair of robins built their nest among the straw in the wagon, and had hatched their young before it was sent away. One of the old birds, instead of being frightened away by the motion of the wagon, only left its nest occasionally, for the purpose of flying to the nearest hedge for food for its young; and thus, alternately affording warmth and nourishment to them, it arrived at Worthing. The affection of this bird having been observed by the wagoner, he took care, in unloading, not to disturb the robin's nest; so that the robin and its young returned in safety to Walton Heath, the place whence they were taken. The distance the wagon went, in going and returning, could not have been less than one hundred miles."

A friend of mine, whom I met in the city of Washington, some two years since, and who is a very close observer of the lower animals, related to me the following anecdote: "Six or eight years ago," said he, "I was passing the mouth of an alley leading into a vacant lot, when my attention was drawn to a group of very young children, laughing vociferously. I entered the alley, to see the cause of their mirth, and soon ascertained it to be a large white goose, with a narrow strip of tin bent into a hoop, and thrown over the head of the fowl, by one of the urchins. The poor goose seemed much annoyed by the shining necklace, and ran about, in every direction, trying to shake it off. I found that it was the sight of these antics, which had so much amused the little ragged juveniles. I stopped to see if the goose

would unyoke herself; and, while watching her, I observed some ducks in another part of the yard; and very soon a drake from among them made a great quacking, and started off toward the embarrassed goose. When near, the latter stretched her neck out horizontally, and, to my very great astonishment and admiration, the drake seized the lower part of the tin collar in his beak, the goose withdrew her head from it, and the drake immediately dropped it upon the ground; when the air rang with the plaudits of the children and the gabbling of the fowls."

A gentleman of veracity, who recently collected a number of different specimens of the humming bird in Mexico, tells an interesting story about the manner in which birds, belonging to one of the smallest of this family, were in the habit of catching the flies that had got entangled in a spider's web. "The house I resided in for several weeks," he says, "was only a story high, enclosing, like most of the Spanish houses, a small garden in the centre, the roof projecting some six or seven feet from the walls, covering a walk all round, and having a small space only between the tiles and the trees which grew in the centre. From the edges of these tiles to the branches of the trees in the garden, multitudes of spiders had spread their webs, so closely and compactly that they resembled one vast net. I frequently watched, with much amusement, the cautious manoeuvres of the humming bird, who, advancing under the web, entered the various cells in search of flies. As the larger spiders did not tamely surrender their prey, the thief was often compelled to retreat. Being within a few feet of the parties, I could notice distinctly all they did. The active little bird generally passed once or twice round the court, as if to reconnoitre his ground, and then commenced his attacks by going carefully under the nets of the wily insect, and seizing, by surprise, the smallest or feeblest of the flies that were entangled in the web. In ascending the traps of the spider, great care and skill were required. Sometimes he had scarcely room for his little wings to perform their office, and the least deviation would have entangled him in the machinery of the web, and caused his ruin. It was only the works of the smaller spider that he dare attack, as the largest rose to the defence of their citadels, when the cunning enemy would shoot off like a sunbeam, and could only be traced by his shining colors. The bird usually spent about ten minutes at a time, in this enterprise, after which he would always alight on a tree near by, and rest himself awhile."

It seems that the snow bird is a very affectionate little creature. Some years ago, one of them flew into a house, where, finding itself quite welcome, it remained over night. By accident, however, it was killed; and, in the morning, one of the servants threw it into the yard. In the course of the day, one of the family witnessed a most affecting scene in connection with the dead body. Its mate was standing beside it, mourning its loss. It placed its bill below the head of its companion, raised it up, and again warbled its song of mourning. By and by, it flew away,

and returned with a grain or two of wheat, which it dropped before its dead partner. Then it fluttered its wings, and endeavored to call the attention of the dead bird to the food. Again it flew away, again it returned, and used the same efforts as before. At last, it took up a kernel of the wheat, and dropped it into the mouth of the dead bird. This was repeated several times. Then the poor bereaved one sang in the same plaintive strain as before. But the scene was too affecting for the lady who witnessed it. She could bear the sight no longer, and turned away. I always loved the snow bird; but I have loved him more than ever since I heard this story.

That ardent admirer of nature, Mrs. Child, tells a pretty anecdote about a family of swallows which she was acquainted with. "Two barn swallows," she says, "came into our wood-shed in the spring-time. Their busy, earnest twitterings, led me at once to suspect they were looking out a building spot; but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and very frequently hammering, sawing, and planing were going on, I had little hope that they would choose a location under our roof. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam over the open door-way. I was delighted, and spent more time watching than 'penny-wise' people would have approved. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love. The mother bird was so busy, and so important; and her mate was so attentive! Never did any newly-married couple take more satisfaction with their first nicely arranged drawer of baby clothes, than they did in fashioning their little woven cradle.

"The father bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love. Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or hair, to be interwoven in the previous little fabric. One day, my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round, with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gust of glad sound! It seems as if pride and affection had swelled his heart till it was almost too big for his little bosom.

"When the young became old enough to fly, anybody would have laughed to watch the manoeuvres of the parents! Such a chirping and twittering! Such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! Such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledglings that there was no need of falling! For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying school. But all their talking and fussing was of no avail. The little things looked down, then looked up, but alarmed at the infinity of space, sunk down into the nest again. At length, the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbors. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head

encircled by a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and jabbered away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold. The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings, and then hopped back again, saying, 'It's pretty sport, but we can't do it.' Three times the neighbors came and repeated their graceful lesson. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped till they lighted on a small upright log. And oh, such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying around, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe handle, and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind, and two were swinging, in most graceful style, on a pendent hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget the swallow party."

Great stories are told about the nest-building of the orchard starling. Wilson, who, all must admit, is pretty good authority in matters of this kind, gives a very particular account of the way in which the nest is put together. He says the bird commonly hangs its nest from the twigs of an apple tree. The outside is made of a particular kind of long, tough grass, that will bend without breaking; and this grass is knit or sewed through and through in a thousand directions, just as if done with a needle. The little creature does it with its feet and bill. Mr. Wilson says that he one day showed one of these nests to an old lady, and she was so much struck with the work, that she asked him, half in earnest, if he did not think that these birds could be taught to *darn stockings*? Mr. Wilson took the pains, too, to draw out one of these grass threads, and found that it measured thirteen inches, and in that distance the bird who used it had passed it in and out thirty-four times.

The following anecdote I relate on the authority of Wilson:—"A box," he says, "fitted up in the window of the room where I slept, was taken possession of by a pair of wrens. Already the nest was built, and two eggs laid; when, one day, the window being open, as well as the door, the female wren, venturing too far into the room, was sprung upon by the cat, and destroyed. Curious to know how the surviving wren would act in the circumstances, I watched him carefully for several days. At first, he sang with great spirit. This continued for an hour or two. After this, becoming uneasy, he went off for an hour. On his return, he chanted again, as before, and went to the top of the house, stable and weeping willow, so that his mate would hear him; but seeing nothing of her, he returned once more, visited the nest, ventured cautiously into the window, gazed about with suspicious looks, his voice sinking into a low, sad tone, as he stretched his neck in every direction. Returning to the box, he seemed for some minutes quite at a loss what to do, and soon

went off, as I thought, altogether, for I saw no more of him that day. Toward the afternoon of the second day, he again made his appearance, in company with another female, who seemed exceedingly shy, and, though not until after a great deal of hesitation, entered the box. At this moment, the little widower seemed as if he would warble his very life out with joy. They afterward raised a brood of seven young ones, all of whom left the nest, at the proper time, in safety."

A laughable story of some carrier pigeons is told in an Antwerp newspaper. The editor of a celebrated journal, published in that city, sent a reporter to Brussels for the king's speech, and with him a couple of carrier pigeons, to take back the document. At Brussels, he gave the pigeons in charge to a waiter, and called for breakfast. He was kept waiting for some time, but a very delicious fricassee atoned for the delay. After breakfast, he paid his bill, and called for his carrier pigeons. "Pigeons!" exclaimed the waiter, "why you've eaten them!"

## HOME LIGHTS AND HOME SHADOWS.

"What a quiet man Mr. Mason is, and what nice children he has; I never hear any noise when I go there."

What strange notions people have of nice, quiet people, thought I, as I heard the foregoing observation from a man, whose kindly disposition and cheerful face were a perfect preventive of the quiet, nice order that reigned in Mr. Mason's house. When he came home, the cheerful smile on his lip, the kind inquiry, or some pleasantly related piece of news, set all the lips to smiling and all the tongues to talking around his table, and the very noise he seemed to have deprecated, was the music to which his life was happily gliding on, of which he himself was the key-note—a perfect contrast to the gloomy order that reigned in the house of the quiet Mr. Mason.

I will give you a short sketch of this gentleman. He was, in the estimation of the world, and his own, also, one of the best of men. By careful industry, he had acquired some property, among which was a nice dwelling, wherein his mother, himself, and only sister lived. As his means increased, he furnished it very nicely. His mother was very industrious, and his sister very tasty; and many inventions of their needles gave an air of elegance, to what, in other hands, would have appeared plain. In the course of time, the mother died. I forgot to say, that, although Mr. Mason was always spoken of as one of the best of sons and brothers, the family always appeared uneasy until his opinion of what they may have done, was known. When it was asked if he did not disapprove, they inferred it pleased him, for "he was one that never praised." "It will do well enough," was the warmest encomium he ever used. The brother and sister were left together. Poor girl! her mother had been her only companion—her brother had never seemed to care for society. Of a warm, cheerful temper, and

with ardent affections, her whole heart now turned to her brother; and he, tender from grief for the loss of his mother, seemed to throw off for awhile, that cold quietness, that is more depressing to an affectionate disposition than active unkindness. When he came home, he would tell her of some of the doings of the world in which he mixed, and of which she only knew the exterior. Again the color came to her cheek, and her buoyant laugh had something like the merry ring it used to have in her mother's lifetime. Occasionally it appeared to startle her brother; but he thought of the many hours she had been alone, and he could not find it in his heart to reprove her.

But soon the old habit of fault-finding returned. Anything that did not exactly suit him, was sure to render him cold and silent; and often a meal passed without anything but monosyllables. If she would try to entertain him with any little incident that came under her observation, "he took no interest in such trifles." Her joyous laugh was repressed with the observation—"That it was too boisterous, the neighbors would hear her." The house was soon quiet enough after that. Alone, without any one to speak to, while her brother was at his business, you would not have known when he was home, from any signs of life that were about the house.

I loved Betty Mason, and could not help pitying the orphan girl, for I knew how truly her mother had been "all the world to her;" and often took my sewing and went in to sit with her. I knew she was devotedly attached to her brother, and therefore did not think it strange she should be so anxious that everything she did should please him. But one thing puzzled me, and that was, that she appeared to be far more cheerful for two or three months after her mother's death, than afterwards. She appeared more depressed, and complained more of her loss, when from the time that had elapsed, she would have become reconciled to it. I soon penetrated the secret, for I found, that in her brother's presence she was not the same impulsive, warm being, but acted with a precision and quietness that was not natural to her character; and, when on the plea that she thought she ought not to be a burden to her brother, she told me she was going to accept a situation in a fine school, I admired the good sense and independence of my friend.

I asked her brother what he thought of Betty's plan. He said he "saw no necessity for her doing anything for a living; but she was her own mistress; she could do what she pleased." My cheeks burned at the cold indifference of this speech. I knew that with one quarter the physical, and only healthful mental exertion, she was going to obtain a genteel independence. She would be absent from home from Monday till Friday. She left the house in the charge of a good servant, and once a week gave it a good regulating. She soon recovered the tone of her spirits; and her brother, who really missed her presence, was too glad of her weekly return, to find fault with her now buoyant spirits, for, like most persons of a peevish, fault-finding disposition, he was rather wavering; and her decision of character, now fully developed by intercourse with the world,

and a sense of independence, overruled his foolish notions, and compelled him to be happier than he ever was.

But such a girl as Betty Mason was not born to "blush unseen;" and a fine man of congenial character sought and won her. George Edgar it was, who, at the beginning of our story, had just returned from a visit to his quiet brother-in-law's, and was so much admiring the quietness of his household.

After Betty's marriage, Edward Mason had married a gentle, timid girl, and thought he would be very happy; but his querulous disposition, and the habit of irritability at the slightest thing that did not please him; and worse than all, omitting to commend anything, no matter how great an effort had been made by his wife to consult his taste and conform to his wishes, depressed the timid creature by his side into ill-health. His children were sickly, quiet little things, without energy enough for a hearty laugh or health-giving romp; and he was constantly fretting about doctor's bills and medicine, and telling his friends how much more fortunate they were, than he had been with his children; never suspecting that he poisoned the spring of his own happiness at the source.

Why did he not show a cheerful face to his wife and warm her heart with a sense of duty fulfilled, instead of grudging the slightest word of praise? Why did he repress the joyous laugh of childhood, and make his house so quiet and dull, that one always felt, on leaving, as if just escaped from a sick chamber.

O, give me the man that will smile a warm, genial, heartfelt-smile when I please him, even though he frown when I don't; and keep me far from the one that "will never praise."

### PARLOR MAGIC.

TO RENDER BODIES LUMINOUS IN THE DARK, SO AS TO GIVE A SUFFICIENT LIGHT TO SHOW THE HOUR ON THE DIAL OF A WATCH AT NIGHT.—If a four or six ounce phial, containing a few ounces of liquid phosphorus, be unstopped in darkness, the vacuous space in the bottle emits a sufficient light for showing the hour of the night, by holding a pocket watch near it. When the phial is again corked, the light vanishes, but reappears instantly on opening it. In cold weather it is necessary to warm the bottle in the hand before the stopper is removed; without this precaution it will not emit light. Liquid phosphorus may likewise be used for forming luminous writings, or drawings; it may be smeared on the face or hands, or any warm object, to render it luminous; and this is in nowise hazardous.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE PRODUCTION OF GAS-LIGHTS.—To imitate in miniature the production of gas-lights, put common coal into the bowl of a tobacco-pipe; cover the coal closely with clay, made into a stiff lute, or paste, with water; and when the clay is dry, put the bowl of the pipe into the fire, and heat it gradually. In a few minutes a stream of carburetted hydrogen gas will issue from the end of the tobacco-pipe, ac-

companied with an aqueous fluid, and a tenacious oil or tar. The gas may be set fire to with a candle, and will burn with a bright flame. When no more gas is disengaged, there will be found in the bowl of the pipe the coal, deprived of its bituminous matter, or coke.

TO PROVE THAT SUGAR IS A COMPOUND OF CHARCOAL AND WATER.—Place about half an ounce of powdered white sugar in a glass tumbler, then pour upon it as much strong oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) as will cover it, and stir the mixture with a piece of wood, or a glass rod. In a minute or so the sugar will blacken; the mixture will become hot; steam (that is, water) will be evolved, and charcoal be deposited in the glass. This "sweet experiment" is an apt illustration of the simplicity of composition of organic substances produced by plants. Sugar, starch, and gum, produce similar effects when treated in the same manner; they are, in fact, all compounds of charcoal and water, in different proportions.

TO EAT A PECK OF PAPER SHAVINGS, AND CONVERT THEM INTO RIBBON.—Shouts of laughter generally arise from the audience while the magician "stows away" down his bottomless throat the heaps of paper before him; but when he "brings up" yards upon yards of ribbon, as a proof of his bad digestion, the "splitting sides burst with applause." This, like all the best illusions, is exceedingly simple; but, to carry it off well, requires a little gesticulation and comic spirit in the illusionist. Procure fifteen separate yards of different colored ribbon, of that width as is sold at a penny a yard, sew them together to form one length, joining the contrasting colors; then roll it up neatly round itself, and it will be about the size of four half-crowns put together. Now obtain two penny worth of white paper shavings from a bookbinder; shake them up lightly, and they will look like a bushel. When you begin the trick, take the roll of ribbon in the left hand, which with a few shavings is effectually hidden, then "set to" and eat your paper; as you feed, by pretending to thrust an extra handful down the throat from time to time, you can easily manage to withdraw the masticated portions unseen and carry them down to the ground, as you lift other "tit bits" to the mouth. After this has continued long enough, that is, when your visitors have laughed "till their sides ache," the shavings are now and then pressed up, which gives the appearance of diminished quantity; finally a last effort is made "to finish it," and you then pop the roll of ribbon in the mouth, and throwing the remaining shavings on the floor, you take hold of the end of the ribbon, and begin to unwind it; by drawing it gradually from the mouth it will appear as though it came from the stomach; the teeth must be kept close enough to prevent the entire roll from being pulled out all together. When cleverly performed, this trick is one of the best pieces of fun which the magician exhibits.

Dickens, in "Bleak House," aptly designates pawnbrokers' duplicates as "turnpike tickets on the road to poverty."



## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

Under guise of the following little story, the Trenton True American teaches a most valuable lesson to housekeepers and young beginners in life:—Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money-making men, whose uninterrupted success in trade had been the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven years. Being of a familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success, that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assanpink bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations.

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars."

Mr. Bones continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured a reply.

"Do you see that dam, my friend?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. That water would waste away and be of no practical use to anybody but for the dam. That dam turns it to good account, makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper-mill is kept in constant motion by this simple economy. Many mouths are fed in the manufacture of the article of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out; and in the different processes through which it passes, money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get enough money. It passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What's the reason? They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—without accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses, and you'll soon have enough occasionally to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my friend!"

A gentleman of the name of Lowe, having got Dr. Johnson to write a letter for him, was on the point of taking his leave, when Boswell, who had come in while the Doctor was writing the letter, followed Mr. Lowe out. "Nothing," says Mr. Lowe, "could surprise me more. Till that moment, he had so entirely overlooked me, that I did not imagine he knew there was such a creature in existence, and he now accosted me with the most overstrained and insinuating compliments possible. 'How do you do, Mr. Lowe? I hope you are very well, Mr. Lowe. Pardon my freedom, Mr. Lowe, but I think I saw my dear friend, Dr. Johnson, writing a letter for you.' 'Yes, sir.' 'I hope you will not think me rude; but if it will not be too great a favor, you would infinitely oblige me if you would just let me have a sight of it; everything from that hand, you know, is inestimable.' 'Sir, it is my own private affairs, but—' 'I would not pry into a person's affairs, my dear

Mr. Lowe, by any means: I am sure you would not accuse me of such a thing; only if it were no particular secret—' 'Sir, you are welcome to read the letter.' 'I thank you, my dear Mr. Lowe, you are very obliging, I take it exceedingly kind.' Having read,—'It is nothing, I believe, Mr. Lowe, that you should be ashamed of.' 'Certainly not.' 'Why then, my dear sir, if you would do me another favor, you render the obligation eternal. If you would but step to Peele's Coffee-house with me, and just suffer me to take a copy of it, I would do anything in my power to oblige you.' I was overcome, (said Lowe,) by this sudden familiarity and condescension, accompanied with bows and grimaces. I had no power to refuse; we went to the coffee-house, my letter was presently transcribed, and as soon as he had put the document in his pocket, Mr. Boswell walked away, as erect and as proud as he was half an hour before, and I ever afterwards was unnoticed; nay, I am not certain, (added he, sarcastically,) whether the Scotsman did not leave me, poor as he knew I was, to pay for my own dish of coffee."

The vanity of Pope Julius II. had prompted him to order Michael Angelo to give him a design for his tomb; which that great artist made upon so grand a scale, that the choir of old St. Peter's Church could not contain it. "Well, then," replied the Pope, "enlarge the choir." "Ay, holy father, but we must then build a new church, to keep up the due proportion between the different parts of the edifice." "That we will then do," replied the pope; and immediately gave orders for the sale of indulgences to carry on the erection of this noble fabric.

Some of the figures intended for the pope's mausoleum; the famous figure of Moses sitting in St. Pietro da Vinculi at Rome; and two or three of the slaves at the Hotel de Richelieu in Paris, are preserved. The original design of the tomb is engraved in Vasari; it has much of stately Gothic grandeur in it, and was to have been decorated with thirty-two whole length figures of prophets and apostles.

Late letters from Constantinople relate an anecdote of the Sultan, which is quite worthy of the "Arabian Nights." A rich Armenian had lost a portfolio, containing four hundred thousand piastres, and for which he offered a reward of forty thousand. The portfolio was found, and the reward claimed by a very honest and poor old man; but the Armenian, in order to escape payment, then declared that the portfolio also contained a very valuable ring, which the old man must have stolen. The affair was brought before the Sultan, who, having ascertained the honesty of the old man, and the well-known avarice of his adversary, decided that, as the Armenian declared that his portfolio contained a ring, this could not be the one he had lost, and that he had better return it to the old man, and continue to advertise for his own!

The Yankes assert that all their children are born geniuses, and to verify this, they say that when a baby is not sleeping or eating, it is rolling its eyes about, thinking how to improve its cradle.

**ELOQUENCE OF THE PASSIONS.**—Cromwell was one day engaged in a warm argument with a lady on the subject of oratory, in which she maintained that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study in early youth, and their practice afterwards. The lord protector, on the contrary, maintained that there was an eloquence which sprang from the heart; since, when that was deeply interested in the attainment of any object, it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression, which would, in the comparison, render vapid the studied speeches of the most celebrated orators. It happened, some days after, that this lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction, by the arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was conducted to the Tower as a traitor to the government. The agonized wife flew to the lord protector, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and, with the most pathetic eloquence, pleaded for the life and innocence of her injured husband. His highness maintained a severe brow, till the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings, and the energy with which she had expressed them, paused; then his stern countenance relaxed into a smile, and, extending to her an order for the immediate liberation of her husband, he said, "I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question, in a dispute between us the other day, that the eloquence of the heart is far above that mechanically acquired by study."

**MRS. SIDDONS AND THE BAS BLEU!**—At the time when Mrs. Siddons had just reached her high theatrical fame, and had acted some of her principal characters to the admiration of all who had beheld her, a formal assembly of learned ladies, consisting of Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and sundry other members of the *bas bleu*, met, and prevailed upon Mrs. Siddons to be of the party. The object was to examine her, and to get from her the secret how she could act with such wonderful effect. Mrs. Montague was deputed to be the prolocutress of this female convocation. "Pray, madam," said she to Mrs. Siddons, addressing her in the most formal manner, "give me leave to interrogate you, and to request that you will tell us, without duplicity or mental reservation, upon what principle you conduct your dramatic demeanor. Is your mode of acting, by which you obtain so much celebrity, the result of certain studied principles of art? Have you investigated, with profound research, the rules of elocution and gesture, as laid down by the ancients and moderns, and reduced them to practice? or do you suffer nature to predominate, and only speak the untutored language of the passions?"

"Ladies," said the modern Thalia, with great diffidence, but without hesitation, "I do not know how to answer so learned a speech; all I know of the matter, and all I can tell you, is, that I always act as well as I can."

**THE SOLDIER AND THE KING.**—The king of Prussia had heard that a brave and favorite corporal in one of his regiments, who was known as a handsome young man, wore, out of vanity, a

watch-chain suspended from a bullet in his fob. Having the curiosity to investigate the fact, he walked purposely by him, one morning, and said, "Why, corporal, you are a brave fellow to have saved enough to buy a watch." "Sire," said the corporal, "I flatter myself I am brave, but as for my watch it is of little signification." Pulling out his splendid gold watch, the king continued: "By my time-piece it is five; what is it by yours?" The corporal pulling out his bullet with a trembling hand, replied: "My watch tells me neither five nor six; but shows me clearly that I must be ready at any time to die for your majesty." A smile lighted up the unusually stern countenance of the king. "Keep, then, your time-piece," said he, "since it reminds you of your duty; and accept mine also," throwing the chain over his neck, "in token that your king appreciates and can reward the loyalty and devotion of a gallant soldier."

**WELL-TIMED SPEECH BY A MECHANIC.**—At the time when Sir Richard Steele was preparing his great room in York Buildings for public orations, he happened to be pretty much behindhand in his payments to the workmen; and coming one day among them to see what progress they made, he ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow mounted, and scratching his poll, told Sir Richard that he knew not what to say, for he was no orator. "O," cries the knight, "no matter for that; speak anything that comes uppermost." "Why, then, Sir Richard," says the fellow, "here we have been working for your honor these six months, and cannot get one penny of money. Pray, sir, when do you design to pay us?" "Very well, very well," said Sir Richard, "pray come down. I have heard quite enough. I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't much admire your subject."

**BURNS AND THE SICK LADY.**—Burns called to see a young lady who was rather indisposed. "Well, Jessie," said he, "how do you do to-day?" "Very poorly; Mr. Burns, I want you to write my epitaph." "O, you are not likely to die yet, Jessie." "Well, be it as it may, you must write my epitaph." Getting the pen, ink, and paper, at the time, he then penned these lines:—

"Say, sage, where's the charm on earth  
Can turn death's dart aside?  
It is no parity or worth  
Else Jessie had not died."

**CLEARNESS AND DISTINCTNESS OF SPEECH.**—Mr. Jones, in his Life of Bishop Horne, speaking of Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, says, that in the pulpit he spoke with the accent of a man of sense, such as he really was in the superior degree; but it was remarkable, and, to those who did not know the cause, mysterious, that there was not a corner of the church in which he could not be heard distinctly. The reason which Mr. Jones assigned was, that he made it an invariable rule to do justice to every consonant, knowing that the vowels would speak for themselves. And thus he became the surest and clearest of speakers; his elocution was perfect, and never disappointed his audience.

## PLEASANT VARIETIES.

The best cough drop for young ladies is to *drop* the practice of dressing thin, when they go into the night air.

The newspapers are full of advertisements for *plain cooks*. We suppose *pretty cooks* have no occasion to advertise at all.

"No pains will be spared," as the quack said, when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of the rheumatism!

Punch desires to know "if figs are sold at sixpence a pound by the drum, how should they be sold by the trumpet?"

A young gentleman of Detroit, who has of late been much afflicted by palpitation of the heart, says he found considerable relief by pressing another palpitating heart to his bosom.

A barber, in New York city, has erected a sign bearing the following words: "George Washington Jones, Physiognomic Operator, and Professor of the Tonsorial Art."

"Papa, what is that picture over the mantelpiece?" The vain father answered, "Why that's papa's arms, my darling!" "Then, why don't you have your legs put up, too?" was the reply.

A shoemaker, with one eye, who works in this neighborhood, complained that one of his lamps did not burn. One of his shopmates, who is a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, with astonishment, exclaimed, "Faith, and what do you want of two lamps? Ye haven't but *one eye*!"

When the merchants of Breslau once applied to Frederick the Great for "protection" against the ruinous competition of Jewish dealers, the monarch asked how the Jews managed to draw business into their hands. The answer was that they were up early and late, always travelling about, lived very economically, and were contented with small gains on rapid returns. "Very well," said the enlightened monarch, "go and be Jews, too, in the conduct of your business."

A city miss, newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plough for a short time. "I am sure you would be accommodated," was the reply, "if Mr. Stone was only at home—I do not know, though, where he keeps his plough; but," she added, evidently zealous to serve, "there is the cart in the yard—couldn't you plough with that till Mr. Stone gets back?"

"I was travelling," says M. Blaze, "in a diligence. At the place where we changed horses, I saw a good-looking poodle dog (*chien caniche*), which came to the coach door, and sat upon its two hind legs, with the air of one begging for something. 'Give him a *sou*,' said the postillion to me, 'and you will see what he will do with it.' I threw to him the coin; he picked it up, ran to the baker's, and brought back a piece of bread, which he ate. The dog had belonged to a poor blind man, lately dead; he had no master, and begged alms on his own account."

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter our own will be.

Surely some people must know themselves; they never think about anything else.

Nobody ever sees an action as very wrong when under the excitement of doing it.

Love is like honesty—much talked about, and but little understood.

Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions.

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

If you would not have affliction to visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

Time past is contracted into a point, and that the infancy of being. Time to come is seen expanding into eternal existence.

Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural products of vicious and imprudent acts; as the contrary blessings are of good ones.

Medical writers all agree that gluttony conducts more people to the grave than drunkenness. The old adage is true, that "many people dig their graves with their teeth."

Sir Walter Scott and Daniel O'Connell, at a late period of their lives, ascribed their success in the world principally to their wives. Were the truth known, theirs is the history of thousands.

If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy the raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

Fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid, upright stem of understanding; but very poor things if they are left to creep along the ground.

We see so darkly into futurity, we never know when we have real cause to rejoice or lament. The worst appearances have often happy consequences, as the best lead many times unto the greatest misfortunes.

There is a large and fertile space in every life, in which might be planted the oaks and fruit trees of enlightened principle and virtuous habit, which, growing up, would yield to old age an enjoyment, a glory and a shade.

With a double vigilance should we watch our actions, when we reflect that good and bad ones are never childless; and that, in both cases, the offspring goes beyond the parent—every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power! They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

What a serious matter our life is!—how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed! What a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature any one comes to be who does not as soon as possible lend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task lies first before him!

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

### A WORD WITH THE READER.

The "Home Magazine," of which you have here the first number, will present certain features and attractions not fully possessed by any of our many excellent monthly publications. Its name implies its character. For *all tastes* the editor will not attempt to cater; but, for the thousands and tens of thousands who love what is good and true and beautiful; who have an interest in all that is genial in humanity; who, like the wise bee, are ever seeking to gather the honey of life as they walk steadily and hopefully onward; the "Home Magazine" will come, we trust, as a valued friend and pleasant visitor, and leave the minds of all who read it refreshed and strengthened.

We offer our readers no meagre feast. In our eighty large and closely printed pages will be found an amount and variety of reading, in kind and quality not, we believe, to be obtained anywhere else for the same money.

And now, with this brief greeting, we leave our Magazine with you, trusting that you will find it fully equal to your expectations.

A correspondent of the New York Musical World, who says that he has looked over the account current of Barnum with Jenny Lind, avers, that it is a most "remarkable document," and ought to be published "for the astonishment and edification of the world generally, and singers particularly." According to his statement, Barnum and Jenny averaged over \$3000 a-piece on each concert. After all expenses were paid, Barnum received on the whole engagement, the handsome sum of \$308,000, and the Nightingale \$302,000. This was coining sweet sounds into gold at a rate unheard of before. Large as the sum paid for these concerts, we presume there are few who had the pleasure of listening to Jenny Lind who now consider the money they paid for the privilege, a foolish expenditure. Her wonderful tones, that seemed, at times, like echoes of heavenly music, still linger, and will linger through life, in the ears of thousands. Like "a thing of beauty," such sounds are "a joy forever."

Miss Harriet Hosmer, a young woman of 20 years of age, residing at Watertown, Mass., has, it is said, recently produced a piece of sculpture in marble, which evinces talent of a high order, and promises to render her prominent as an artist. She calls the bust which she has completed, "Hesper, the Evening Star." It has the face of a lover-maiden gently falling asleep with the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged and intertwined with capsules of the poppy. A star shines on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The conception of the subject of the whole work was her own, men having been employed only to chop off some of the large pieces of marble, as the work was in progress. The bust is exhibited in Boston. Miss

Hosmer proposes to visit Rome for a few years, with a view of becoming a sculptor by profession.

Madame Sontag arrived in New York on Sunday, 5th inst., in the steamer Arctic. Sontag, or the Countess Rossi, stands unrivalled as a singer, in the exquisite taste and originality of her style. She closed her dramatic career in 1830, but her husband having lost his property in the revolution of 1848, she returned to the public practice of her art (in concerts only) to retrieve his pecuniary disasters. All who have heard her in Europe, agree, that little or no change in her brilliant vocalization has taken place since her retirement from the position of a public singer, more than twenty years ago. Lowell Mason, who heard her in Berlin, speaks of her singing in terms of unqualified praise. She comes to us, a fit successor to Jenny Lind, though she cannot rob the fair Swede of a single laurel. Both are pre-eminent—competers, not rivals. They are the queens of song. As a woman, Madame Sontag stands before the world without a blemish. In all domestic virtues, her fame is spotless.

It is stated in the Musical World, that Messrs. Hall & Son, of New York, pay to William Vincent Wallace, the sum of one hundred dollars for every original composition or arrangement he furnishes them, of whatever kind or length;—even if it be only a two-page polka, the sum is paid. At this high rate, the Messrs. Hall have a contract for ten years, and if Mr. Wallace is as prolific in the future as he has been in the past, he will receive in that time, it is estimated, over one hundred thousand dollars. For this contract, the publishers have refused fifty thousand dollars. From his London and Paris publishers, Mr. Wallace receives, it is stated, more than twice as much as he gets from Messrs. Hall & Son—in all about six hundred dollars for each composition. This is adding up figures pretty rapidly; and it may be all so; but it is not strange if there should arise in the mind a doubt as to the accuracy of some of the figures given.

"On Friday evening last," says Lowell Mason, writing from Paris to the editor of the New York Musical Review, "we attended the regular service at the Jewish synagogue. There was a congregation of perhaps three hundred men, occupying the lower part of the house, and a few scattering women were seen in the gallery. The men all sit or stand with heads covered; and although four of us, Americans, took off our hats when we entered, we were told to put them on again, and obeyed orders. There was very little appearance of reverence or solemnity; indeed, none that could be observed. The appearance of the assembly was somewhat like that of a New England town meeting, after having been called to order by the chairman. There was a choir of about twelve or fourteen boys, with men for tenor and bass, and the harmony parts were sung. All the service was chanted, in a responsive manner, by priest or priests, choir and people, with the exception of



two airs or melodies, which were sung by the choir. These were both modern, and even the chants did not seem to come from David or Solomon, but were more like the common chant, somewhat modified by a kind of recitative or declamatory manner of utterance. On the whole, the Jewish service here was not one of much interest, considered either religiously or musically."

A writer from San Francisco says:—"Theatricals are at a low ebb in this country. In this city, especially, the public have become remarkably indifferent in respect to dramatic performances. This is owing, in a great measure, as well to the inferior character of the companies that have played, as to the high prices of admission demanded to the theatres. There is, therefore, but one house, the American, now regularly open in San Francisco, and that is doing a very meagre business. The principal theatre, the Jenny Lind, has been purchased by our Common Council for a City Hall. Our Fathers paid for it, for reasons they can doubtless explain, the precious little sum of two hundred thousand dollars, fully double the amount that any person, not immediately and personally interested, ever imagined it to be worth. Our press, without an exception, cried out lustily against this prodigal expenditure of the people's money, and the people themselves held a giant mass meeting, to arrest the action of the Council on this subject; but all this was of no avail. The building was bought, and at least fifty thousand dollars more must now be expended to make it fit for the object for which it has been obtained."

In one of his letters to the Musical Review, Lowell Mason mentions a brief visit paid to the Monument of Beethoven. He says:—"On our way down the Rhine, we made a stop at Bonn, just long enough to see a little of the place where the great modern composer was born, and to look upon the monument which art has here erected to the memory of one of the greatest of artists. The monument stands upon a public square, and consists of a fine bronze statue of the symphonist, holding an open sheet of paper in the left, and a pencil in the right hand. Our little company, together with a few strangers who went to see it at the same time, stood under the deep shady trees by which it is surrounded, and gazed upon it for a few moments in perfect silence, and with intense interest. No musician who is able to bring up to his imagination the wonderful original, can look upon this statue without a deep feeling of reverence and admiration, amounting as nearly to worship or adoration as may be rendered to the highest manifestations of human genius."

In a prize essay by C. M. Cady, on "Music in America," we find the following observations on congregational and choir singing:

"The growth and progress of congregational singing in the Protestant churches on the continent, has been steady and uniform. It now prevails to a great extent in Germany and other parts of Europe; and Mr. Lowell Mason, in recent letters, describes this part of divine worship

as being, artistically, very incorrect, but still inconceivably grand and powerful in its devotional effect. In England we find that where congregational singing has entirely superseded the use of choirs, and efforts have been remitted to instruct the people in musical science, the performance has degenerated till it has become intolerable, and choir-singing has taken its place; as was also the case in the Puritan churches of New England about 1721. In some of the Protestant churches of England, congregational singing is now in a good condition, while in others it has become exceedingly bad; but the public feeling seems, if we can judge from the tone of their *Reviews and Journals*, to be strongly in favor of improving and reinstating it. We see, then, that these two forms of church music, once severally indicative of Popery and Protestantism, are now both used in the Protestant churches of Europe, while in this country choir-singing is exclusively used, except in a few churches where congregational singing is being introduced. Congregational singing must be regarded, in accordance with the sentiments not only of the Reformers, but of all spiritual Christians, as the *truly devotional style of church music*. On the other hand, choir-singing is, we think, fully proved by its past history to be the *impressive style*, and needed in connection with the congregational style, to keep the latter from degeneracy.

"The true ideal of church music is then, we think, realized only in the union of these two styles. We would have a well-drilled choir to perform motets, designed to induce a devotional frame of mind in the assembled audience, to perform all the chants used, and sing all psalms and hymns of a hortative character, as well as those of a meditative caste which require to be sung to tunes of a delicate nature, and to lead the *whole congregation* once or twice during each service, in singing a devotional psalm or hymn to an appropriate, plain choral tune. Experience shows that these styles are not to be blended in the same piece. The congregation should *not* sing on choir music; in choral music *all* should sing; else the effect of both is marred."

An enquiry made in "Notes and Queries," (a London periodical intended as a medium of intercommunication between literary men, artists, antiquarians, and others), as to the origin of our National flag, has been answered by Mr. T. Westcott, of Philadelphia. He says:—

Jarlitzburg wishes to know the origin of the stars and stripes in the American flag. His query might be answered briefly by stating that the American Congress, on the 14th of June, 1777, "Resolved that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." But your correspondent wishes to know the origin of the combination, and who first suggested the idea. Some have supposed that it might have been derived from the arms of General Washington, which contains three stars in the upper portion, and three bars running across the escutcheon. There is no means of knowing at this day, whether this conjecture is correct, but

the coincidence is rather striking. There were several flags used before the striped flag by the Americans. In March, 1775, "a union flag with a red field" was hoisted at New York upon the liberty pole, bearing the inscription "George Rex, and the liberties of America," and upon the reverse "No popery." On the 18th of July, 1778, Gen. Putnam raised, at Prospect Hill, a flag bearing on one side, the Massachusetts motto, "*Qui transtulit sustinet*," on the other "An appeal to Heaven." In October of the same year the floating batteries at Boston had a flag with the latter motto, the field white with a pine-tree upon it. This was the Massachusetts emblem. Another flag, used during 1775 in some of the colonies, had upon it a rattle-snake coiled as if about to strike, with the motto "Don't tread on me." The grand union flag of thirteen stripes was raised on the heights near Boston, January 2, 1776. Letters from there say that the regulars in Boston did not understand it; and as the king's speech had just been sent to the Americans, they thought the new flag was a token of submission. The *British Annual Register* of 1776 says: "They burnt the king's speech and changed their colors from a plain red ground, which they had hitherto used, to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of the colonies." A letter from Boston about the same time, published in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* for January, 1776, says: "The grand union flag was raised on the 2d, in compliment to the united colonies." The idea of making each stripe for a State, was adopted from the first; and the fact goes far to negative the supposition that the private arms of General Washington had anything to do with the subject. The pine tree, rattlesnake, and striped flag were used indiscriminately until July, 1777, when the blue union, with the stars, was added to the stripes, and the flag established by law. Formerly a new stripe was added for each new State admitted to the Union, until the flag became too large, when, by act of Congress, the stripes were reduced to the old thirteen; and now a star is added to the Union at the succession of each new State.

We have received from the publisher, Mr. George W. Childs, corner of Fifth and Arch streets, a proof copy of Mr. Welsh's admirable engraving of Stuart's original portrait of Washington, in the Boston Athenæum, and we regard it as in every way worthy the subject. The noble head of the Father of his Country has never been transferred to steel with greater skill and truthful power, than in this instance, by Mr. Welsh. It is a picture that should be hung up in the dwelling of every American citizen. Mr. Whipple, of Boston, says of the engraving: "I have compared it with the original in the Athenæum, and am surprised at the perfection of the copy, even to the nicest points of expression in Stuart's great picture." Jared Sparks says of it:—"Being familiar with the original portrait by Stuart, in the Boston Athenæum, I may perhaps be allowed to speak with some degree of confidence of Mr. Welsh's success. The features and the expressions appear to me to be exhibited in the engraving with remarkable exactness, and there is,

throughout, a close and striking resemblance to the original."

We add but one more testimony in regard to this splendid portrait. It is from the President of the United States. He says, in a note to the publisher, acknowledging a copy of the portrait: "The Executive Mansion is adorned with two paintings; one a full-length portrait of Washington, and the other of Bolivar. I shall add this elegant engraving to the number, and leave it as an heir-loom to my successors."

We do not know the author of the following pleasant poem, which we find in a recent number of the *Musical Review*. A sweeter fancy of the "Indian Summer," we have never seen.

There is a time, just ere the frost  
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,  
When Autumn in a reverie lo-t,  
The mellow daytime dreams away;  
When summer comes, in musing mind,  
To gaze once more on hill and dell,  
To mark how many sheaves they bind,  
And see if all is ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,  
The dying flowers look up and give  
Their sweetest incense ere they go,  
For her who made their beauties live.  
She enters 'neath the woodland shade,  
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,  
And bear it gently where are laid  
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last old Autumn, rising, takes  
Again his sceptre and his throne,  
With boisterous hand the trees he shakes,  
Intent on gathering all his own.  
Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,  
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,  
Sees miser Autumn board his grain,  
And smiles to think it's all for him.

Lowell Mason, now in Europe, writes that it has become fashionable in England, and to some extent on the continent, to omit the *interlude*—or playing between the stanzas—by the organ, in singing hymns.

A striking instance of presence of mind is related of a little boy who saved his mother's life, at the time the boiler of the Hudson River steamboat, the *Reindeer*, exploded. She, in her terror, was about to spring overboard, when he caught her apron, and winding it around a railing, held her fast, until a passenger came and drew her back from her dangerous position.

A poet once was walking with M. de Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses. Talleyrand perceiving, at a short distance, a man yawning, pointed him out to his friend, saying: "Not so loud, he hears you!"

With every exertion, the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.